

THE PEARL

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SUB-UMBRA, OR SPORT AMONG THE SHE-NOODLES.

(Continued.)

In the morning, papa and mama had scarcely slept off the effects of the sleeping dose they had imbibed from the brandy flask of their dutiful son, and lay abed very late, in fact, almost to luncheon time; meanwhile, we, the younger members of the family, had privately agreed upon a plan of amusement for the afternoon and evening.

Finding that two pretty young girls of fourteen and fifteen were living close by, with an invalid mother, whilst their brother was away, being a Midshipman in the Royal Navy, I proposed that Annie should send the Misses Bruce an invitation to spend the afternoon with us, en famille, without the least ceremony, and join us in an alfresco tea party at a little hut in the woods, which formed part of my uncle's estate.

At luncheon we informed the governor of what we had done and hoped that both he and mama would join in our outdoor party in the woods.

"No thank you, my dears, we are too much afraid of the damp grass and rheumatics. Besides, we have not yet gotten over the fatigue of yesterday. We will stay quietly at home and hope you may enjoy yourselves thoroughly, as we should do if we were younger," replied the jolly, kind-hearted old gentleman.

This was exactly what we had wished for and expected; so Frank and Annie at once sent off the servants with every requisite for our open-air tea party.

About three o'clock, the two young ladies arrived, and as all were ready, we at once set off for the scene of our anticipated fun, which was a rough bower covered with flowering honeysuckle and clematis, at the end of a long, shady, private walk, more than half-a-mile from the house.

Frank and myself particularly attached ourselves to the two fresh young ladies as being the greatest strangers, and therefore justly expectant of the most attention.

Emily Bruce, the eldest, was a charming dark-eyed brunette, her rather large mouth having a fascinating effect as you regarded her. In fact, such a display of pearly white teeth, I never saw before, and the very thought that they might perhaps be soon employed in love bites on my tender-headed prick filled me with maddening lust to possess myself of their owner.

Nor was her sister, Louisa, a bit less prepossessing, she being almost the counterpart of Emily, except that one could easily see there was a slight difference in age.

Arrived at the bower, the servants were at once sent home, being told that they could clear away the things next morning, as it would be too late for them to return in the evening, and at the same time, without asking the consent of her young friends, dear Annie scribbled a pencil note to their mama, to say that if they at all were late, she would insist upon them staying with her all night, and not to make herself at all anxious on their behalf – this was quietly sent off by one of the servants.

As soon as we were alone, Frank and I, uncorking the champagne, lighted our cigars, and saying that the sun was still too warm for outdoor romping, pressed the girls to try some very mild cigarettes of Turkish tobacco.

At last Annie and Rosa set the example by lighting up, and were at once laughingly followed by the others. Our two young friends protested they never took wine. Still, they evidently sipped it with great delight, and we bantered them upon being so tied to their mother's apron strings, etc., till they began to be quite free as my cousins and Rosa.

We had a good stock of fizz, besides sandwiches and cake, so that no one seemed at all anxious to take the trouble of tea-making.

Still we were careful that only enough should be taken to warm our friends up to a slightly excitable state, in fact, just to induce that state of all-overishness, which tingles through a young girl's sensitive frame when she feels the first vibrations of amorous desires, which she can as yet hardly understand.

Their sparkling eyes, slightly flushed faces and above all, the dazzling beauties of their teeth, as they indulged in gay laughter at our badinage, set all of us aflame. I could see that Rosa and my cousins were longing to help in enjoying these innocent and ravishing young girls.

Now a game of hunt the slipper was proposed, and we at once joined to the soft, mossy green sward, outside the bower. This was a most delicious and excitable romp.

Whenever it came our turns, Frank and myself indulged in all kinds of quick and startling touches, which made the two little dears blush up to their eyes at first, and when we managed to catch one of them with the slipper we claimed a hearty kiss as penalty, which they submitted to with tolerable grace, yet evidently in a state of great excitement, it was all so new to them. We finished the game, had a little more champagne, then proposed a game of hide and seek in the wood, with the reservation that no one was to go too far off.

We were to be in pairs, I chose Emily, and Frank took Louisa. Polly and Sophie went together, whilst Annie and Rosa had to search for us when we called out.

It so happened that there was an old sand pit close by, in which several years before Master Frank had amused himself by making a Robinson Crusoe's cave, and planted bushes in front of it, so that the entrance was perfectly out of sight, and no one would fancy anyone could be screened by the small amount of cover which seemed to grow on the side of the pit; this was just the place for our purpose, and it had been beforehand arranged that we were not to be found for a long time. Gliding into the cave Frank let fall the old curtain that hung at the entrance, and we were at once in the dark, the place was large enough for us all to sit together on a heap of fine soft sand at the further end.

"What a dear girl you are!" I whispered in Emily's ear, as I took a kiss in the dark, and drew her trembling body quite close by an arm around her waist.

"Pray don't," she whispered in return, "if you do not keep quiet I won't stop in this dark place."

"Don't say so, it would be cruel, especially if you knew all I feel towards you, Emily dear. I must call you Emily, yes, and kiss you again and again; I love you so, your breath is so fragrant, what are you afraid of, there's nothing to fear among friends, darling," I whispered, kissing my partner rapturously.

"Oh, ah, you take my breath away Walter, I'm so unused to such goings on. Oh, fie, sir, for shame, you make me feel all of a tremble, you take such liberties!" as I was working one hand inside the bosom of her dress, and getting possession of two hard round bobbies which throbbed with emotion under my loving caresses.

"It's all love, darling, and no one can see, can't you hear how Frank and Louisa are kissing; is it not delicious to think they are doing the same, and will be sure to keep our secret?"

A deep sigh was my only answer, and again our lips met in a long luscious kiss. My tongue was thrust into her mouth, and tickled the tip of her own velvety organ of speech. I could feel the nipples of her virgin bosom stick out as stiff as little cocks and whispered to her to allow me to kiss them.

"I can refuse you nothing," she whispered; "you are such a bold lover. I'm all in flame from head to foot at the numberless liberties you are taking with me. Ah, if mama only knew," she sighed, as I was now sucking her titties, and running my disengaged hand up her thighs; they were nipped tightly together, but gradually relaxed under the gentle pressure of my hand, till I actually got possession of her cunny, which I could feel was slightly covered with soft downy hair, and soon began to frig her gently with my forefinger. How the dear girl wriggled under this double excitement, and I could feel one of her hands groping outside my trousers over my bursting prick to return the pleasure I was giving her. One by one she unfastened the buttons, then her soft delicate hand soon had possession of my stiff affair, naked and palpitating with unsatisfied desire.

"Ah," she whispered, "I am satisfied at last! we had a servant at home, a few months ago, who slept in our room, and used to tickle and play with us so, She told us that men had a long thing as hard as iron, which they pleased the ladies by shoving up their bellies, and that was how the babies were made. Do you believe it? She was always shoving her fingers into us as you are doing to me now, and – and – and," here she hesitated and seemed to shudder with delight, just as I spent all over her hand, and I could also feel her spendings come in a warm gush over my fingers. It was delicious. Her hand first held tight the top of my throbbing prick, then gently worked up and down the shaft, lubricated by my spendings. It was indeed a voluptuous treat; I begged her to thrust her tongue into my mouth, and we continued the mutual frigging till she almost fainted away in her ecstasy.

Slightly recovering, I asked her what it was she was going to tell me about the maid servant, when she hesitated.

"Do, dearest, tell me everything," I implored, in a loving whisper. "We are now without reserve to each other; you can have no secrets from your loving Walter."

"It was so funny, I don't know how she could do it, but Mary was so fond of sucking and kissing us where you have your hand, dearest," she replied, "but it was so nice you can't imagine how we enjoyed having her do it to us."

"My love, my Emily, let me kiss you now, and it would be sublime if you would kiss me. I long to feel the love bites of your beautiful teeth in my *Cupid's Dart*. Frank and Louisa are too busy to notice what we do," I whispered in her ear, as I inclined the willing girl backwards on the soft pillow of sand, and reversing my position, we laid at full length, side by side, both of us eager as possible for the

game; my head was buried between her loving thighs, with which she pressed me most amorously, as my tongue was inserted in her loving slit; this was a fine gamahuche. I stirred up all the lasciviousness of her ardent temperament till she screamed with delight, and caused Frank and Louisa to enquire what we were doing, but we made no reply. She sucked my delighted prick, handled and kissed my balls, till I spent in her mouth, as her teeth were lovingly biting the head of my penis. She sucked it all down, whilst I repaid her loving attentions to the best of my ability with my own active tongue.

As soon as it was over, I took Emily by the hand, and we groped towards our companions, who, I found, were equally busy as we had been. Frank thoroughly understood my attention; we all got together, and joined in a grope of cocks and cunnies without the least restraint, till suddenly the curtain was pulled down, and we heard the laughing voices of Rosa and Annie, as they exclaimed, "See, here they are. What are these rude boys doing to you young ladies?"

Emily and Louisa were covered with confusion, but the girls lovingly assured them they would keep the secret, and introduce them to more fun after they had retired to bed, as it was now getting late, and we must all return to the house.

As I have before observed, the wing of the mansion in which we all slept was quite apart from the other wing in which papa, mama, and the servants were located, so as soon as we had retired, Frank and myself joined the girls in their room, or rather rooms, for they occupied two. The Miss Bruces blushed crimson at seeing us only in our shirts, especially as one was seated on the pot de chambre, whilst the other was exhibiting her charms to my inquisitive cousins before a cheval glass.

"All right," exclaimed Annie, "my dears, everything is free between us and the boys, but we mean to punish you for allowing the impudent fellows to presume upon such liberties with you in the cave. Your bottoms shall smart, young ladies, I can assure you," as she produced a couple of light birch rods from a drawer; in fact, I had provided them for her, the idea having been suggested to me by reading a book called *The Romance of Lust*.

A fine large bed stood by the wall, facing another at the end of the room, but our programme only required one couch. Annie and Rosa were determined to have their enjoyment now; everyone was ordered to strip off shirt or chemise, then I horsed Emily on my back whilst Frank did the same by her sister.

Sophie and Polly were entrusted with the rods, and gaily switched us and our riders' bottoms as we trotted round the room, the sisters hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, when a more stinging cut than usual made them cry for mercy; our pricks were as rampant as possible, and we were not in need of any extra stimulation; still the girls were very hard on our rumps, although not quite so severe with the

sisters. The darling Emily had so twined her legs round me as I held them close under my armpits that her pretty feet in their bewitching little slippers were frigging my cock between them most deliciously.

The sight of our red smarting bottoms and bursting pricks was too much for Annie and Rosa, and they were inflamed by lust, so throwing themselves backward on the bed, with their legs wide open and feet resting on the floor, the two dear girls presented their quims to our charge, as with both hands they held open the lips of their delicious cunts, inviting our eager cocks to come on. We charged them at once, under the impulsive urging of the rods, gave a few delightful fucking motions, then withdrew and trotted round the room again, this we constantly repeated to prolong our enjoyment, till at last the dear girls could stand it no longer, their arms clasped us firmly, whilst the rods cut away with extra force to make us complete their pleasure; it was a most luxurious finish, we all spent with screams of delight, and lay for a few moments in a delicious state of lethargic exhaustion till we awoke to find Sophie, Polly, Emily, and Louisa all rolling on the floor in the delights of gamahuching.

After this the two dear girls begged, with tears in their eyes, that Frank and Walter would make women of them, so that they might really taste the wildest delights of love.

"Then, dears," said Rosa, with a sly laugh, "you must kiss them, and make their exhausted cocks stiff again, and then we will lend the two boys to you."

We sat on the bed by the side of our late fucking partners, who we kissed, fondled and frigged, whilst Emily and Louisa, kneeling between our knees, sucked our pricks up to standing point, as their hands drew back our foreskins or played with our balls.

Stiff and rampant as we were we entreated them to go on for a little longer, till feeling ourselves almost at spending point, Polly and Sophie arranged two bolsters and some pillows on the floor in the most advantageous manner, the sisters were each placed with two pillows under their bottoms, whilst their heads rested on the bolsters. Annie and Rosa then conducted us to the victims, who impatiently awaited their immolation to the god of love with open legs and longing cunts. The two mistresses of the ceremonies took our pricks in hand, and directed them to the path of bliss. Emily was my partner again; she threw her legs over my back and heaved up to meet the fatal thrust which was to be the death of her troublesome virginity. I had no time to see how the others progressed, but heard a smothered shriek of agony from Louisa, as no doubt Frank achieved her fate for her; my partner was more courageous, she glued her lips to mine, sucking in my tongue in the most ardent manner imaginable, even whilst my prick was tearing through her hymen; my spending deluged her wounded quim, and we soon lost all thoughts of pain when we recommenced a lovely fuck, moving slowly at first, till her rapid motions spurred me

on to faster plunges, her deliciously tight cunt holding me like a hand, in fact so tight that I could feel my foreskin drawn backwards and forwards at every shove.

"Ah! you dear fellow, push on, kill me with delight!" she screamed in ecstasy, as we came again together, and I was equally profuse in my words of endearment.

As we lay still after it was over her tight-fitting cunt seemed to hold and continually squeeze my delighted prick so by its contractions and throbbings that I was ready again directly, and we ran another thrilling course before she would let me try to withdraw.

Frank and Louisa had been equally delighted with each other, and thus the two sisters each lost her maidenhead almost at the same moment.

(To be continued.)

A COPY OF A LETTER.

Was given mee by my cozen SC of Kempston, and written in a Tarpaulin style.

Madame,—

Premising you are safe returned to Towne, I made bold to acquaint you that Mr. F— is lately arriv'd att ye haven of Matrimony; He had been long in ye middle state of Purgatory between ye Church & ye Ladyes Chamber; ere she with ye advice of her mother, & some other experienced Ladyes, was lanced forth into ye marriage bed. The Vessell had been 14 years & three months on Building, that it is thought she will care well under Sail. It is a fine smooth ship, I will promise you, & one of ye first-rate; and likely to doe ye King good Service if ably & well man'd. The only fault there is (if any) she is too narrow in ye Poope. She hath a fine shroud, & all difficulty soone vanish'd saving only ye maine yard may prove too burly for the midle Deck. The Capt. it is thought this night will goe on board or her; hee is bound for ye Straites Mouth, and cannot come off without blood-shed: Nay worse; 'tis fear'd if opposition be made, hee may be forced to spend his provision in ye channell, & soe returne without doing ye Kingdome a penny worth of service.

ODE

By the Rev. Mr. Bray, on the Death of his favourite Donkey

How well do I remember yet
How very proud I used to get
When, like a little king, I'd sit,
 Upon my Ass!

When seated in his nice warm back
My tiny, little whip I'd crack,
And with my youthful hand I'd smack
 My Ass!

And when we galloped o'er the lea
I shouted with delight and glee,
For all the girls came out to see
 My Ass!

With him my frugal meals I'd share
And nurture him with greatest care,

And dally with the long, soft hair
Upon my Ass!

In meadows green he'd love to play
And, when tired out, at close of day,
You then, of sweet delicious hay,
Could smell my Ass!

And when through dirty lanes we'd scud
And get bespattered o'er with mud,
I'd get some water when I could.
And wash my Ass!

But someone served him such a trick—
At first they hit him with a stick,
And then with heavy boots did kick
My Ass!

One day he got beyond my reach,
Into a pond, I gave a screech,
For a blood-thirsty, hungry leech
Did suck my Ass!

And oh! his fate I do bewail,
He backed one day against a rail,
And a long, pointed, rusty nail
Stuck in my Ass!

Alas his end I soon did see;
A woodman cutting down a tree,
Did slip, and, barely missing me,
Did axe my Ass!

I saw him die, I watched the gore
Run from the wound as home they bore
My dearest friend – my wounded, sore,
And bloody Ass!

My grief for him was most sincere,
The pain was more than I could bear,
So now, kind friend, come shed a tear
Upon my Ass!

Perhaps this epitaph is odd—
"A better donkey never trod,
Here lies beneath this friendly sod,
My Ass!"

THE SWING.

How oft I've sworn to Caroline,
The world no sight can show,
To match her locks, her lips divine,
Her bosom's hills of snow.

But oh! I find myself forsworn,
Two lips I have beheld;
Still lovelier, on this happy morn,
A mount that those excell'd!

For chance has shewn me all that lies
Beneath her virgin zone;
Sure never seen by any eyes
Of man, save mine alone!

As o'er my face the swing I drove,
As wider flew her thighs;
The opening heaven itself o' love
Met my delighted eyes!

Her bosom boasts no swell so fair
No tints that these eclipse;
Her head has no such auburn hair,
Nor such enchanting lips!

Yes I've beheld the mossy mount,
Where all the graces centre;
I've seen the rosy, nectar'd fount,
Where he she loves shall enter!

While from within her petticoat,
A warm and savoury breeze,

Full in my face, would sweetly float,

Loaded with ecstasies!

Then be not wrath my matchless maid,
Nor blush so deep with shame;
Nor I attack'd nor you betray'd,
Let chance then bear the blame!

Oh pardon me, and I'll confess,
That henceforth when I gaze
Upon the beauties of thy face,
My fancy elsewhere strays!

Then if a reddy conscious blush,
Thy angel forehead warms;
Upon our souls the hour shall rush,
That shew'd thy inmost charms.

When John Scott was minister of Dundee, he reproved Alick Anderson for ill-treating his wife; Alick tried to justify his conduct, but the minister observed, "Ou Alick mon, there must be something wrong on both sides!" "True very true," cried Alick, "she has neither bobbies nor buttocks!"

There was a young lady of Harwich,
Who said on the morn of her marriage:
"I shall sew my chemise,
Right down to my knees,
For I'm damned if I fuck in the carriage!"

MISS COOTE'S CONFESSION,
OR THE VOLUPTUOUS EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD MAID;
In a series of Letters to a Lady Friend.

LETTER VII

My Dear Nellie,—

In my last letter you had an account of some pretty everyday larceny, but in this you will read about a pretty young lady who was also a thief by nature, not from any necessity; in fact, it was a case of what they call in these degenerate days *Kleptomania*; no wonder when downright thieving is called by such an outlandish name that milk-and-water people have almost succeeded in abolishing the good old institution of the rod.

Miss Selina Richards was a cousin of Laura Sandon, my old schoolfellow and first bedfellow at Miss Flaybum's; bye-the-bye, can you explain or did you ever understand how girls can be *fellows*, but I know of no other term which will apply to the relationship in question. Is there no feminine to that word? It certainly is a defect of the English language.

Well, being on a visit to Laura when I was about eighteen, she mentioned the case to me, saying that her cousin Selina was such an inveterate thief her family were positively afraid to let her go anywhere from home for fear she should get into trouble, and that her parents were obliged to confine her to her room when they had visitors in the house, as the young thief would secrete any trifles, more especially jewelry, she could lay her hands upon, "and you know, Rosa, what an awful disgrace it would be to an the family if she should ever be accused of such a thing."

ROSA.— "But have they never punished her properly, to try and eradicate the vice?"

LAURA.— "They confine her to her room, and often keep the child on bread and water for a week, but all the starving and lecturing in the world won't do any good."

ROSA.— "Have they never tried a good whipping?"

LAURA.— "It never seems to have entered the stupid heads of her father and mother; they are too tender-hearted for anything of that kind."

ROSA.— "Laura, dear, I don't mind confessing to you I should dearly love to birch the little *voleuse*; ever since I left school our last grand seance at the breaking-up party has quite fascinated me — when I think over the beautiful sight of the red bleeding posteriors, the blushes of shame and indignation of the victims, and above all the enjoyment of their distress at being so humiliated and disgraced before others. We often enjoy our old schoolbirchings in private, and a little while ago I administered an awful whipping to our gardener's wife and her two little girls for stealing my fruit, etc., and effected quite a cure, they are strictly honest now. You are coming to see us soon, can't you persuade your uncle and aunt to entrust Selina to your care, with the promise that I am to be thoroughly informed of her evil propensity; on second thoughts I think you should say you have told me, and that I offer to try and cure the girl, if they will only give me a *carte blanche* to punish her in my own way. You will have a great treat, we shall shock the girl's modesty by stripping and exposing her, you will see how delightful the sight of her pretty form is added to the distressing sense of humiliation we will make her feel; the real lovers of the birch watch and enjoy all the expressions of the victim's face, and do all they can to increase the sense of degradation, as well as to inflict terrible and prolonged torture by skilful appliance of the rod, and placing the victim in most painful, distended positions to receive her chastisement."

LAURA.— "What an ogress of cruelty you have become Rosa!"

ROSA, kissing her.— "So will you my dear, with a little more experience, you are much older than me, but really younger in that respect; by judicious use of the rod a club of ladies could enjoy every sensual feeling of pleasure without the society of men. I mean to marry the birch (in fact I am already wedded to it), and retain my fortune as my independence."

LAURA.— "What a paragon of virtue, do I really understand you pander to your sensuality without intercourse with men?"

ROSA.— "Come and see, that is my only answer to such a dear sceptic, only manage to bring the pretty *voleuse* with you, and you will have every reason to be satisfied with your visit."

Laura was quite successful in her application to the parents of Selina; they thought the visit might perhaps result in some good to their daughter, and readily gave all the required assurances as to liberty of inflicting punishment for any little dishonesty we might detect.

On their arrival at our house Selina was allotted a small room to herself, whilst Laura asked and was allowed to be my bedfellow again. Nothing was put out of the way, as I was so thoroughly assured of the honesty of all about me, and felt certain that if Miss Selina did steal anything, she could only secrete it and would have no

opportunity to dispose of the plunder, so we might be sure to recover all our lost property.

Miss Richards had received a very careful education, and, in general, was a most interesting young lady, and apparently very modest and retiring.

Several days passed very pleasantly, and it almost seemed as if Missie's fingers had forgot their cunning. I was just beginning to fear we might lose our victim for want of a fair opportunity, but it turned out to be only a kind of natural shyness, which would disappear when she found herself quite at home.

Things began to vanish, my jewelry seemed much preferred, first a small diamond ring, then an opal brooch set with pearls, gloves, scarfs, and any small articles walked off mysteriously, but no one could ever detect her even setting her foot in my room in the day time, and so Laura and I determined to watch at night. We usually went into Selina's room the last thing – before retiring ourselves, when her eyes were invariably closed.

Our resolve was put in practice the first night, and about two hours after we were supposed to be safely asleep, the creaking hinge of the door gave us a slight admonition of the stealthy approach of someone.

We could hear no footstep, but caught a glimpse of Miss Prig putting her head just inside the door to see all was right.

We were motionless, our heads being well within the shade of the bed curtains, whilst a dim moonlight partially lighted up the rest of the chamber. The little *voleuse*, as stealthily as an Indian, actually crawled on her hands and knees to the dressing table, and then without raising her body, groped with her hand on the top of the table for anything that might be lying about; in fact, we could see nothing of her as we were in bed, but could plainly hear the slight movement of the articles as they were touched or moved.

Off went the bedclothes, with a cry, "Now we have her safe, the sly thief." I sprang to the door and cut off her retreat, whilst Laura acted the policeman, by sternly arresting the confused prisoner.

Turning the key in the lock, we at once laid her over the foot of our bed, with her feet resting on the floor, and turning up her nightdress, administered with our hands a good slapping till she fairly screamed for mercy.

"Oh! Oh! Pray, Miss Coote, forgive me. Let me go, I won't come here again. Oh! Ah–r–re! Indeed I won't," struggling and writhing under our smarting slaps. We could see even by the faint light how red her bottom was, and at last we released

her with the assurance of a full enquiry next day, and advised her to give up all she had stolen or it would be worse for her.

By my orders, she was confined to her room in the morning, and Jane acted as gaoler. After dinner, about six o'clock, she brought the prisoner before me in the punishment room.

To make my proceedings more impressive, all the establishment were present, except Charlie the page, who being masculine, I did not think it would be decent to have him admitted.

MISS COOTE.— "Selina Richards, you stand before me a convicted thief caught in the act. Have you restored all your booty, you sly young cat?"

SELINA (with a crimson face and downcast eyes).— "Oh! Oh! I have indeed, ask Jane, she has searched the room and can't find any more but what I gave up to her. Ah! Miss Coote, I don't know how I could have done it; I'm so ashamed of myself and sorry to have been so wicked. Oh! Oh! What shall I do?" quite overcome and bursting into tears.

JANE.— "If you please Miss, I've got everything but your ring, that I can't find anywhere."

MISS COOTE.— "you bad girl, I know your character; don't think you can deceive me by your feigned tears and repentance. What have you done with my ring, eh?"

SELINA (appealing in great and apparently genuine distress and consternation).— "Oh! I have never seen it. Indeed, I didn't take that, Miss Coote. Ah, you must believe me, I am so degraded to feel how guilty I am. I had the brooch, but have given that and everything else up to Jane."

MISS COOTE.— "I don't believe what you say about the ring, and will birch you well till you really confess the truth. Now strip the little thief, and examine every article of clothing as it is taken off. Shake out all the braids of her hair, she may have it there."

Notwithstanding her confusion, I noticed a slight gleam of satisfaction pass across her countenance, for which, at the time, I was puzzled to account.

They proceeded with the undressing, and I could not help noticing her continued satisfaction as each garment was overhauled, as much as to say, "You haven't found it yet," which convinced me she had the ring very cunningly secreted somewhere, but for the life of me, I was quite at a loss to think how she could have disposed of it,

as Jane assured me there was not a chink in her room where it could possibly be put, she had even ripped up the bed in her search.

At last they let down all the braids of her hair, and she stood in her chemise, blushing crimson at the exposure, her usually damask cheeks as rosy as ripe cherries. She evidently now considered the search at an end, as she kicked off the drawers and protested against my order to "remove the last rag."

"Oh! Oh! Pray don't expose me, there can't be anything in that."

MISS COOTE.— "But there may be somewhere else."

The suddenly abashed look that came over her face convinced me I was now getting near a discovery. Her legs were closely nipped together, and she covered her hairless mount with her hands.

MISS COOTE.— "Give me a birch Jane, I'll make her jump," then taking the switch in hand cuts smartly over Miss Selina's knuckles, "remove your hands, Miss Prig, now jump will you," repeating the blow on the naked bottom with such effect that the poor girl screamed with pain, but still kept her legs close; again the rod descended with a terrific undercut, "won't you open your legs and jump Miss." This time it was effective; with a fearful scream the victim threw herself down on the carpet, but she was unable to prevent the escape of the ring which rolled out on the floor.

It would be impossible to describe the poor girl's distress and confusion now her guilt was so thoroughly established; she was crimson all over, and tried to hide her face in her hands as she cried for shame; her bottom had some fine looking red marks, and also in between her thighs, which the last cut had inflicted.

MISS COOTE.— "Look at the little thief, she thinks to hide herself by covering her face, she doesn't care about exposing all her private parts, or using them to hide my ring, what a disgustingly clever trick; Jane, put on her chemise and drawers; if she does not care I do, and like to do birching decently with all propriety."

Jane and Polly lift her up, and put on the required articles, then as she stands before me still sobbing with shame and pain, I had never seen a more delicious looking victim; she had such a beautiful brunette complexion, her almost black hair hanging all down her back to her loins, pretty white rounded globes with dark brown nipples looked impudently above her chemisette, which only reached a little way down her thighs; it was tastefully trimmed with lace all round, and seemed to draw attention to her beautiful thighs and legs, the latter set off by blue silk stockings with handsome garters and lovely boots.

Jane whispers in the culprit's ears, and Selina humbly kneels before me, saying in broken accents:—

"Oh! how can I speak to you, dear Miss Coote. I – I – have so disgraced – myself. Will – will – you ever forgive me. Oh! What shall I do – will you punish me properly and cut – the – the – awful propensity out of me – indeed, dear Miss Coote – I can't help myself – my fingers – my fingers will take the – things – even – when I don't – want them," as she kisses the rod and bursts into a torrent of hysterical tears.

By my orders the victim is well stretched out on the ladder, as I generally preferred it to the whipping post, and having armed myself with a very light rod made of fine pieces of whalebone, which would sting awfully without doing serious damage, I went up to the ladder for a commencement, but first made them loosen her a bit, and place a thick sofa bolster under her loins, then fasten her tightly again with her bottom well presented, the drawers pinned back on each side, and her chemise rolled up and secured under her arms; poor Selina seemed to know well enough what was coming, it checked her tears, but she begged and screamed piteously for me to forgive and wait and see if she ever stole anything again.

MISS COOTE, laughing.— "Why, what a little coward you are. I should have thought such a bold thief would have more spirit, and I have hardly touched you yet; you won't be hurt more than you can fairly bear; you would do it again directly if I don't beat it out of you now."

SELINA.— "My arms and limbs are so dreadfully stretched, and my poor behind still smarts from the three whacks you gave. Oh! Have pity! Have mercy! Dear Miss Coote."

MISS COOTE.— "I must not listen to such childish nonsense, you're both a thief and a dreadful liar; Miss Selina, will you – will you – do it again," giving three smart stinging cuts, the whalebone fairly hissing through the air as she flourishes it before each stroke to make it sound more effective.

SELINA.— "Ah! Ah! Ah–r–r–re! I can't bear it, you're thrashing me with wires, the blows are red hot. Oh! Oh! I'll never, never do it again!" her bottom finely streaked already with thin red lines, the painful agony being greatly increased by the strain on her wrists and ankles as she cannot restrain her writhing at each cut.

MISS COOTE.— "You don't seem to like it, Selina, but indeed it's for your good, how would you like to be branded B. C. with a really red hot iron, you'd sing a still different tune then; but I'm wasting my time – there – there – there – you've only had six yet, how you do howl you silly girl!"

SELINA.— "Ah—r—r—re!" with a prolonged shriek. "You're killing me. Oh! I shall soon die!" her bottom redder than ever.

MISS COOTE.— "You'll have a dozen whalebone cuts," counting and cutting deliberately till she calls twelve, then giving a little pause as if finished; she lets the victim compose the features with a sigh of relief, and just then gives another thundering whack, exclaiming, "Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha! you thought I had done, did you, Miss Prig; it was a baker's dozen you were to get, I always give thirteen as twelve for fear of having missed one, and like to give the last just as they think it is all over."

SELINA.— "I know it's well deserved, but oh! so cruel, you will let me go now; pray forgive me, indeed, you may depend upon me in the future," still sighing and quivering from the effects of the last blow.

MISS COOTE.— "You're not to get off so easily, Miss Prig, your bottom would be all right in a few minutes, and then you would only laugh when you think of it. The real rod is to come, look at this bum-tickler, it's the real birch grown in my own grounds, and well pickled in brine these last two days, to be ready for you when caught. It will bring your crime to mind in a more awful light, and leave marks to make you remember it for days to come."

SELINA.— "Pray let me have a drink, if I must suffer so much more, my tongue is as dry as a board, Miss Coote, you are cruel, I am not old enough to bear such torture."

MISS COOTE.— "Be quiet, you shall have a drink of champagne, but don't talk about your tender age, that makes your crime still worse, for you have shown such precocious disgusting cunning, far beyond your years."

She has the refreshing draught and the rod resumes its sway.

MISS COOTE.— "You bad girl, your bottom shall be marked for many a day; I'll wager you don't steal as long as the marks remain. Two dozen's the punishment, and then we'll see to your bruises, and put you to bed. One — two — three — four," increasing the force of the blows scientifically with each cut, and soon beginning to draw the skin up into big bursting blood-red weals.

VICTIM.— "Mother! Mother! Ah! Ah—r—r—re! I shall die. Oh! kill me quickly, if you won't have mercy." She writhes in such agony that her muscles stand out like whipcord, and by their continued quivering, straining action, testify to the intensity of her pain.

MISS COOTE, laughing and getting excited.— "That's right, call your mother, she'll soon help you. Ha! Ha! She didn't think how I should cure you, when your papa

gave his consent for me to punish you as I like. Five, six, seven," she goes on counting and thrashing the poor girl over the back, ribs, loins, and thighs, wealing her everywhere, as well as on the posteriors. All the spectators are greatly moved, and seem to enjoy the sight of Selina's blood dripping down, down till her stockings are saturated and it forms little pools beneath her on the floor.

The victim has not sufficient strength to stand this very long, her head droops, and she is too weak to scream, moaning and sighing fainter and fainter, till at last she fairly swoons, and the rod is stopped at the twenty-second stroke.

Miss Coote is quite exhausted with her exertions, and sinking on a sofa, fondly embraces her friend Laura, describing to her all the thrilling sensations she has enjoyed during the operation, which the flushed cheeks and sparkling soft large blue eyes of Laura show she is beginning to duly appreciate.

Mademoiselle Fosse and the servants lay Selina on the floor, and sprinkle her face with water, whilst one of them uses a very large fan most effectively; her lacerated bottom is sponged with strong salt and water, and she soon shows signs of regaining animation. Sighing and sobbing, "Where, where am I? Oh! I remember, Miss Coote's cut my bottom off. Oh! Oh! Ah! How it smarts and burns!" They pour a little liqueur down her throat, and she is soon quite conscious again, and cries quite hysterically over her pickled state.

MADemoisELLE.— "Now for the finishing touch. Mary, fetch that pot from the kitchen, and bring the bag of feathers."

SELINA (piteously).— "Oh, haven't you done yet? What have I to suffer?" wringing her hands in apprehension.

MADemoisELLE.— "Here it is. We won't keep you in suspense," taking the brush from a pot of warm tar, held by Mary. "This will heal your bruises, and prevent the flies getting at your sore bottom, this warm weather."

They make her stand up, and Mademoiselle paints allover her posteriors, and the lower part of her belly inside her thighs, and even the crack of her bottom, with the hot stuff, regardless of the great pain she is inflicting.

SELINA (shrieking in fearful distress and shame at this degradation).— "Ah! This is worse than all, you're actually scalding me; my skin will peel off," dancing about in excruciating agony.

MADemoisELLE (laughing).— "My dear, it is to heal and keep your skin on. We're going to cover you with nice warm feathers. You never felt so comfortable in your life as you will presently."

The ceremony was both amusing and exciting, but it would be impossible to describe the poor girl's misery and dreadful shame. Her shrieks and appeals of "Oh! Ah! It will never come off," especially as they lift her up and roll her bottom and front in a great heap of feathers, taking care to shove them in everywhere, so as to thoroughly cover all the tar.

This is the finale, and she is led from the scene of her punishment and degradation; but that was not all; every day for nearly three weeks she had to strip and exhibit her feathery bum for inspection and laughing remarks. I need scarcely say the ordeal she went through effected a radical cure of the Kleptomania.

Do you not think, dear Nellie, my plan would cure the Kleptomaniacs of the present day? It would be well worth a trial.

Yours affectionately,
ROSA BELINDA COOTE.

(To be continued.)

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Sweet is the memory of the scenes
In boyhood I enjoyed,
Hot vigour thrilling in my veins,
By no fruition cloy'd.

So innocent a child I seem'd
That Catherine, Jane, Eliza,
Would treat me as a girl, nor dream'd
That I was e'er the wiser.

I many a naked frolic spied,
Nor seem'd a whit to care,
With changeless glance serene I eyed
Their sexual members bare.

All fear'd the strict severities
Of Mistress and of Master,
Who thought to crush propensities
That only throve the faster.

But when I was thirteen I grew
Too big a boy for this,
The girls grew timid – well they knew
I might do more than kiss.

No longer Jane would offer me
The clean shirt nice and warm,
And turn me up and cuddle me,
Without supposing harm.

And Catherine never called me now
The bathroom door to keep,
The while she bathed, lest any came
And say, "You must not peep."

Nor Harriet, when she climb'd the trees,
Would let me now stand under,
All seem'd to guard their modesties
With care that made me wonder.

But fostering Venus kindly led
Her young disciple still,
Although I kept my maidenhead
Sorely against my will.

For though from British blood I sprung
Yet born in India's land,
I felt while callow, raw and young
Cythera's guiding hand.

And night by night, when fast asleep,
Wits, nerves upon the stretch,
My melting heart I could not keep,
I was an amorous wretch.

One day I chanced to climb outside
My cousin's bathing room,
And found a hole through which I spied
The place I'd used to roam.

I sigh'd to think how oft the girls
Had idly let me in,
"It's nobody but little Charles,
No matter though he's seen."

Yes, I was their sole favourite,
No other boy was suffer'd
To share in many a luscious sight
To me so freely offer'd.

"Those joys (thought I) are now no more!"
I started – at that minute,
Dear Kate came to the bathroom door,
She lock'd herself within it.

"Oh, do I dream, or is it true?
And is she going to bathe,
And treat me to the fullest view
Of all above, beneath?"

She dropt her gown, and one by one
She stript her of her clothes,
Her smock is all she now has on,
"Oh, will she nought expose?"

There now it's off – and Catherine stands,
In utter nudity,
And neither of her rosy hands
Conceals her modesty.

I saw her right before my eyes
Naked, stark naked stand,
The blooming centre of her thighs
As naked as my hand.

What see I now! what see I not!
Is Kate a woman grown?
She was a little girl I thought,
But lo, she's fully blown:

Oh look at her sweet *fie for shame*,
With pouting lips so red.
Oh look at her dear frisky game,
Her open maidenhead!

THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN POWELL.

*For Ravishing Margaret Edson, a child under the Age of 12 Years, at York Assizes,
March 31st, 1775.*

Mary Edson stated: I am the child's mother. On the Friday before New Year's Day, I perceived my daughter was ill, I asked her what she had done to herself (as she had trouble in making water), if she had fallen and hurt herself; she said no. On Sunday, the 1st January, when I stripped her I saw her shift very much daubed with what had come from her, which gave me a great shock.

Q.– What colour was it?

A.– A yellow colour mixed with red. When I saw her in that condition, I said if you do not tell me what you have done with yourself I will take the skin off your backside. As she would not tell me I got a birch rod, and twining her over my lap

gave her bum a sharp tickling, when she said that Captain Powell sent for her brother and her, and he gave her brother a halfpenny to buy some sweets. After the boy went out the Captain barred the door, and then he put his finger up her body and hurt her very much. I was much surprised, and sent for Mrs. Nurser, a neighbour, who advised me to send for Dr. Lee, who lives at Knaresborough. In the afternoon too we asked her what Captain Powell did to her, and she then said Captain Powell unbuttoned his breeches and took out his cock and put it into her. I asked her if she felt anything come from him. She said she thought he made water in her. She said he sat in his chair and took her before him, and she shewed the motion he made in the chair, then he took her upstairs and did the same again.

Q.— From the appearance of the colour on the shift did you think it had the same appearance as that which comes from a man on those occasions?

A.— To the best of my judgment I thought it was. Mr. John Lee, a surgeon, said that Mr. Edson, the father of the child, making application to him to examine his daughter, he attended at his house, when he inspected the child, and found her private parts much inflamed and swelled, which convinced him she had received some injury; there was likewise a discharge from the parts, which made him afraid it was venereal. He attended and administered to her about six weeks.

Q.— Did it appear to you there had been any violence used by a man's penis?

A.— I cannot say I formed any judgment as to the cause.

Q.— Suppose a man had introduced his private parts, would it have occasioned this?

A.— Yes it would.

Q.— Would a finger being put there occasion the excoriation?

A.— Yes it might. If a man had entered the vagina of the child and entered into her body, I should have thought it would have had a different appearance. It would have brought away blood, but I observed none.

Margaret Edson (the child).

COURT.— What age are you?

A.— Ten-and-a-half.

Q.— Do you tell lies?

A.— No.

Q.— Will you tell me the truth?

A.— Yes.

Q.— Do you know Captain Powell? Look round and see if he is here.

A.— There is Captain Powell, pointing to the prisoner.

Q.— Now tell us what Captain Powell did to you.

A.— I and my brother was at Mrs. Raper's playing with her little boy; we did not stay long. My brother and I were going home, and Captain Powell said, "Come hither, Peg, come hither." My brother went with me to Captain Powell, and he gave my brother a halfpenny to go and buy sweets. My brother went, and then Captain Powell bolted the door.

Q.— What did he do after that?

A.— He put one hand round my waist and turned up my clothes.

Q.— Where was he?

A.— He was sitting in a chair.

Q.— How was you standing?

A.— On the floor before him, between his legs.

Q.— What did he do?

A.— He unbuttoned his breeches and took his cock out.

Q.— How did you know it was his cock?

A.— I saw it; I saw him take it out.

Q.— What did he do after that?

A.— He put his cock in my arsehole.

Q.— Tell us that again?

A.— He unbuttoned his breeches, took out his cock, and put it in my arsehole.

The jury did not wish to hear any more, and he was indicted at the next assizes for a common assault, and found guilty.

FOWLS AND PICKLED PORK.

The wife of a City gentleman one day found in his pocket a billet from a ladylove of his, asking him to come that evening to supper, and that she had fowls and pickled pork.

The husband came home at his usual time, and told his wife that he had some particular business to transact that evening, which would keep him out rather late.

"Very well, dear, but you can't go out in that soiled shirt, come upstairs and change it," responded his tender better half.

She went with him to their bedroom, and with her jokes and larking soon gave him such a cockstand that he tossed her on the bed and had a good fuck.

Proceeding to finish dressing she again interrupted him with the remark that "he could not go out with such dirty stockings, now John let me pull them off and put on a clean pair for you."

This led to further dallying, especially when she remarked, "how silly his cock looked with its head hanging down, how she had taken the life out of it; la, I wonder if it can stand again dear," as she played with and kissed his limp concern. This led to another loving fuck, which ended by her giving him a rapturous kiss, as she exclaimed, "I believe, John, you have made me a baby at last. Now, my dear, I don't mind if you go and have the 'fowls and pickled pork.'"

But the husband declared "he would be damned if he did now."

N.B.— The Editor of THE PEARL would advise married ladies not to trust too implicitly in the belief "that if they fuck their husband well before he goes out, they may safely trust him." Our experience is that it only tends to make the men more

excitable; we once knew a person (not ourself of course), who would have three different women on the way home from business, and then fuck his wife well when he went to bed, which he would not have thought of otherwise.

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART IV.

I must now return to my liaison with Lothair; he had promised to meet me again in a week, when I hoped to hear the particulars of his drive to Richmond.

We lunched again at the Bristol Hotel, and without having recourse to the tincture, I found him almost as hot and impulsive as before. "Ah! Beatrice," he said, as we lay exhausted on the sofa, after a series of delicious encounters, "I cannot express half the gratitude and devotion I ought to have; for you, not satisfied with making me happy yourself, quite unselfishly advised me how to enjoy the two nuns. But first tell me of that Society of Love, which you promised to introduce me to, and then you shall have my adventure."

So briefly I described to him the Paphian Circle, and took his promise to allow me to introduce him at the next seance.

"I know," he said, "you thought me quite captivated by Miss Arundel, but I never forgot your advice, and resolved to seem to lend myself as a proselyte, accept all the advantages they might offer as baits, and get a thorough insight into all the plans of the Jesuits before I open their eyes, but it is a game that will last a long time. Now, as to the Richmond drive. Lady St. Jerome and Miss Arundel were most vivacious and alluring, as we drove down by road; then we had a beautiful row on the river whilst waiting for dinner, which we sat down to with excellent appetites. I plied the two ladies with wine, and requested them as a special favour not to leave me to myself at dessert, as I did not smoke, and there were no other gentlemen present. Everything was sparkling and agreeable, religion seemed to be avoided by mutual consent, the ladies had withdrawn from the table to a sofa in a recess, where their faces were screened from the light of the brilliant chandelier; they had each had two or three glasses of champagne and seemed very careful not to exceed the limits of decorum, when, taking a fresh bottle, I challenged them to drink to the prosperity of the Christian Church.

"'Ah!' said Miss Arundel, with flashing eyes, 'but what Church do you refer to?'

"'Dear ladies,' I replied, 'you shall word the toast as you please, and I will drain a real bumper to it in your company.'

"Then,' said Clare, 'we drink to the prosperity of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and long life to His Holiness Pius IX.'

"Their eyes sparkled, and both seemed unusually excited.

"What would we not do to assure your conversion, dear Lothair,' said Lady St. Jerome. 'Come and sit between us whilst we talk seriously to you.'

"I sat down on the sofa, and being well flushed with wine, impudently put an arm round each of their waists, and said, without thinking, 'Ah! that's mere nonsense; but in truth, I would sell both body and soul for the happiness you and your niece could confer on me.'

"Miss Arundel drew a deep sigh, but Lady St. Jerome softly whispered, as she laid one hand on my thigh, most awkwardly near to an important member, 'Ah! what do you mean? Join our Church, and there is nothing we will deny to you.'

"Nothing! nothing! you will get indulgences and dispensations for everything then,' whispered Clare, as she laid her head on my shoulder.

"No! no traffic with priests; I want my indulgence from you, dear ladies, if you care for my soul, now's the time to save me; drive me away in unsatisfied desperation, and such a chance will never occur again. Ah! how awfully I am tempted by the proximity of such charms!' I exclaimed, falling on my knees; and clasping their legs, as I hid my face in Clare's lap.

"They were both trembling with emotion, and I was equally agitated, but I seemed to guess from their looks and manner towards me, the present moment was too favourable for them to let slip.

"Lady St. Jerome was the first to speak. 'Dear Lothair, we do indeed pity your distress. Oh! Oh! for shame, sir, what liberties! Will you? Will you, promise us?' as she fidgeted about in confusion, feeling my hand slowly advancing up her legs beneath the clothes; both my hands were busy, but Clare had closed her thighs, and firmly stopped my advance in silence, whilst her aunt's ejaculations seemed to encourage me more and more.

"By all that's sacred, I promise everything you may demand of me, they shall receive me into the Church, as soon as they please, if you two will but be ministering angels to my impulsive passions,' I cried, taking advantage of her confusion to gain complete possession of the grotto of love.

"'Clare, dear,' sighed Her Ladyship, 'can we possibly sacrifice ourselves for a nobler purpose; by now subduing his carnal lusts, we shall also draw a lost sheep to the foot of the cross.'

"I felt Miss Arundel's tightly compressed thighs relax in their resistance, and she gave a spasmodic sigh as I victoriously advanced my rude hand also to her mossy retreat. 'Ah! how delicious to have possession of a double set of the loveliest charms, I will kiss you, and enjoy you by turns,' I said in rapture, at the prospect before me.

LADY ST. JEROME.— 'Excuse me a moment, dear Lothair, Clare is all blushing confusion, let me spare her modesty as much as possible,' as she rose and locked the door, then almost turned out the gas.

"Pulling up her skirts, I threw Miss Arundel backwards on the sofa, and releasing my bursting weapon, threw myself between her yielding thighs, as I exclaimed, 'You have indeed relieved me of making an invidious selection, as I cannot restrain the heat of my passion, Clare must be the first victim to it.'

"It was almost, if not quite, dark in the recess where we were, but my lips sought those of the lovely girl, her entire frame seemed to quiver under me, and she gave a faint shriek as the head of my cock first touched the lips of her cunny. 'Courage, darling,' I whispered in her ear, 'I won't hurt you more than I can help; open your legs, and give way to me as much as you can, you suffer for a noble object.' As if I did not know she had already lost her virginity.

"Lady St. Jerome had now returned to the sofa, where she encouraged Clare to bear the dreadful pain with all her fortitude. Then Her Ladyship took my affair in her hand, saying, 'Let me, dear Lothair, direct you right. I'm a married woman, and know exactly how it ought to be done.' Her touch only added to my excitement. She kept drawing the foreskin back, and took care to present the head rather above the proper entrance to the vagina, to make me think the resistance I felt was genuine, but it gave me infinite pleasure, and made Mr. Pego spend all over the entrance of Clare's longing cunny. At last, after great difficulty, they let me fairly in, and I begged Her Ladyship to still keep her hand there and stimulate my exertions. I spent three times, each time more excitedly than the last, whilst the dear girl was a constant flood of lubricity, and seemed to melt with love, clinging to me with all the tenacity of her voluptuous furor.

"At last, notwithstanding her entreaties for me to go on, on, on, I managed to withdraw, as I told her she would leave nothing for me to repay all her dear aunt's kindness. 'But, Clare darling,' I said, 'I will still give you pleasure with my tongue.' So I made her give way to Lady St. Jerome, who eagerly slipped off some of her skirts, as she said, to give me greater freedom, but in reality so that she might enjoy

herself more. Her pussey was quite wet with spendings, which had flowed in sympathy with our enjoyment.

"Miss Clare was an apt pupil, and quickly arranged herself over her aunt's face, so as to present her excited cunny to my lips.

"Lady St. Jerome had an extraordinary gift of contraction in her vagina, it took hold of my cock, like a delicately soft hand with a frigging motion, as she wriggled and met my thrusts, of the most delicious kind. I grasped and moulded her lovely breasts with both hands, for she held me convulsively to her body, and I had no necessity to clasp her myself. Our conjunction was so exciting that I spent again immediately, under the touches of what I called her invisible hand, then steadying myself I revelled in love and lubricity for more than half-an-hour, both the dear ladies gasping, sighing, and sometimes when they spent giving vent to subdued shrieks of pleasure and dearment. Clare seemed quite as excited as her aunt, who I found was frigging her bottom-hole, and rousing all her lustful propensities to the utmost, with a disengaged hand, as soon as she found I was so safely rooted in herself that one arm could hold me.

"I can't tell you how we finished, for there seemed to be no end to it; however, about eleven o'clock we apparently awoke from a kind of delicious lethargy, into which we had all fallen, and we soon sufficiently composed ourselves to ring for the carriage and start for town; on the plea of keeping out the chilly night air, the windows were put up, and I had one or the other of them astride of my lap and spitted on the shaft of love till the noise of granite pavement under the wheels of the carriage warned us of the near approach to St. James' Square.

"I have promised not to marry, but expressed my wish to be received into the Church by the Holy Father himself soon after Christmas, when I will visit Rome on purpose; this will give me plenty of time to carry on my game, and prove to the Jesuits that I am now quite equal to the tricks they played on me, when they had me down at Vauxe before, and imposed on the weak senses of a poor boy, quite green to the ways of the world. I can love Clare, when I don't think of it, but if I do I should hate her even in the midst of our love transports."

Our time in town was getting short, so at my suggestion Bertram and St. Aldegonde arranged an early day with Lothair, for his initiation to the Paphian Circle.

We were still at Crecy House, and this time the affair was managed under cover of a small private party at the Duke of Brecon's, where we dismissed our carriages, and then drove out in those of his Grace for a country excursion, which of course only extended to Cheyne Walk. Everything was in readiness, and Lothair being admitted as usual, we quickly appeared in the garb of Madre Natura as before.

Partners were drawn for the first dance, my lot fell to the Duke of Brecon, whilst Lothair was drawn by Alice, and Lady Corisande presided at the piano, where her brilliant execution helped to add to the excitement engendered by the lascivious motions of the dance, in which, when the gentlemen and ladies changed partners as they went through the figure, they gave our bottoms a fine smarting spank, which we repaid by sharp little slaps on their extended cocks, soon getting tremendously warm and excited over our quadrille, and at the conclusion could scarcely restrain ourselves sufficiently to allow Lothair to give the usual kiss all round to our palpitating cunnies.

I noticed Lady Bertha very busy whispering to everyone, and soon found out that she was proposing a little bit of extra fun for us, of which the novice was of course to be the victim, whilst both pleasure and profit would accrue to the Paphian Circle.

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS.

Let those who never tried, believe,
 In woman's chastity!
Let her who ne'er was asked, receive,
 The praise of modesty!

Again I've been at Church to-day,
 And eyed that angel stranger;
Whose yielding glances seem to say,
 "I love, but dread the danger."

Too truly sung the Indian sage,
 That "Father, Brother, Son,
To her who feels the sexual rage
 Are lawful – all are one."

Tho' woman's virtue's true as steel
 Before you touch her soul;
Still let it once the *Magnet* feel
 'Twill flutter tow'rds the *Pole*!

EXPOSTULATION WITH A FIERCE PREACHER.

Oh, jealous Cotterill, why so warm?
 Because your congregation,
In spite of all you preach and storm,
 Persist in fornication.

And so you think a ball-room dress
 Unfitted for a pew,
And fain would check the wantonness
 That gives the breasts to view.

"Indecent" is a cruel word
 To use to strict church-goers,

It's very awful by the Lord
To call us rogues and whores.

In pews, like sheep in pens we sit,
While you indulge in barking,
If sheep will cast sheep's eyes a bit
It is not worth remarking.

The ball-room and the play-house gay
In India are so rare,
That church for those who play or pray
Is crowded by the fair.

Poor Cotterill – why then should he grieve
Because our glances roam?
He merely wants us all to leave
Our "Hearts and Souls" at home.

I joy the lecherous girl to squeeze,
I joy thy rage to see,
So first I sin myself to please
And next to anger thee.

The silliest goose that swims the lake
Is known to be the Dotterel,
That spelling must be a mistake.
The name I'm sure is Cotterill!

HYMN TO THE GENIUS OF WOMAN.
(A statue in the Florentine Gallery.)

Genius of woman, glorious form
Of perfect loveliness,
I worship thee, with beauty warm,
Released from every dress.

Oh smile on him to Thee who bows,
Who worships Thee alone;

And pays his deep impassioned vows,
At none but Beauty's throne.

And bless thou Her whose pencil gave,
Thy dazzling limbs to light,
Naked, as rising from the wave,
They shone all rosy bright.

It was a homage due to Thee,
By grateful Chloris paid;
For Thou with every conquering charm,
Has't blest the golden maid.

And every touch her pencil gave,
To each alluring part;
Has bound in firmer spells the slave,
Of pleasure, love, and art.

Oh sacred, fervent, silent be,
Our worship at Thy shrine;
No eye profane shall ever see,
Thy lineaments divine.

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

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LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

"Thus every Creature, and of every kind,
The sweet joys of sweet coition find." —DRYDEN.

CHAPTER I.

At the age of seventeen, through the mistaken but paternal fondness of my father, the Count de L—, I was still immured in an old chateau, on the coast of Brittany, with no society but that of my tutors, an eternal round of daily lessons, to be gotten only by poring over some dozens of musty volumes. Naturally of an indolent disposition, I became *ennuyed* to such a degree by the monotonous routine of my life that I verily believe I could not have survived three months longer had it not been for an accession of company which the old chateau received.

I was most agreeably surprised, while at my studies one morning, by the noise of carriage wheels driving rapidly over the stone pavement of the courtyard. I threw my book into one corner, bounded down the stairs, and met my father at the hall door; he was accompanied by my uncle, Count C—, and his two sons, who were about my own age.

In the course of the day my father told me that he was about to start for Russia as ambassador, and that after remaining at the chateau for a week or two, my uncle and cousins would return to Paris, taking me with them, as during his absence I was to reside with my uncle.

The next day my father, after giving me a great deal of good advice and his blessing, started en route for St. Petersburg.

My cousins, Raoul and Julien, I found to be two as wild young colts as ever were let loose upon the inhabitants of a country village, setting at defiance everything, and leading me, who proved an adept scholar, into all kinds of mischief, whilst their father, who had some business in the neighbourhood, could not look after our conduct.

Going one day into my cousin Raoul's chamber in search of him, on opening the door, I was perfectly astounded at what I saw. There lay Raoul on the bed, in the arms of one of the *femmes de chambre*, Manette, a most lusty, finely-formed, rosy-cheeked wench.

When I entered the room my cousin was lying on the top of Manette, clasped in a tight embrace, a pair of large white legs crossed over his back, and from the heavings and motions of their bodies, I perceived that they were enjoying themselves in a manner altogether satisfactory; and so intent, and enraptured were they, with the exercise they were taking, that they did not notice my having entered the room. Although, during the three days my cousins had been with me, they had, by licentious conversation, uprooted all my preconceived notions of virtue in woman, so strictly had I been reared, never having been allowed to enter the company of females, not even in the village adjoining the chateau, that seeing the two on the bed in that manner I was so amazed that I stood at the door watching them till Raoul raised himself off the girl.

He got up, standing with his back to me, while Manette still lay with her eyes closed, her petticoat and shift thrown up, her thighs wide apart, revealing to my ardent gaze a round white belly, the bottom part of which was covered with a large growth of jet black curly hair, and lower down, between her thighs, I discovered what I had so often heard of, but never before seen – a cunt; from between the locks of curly hair that grew over the mount above, and around the dear delicious slit, I could perceive two fat and rosy lips slightly gaping open, from which oozed out a little whitish-looking foam.

My senses were so confused with what I saw, and the strange emotions which had been called up in me, that I stepped forward towards the bed. The moment my step was heard Manette buried herself under the bedcovers, while Raoul came to meet me, and taking me by the hand led me up to the bed, saying,—

"Cousin Louis, what have you seen? how long have you been in the room?"

I answered and told him I had witnessed their whole performance.

Raoul threw the cover off the girl, and raising her to a sitting posture, with one arm round her waist, said,—

"Cousin Louis, you who have never tasted the pleasures to be received in the arms of a pretty girl, do not know what it is to resist the temptation of making use of every opportunity and means in one's power, to gratify the appetite, and see what a beautiful, charming mistress Manette is; who could deny her? Having done me the honour to invite me to her chamber last night I could not but return the courtesy this evening, and know the sequence."

I replied, "Yes, she is very charming," and feeling a desire to get an insight into the pleasures derived from the conjunction of the sexes, I laid my hand on the bare knee of Manette, who still sat on the edge of the bed, her clothes scarcely covering her cunt and thighs, and slipped it under her chemise, till it rested on the hairy mount that overtopped the delicious slit beneath.

But Raoul stopped me, saying, "Excuse me, cousin, but Manette is mine, at least for the present, but as I see you are anxious to initiate yourself in the mysteries of the Cyprian goddess, I think that with the help of Manette I shall be able to find you a companion for the night; can we not Manette?" said he, turning to her.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, jumping to her feet, and assuming a smiling look, "we will get Monsieur Louis my little sister Rose, who I am sure is a much prettier girl than myself, and she has larger and whiter breasts than I have," said she, covering a pair of fine round white globes, which I was greedily devouring with my eyes. "I am sure," she went on, "that you will be pleased with Rose, when we bring her to you tonight."

Telling Manette that on condition she brought her sister at night to my chamber, I would be secret and mention to no one what I had seen, I retired and left them.

Going to my chamber early in the night I spent an hour in a fever of excited expectation till Manette entered the room, leading her sister by the hand. Rose was a most beautiful girl, and the moment she entered the room and the door was closed, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms, and led her to a sofa, where I sat down and drew her to my side. I unpinned the handkerchief that covered her breasts, and clasping her again in my arms covered them with burning kisses. This caused Rose to blush exquisitely and struggle somewhat to release herself from my embrace, when Manette stepped before us, saying,—

"Monsieur Louis, Rose was never in company with a man before now, and of course is a little backward, but is very willing to remain with you, and by yourselves you will, I am sure, find her all you wish; is it not so, sister?"

To which Rose replied, "Oh yes," and hid her face in the cushion of the sofa.

Manette told me that as wine was a great reviver of the spirits and provocative of love, she would go and bring me some, telling Rose to ply me plentifully with it. She went, and soon returned with a tray of wine, cakes, &c., and retired, wishing us "a happy night of it."

When Manette retired I locked the door, then drawing up a sofa to the table I led Rose to it, and seating myself by her, endeavoured to put her at her ease by not proceeding to any liberties at first, till I had plied her with some half-dozen glasses of wine. After she had drunk pretty freely, the natural vivacity of her character began to show itself, in her open and free conversation. I now put my arms around her waist and neck, and pressing her close to my breast, imprinted burning kisses upon her rosy pouting lips. I then slipped one hand into her bosom, feeling and moulding her firm round bubbies. After dallying thus awhile I stooped and slipped a hand under her chemise, raised her clothes up on her knees. Squeezing and playing with her legs, I slid my hand along her thigh till my fingers rested on a bunch of silken mossy hair, which overhung the entrance of her virgin cunt.

Playing with the silken curls, twining and twisting my fingers through them, I dropped one finger lower down, and putting just the tip of it between the lips, I titillated her so well that she began to wriggle about in her seat. I could stand it no longer. I was on fire; the blood was boiling through my veins. I raised her on her feet, and began stripping her, fairly tearing her clothes off in my haste, till she stood perfectly naked before me. Ye Gods! what beauties, what charms, were exposed to my ardent fiery gaze, what delicious breasts, how firmly moulded, small, yet so round and firm. I press them, kiss them, take the nipples in my mouth, I draw her to me, till feeling her naked body against me, I drop on my knees and transfer my love kisses to the lips of her luscious little hairy slit. I was in a perfect frenzy, I burned, I raged. In a trice I threw off everything, and clasping her body to mine, I raised the trembling girl in my arms, and carried her to the bed.

Placing a pillow on which to rest the plump, luxurious cheeks of her backside, I lay her down, springing on the bed by her side. I open wide her thighs, and my prick being up in arms and eager for the fray, I lay my length on her. With the tips of my fingers I unclothe the pouting lips, and with the utmost trouble insert the head of my virgin rod into the entrance of her no less virgin cunt.

No sooner did I feel the head lodged aright than I drove and shoved in with the utmost fury; feeling the head pretty well in I thrust and drove on, but gained so little that I drew it out, and wetting it with spittle I again effect the lodgement just within the lips. At length by my fierce rending and tearing thrusts the first defences gave way, and I got about half-way in, but had become wrought up to such a pitch that the

floodgates of love's reservoir gave way, and I sank upon her breast in a delirium of transport as I oiled her torn and bleeding cunt with a perfect flood of virgin sperm.

Poor Rose had borne it most heroically, keeping the bedclothes between her teeth, in order to repress any cry of pain, whilst her hands clasped my body to hers, or even handled the shaft of love to assist its murderous intentions on her virginity.

As I lay panting and gasping on Rose, glowing with the fierce excitement, my eyes darting forth their humid fires, the stiffness which had perceptibly remitted, returned with redoubled vigour, and I again began to make headway into her. The sperm that I had spurted into her cunt had penetrated and oiled the dark and narrow passage, making my further entrance somewhat easier. I now recommenced my eager shoves, my fierce lunges, and I felt myself gaining at every move, till with one tremendous and cunt-rending thrust I buried myself into her up to the hilt. So great was the pain of this last shock that Rose could not suppress a sharp shrill scream, but I heeded it not; it was the note of final victory, and only added to the delicious piquancy of my enjoyment as I buried myself, if possible, yet further within the soft, luscious folds of her love sheath. We lay for a short time in the closest conjunction with each other, so that the hair on both of us was interwoven in one mass.

Putting my arm around her neck, I drew her to a yet closer embrace, and planting numberless kisses on her rosy lips and damask blushing face, which was wet with tears of suffering which the brave little darling could not prevent from starting from her lovely eyes, I drew out the head and slowly thrusting it in again; my fierce desires goaded me to challenge her to a renewal of the combat. A smile of infinite love crossed her lovely countenance, all signs of past pain seemed to vanish, and I could feel the soft and juicy folds of her cunt, throbbing and clasping tightly on my enamoured prick; my movements quickened in an instant, and so exciting was the to-and-fro friction, aided by the delicious jingling of my magnificent stones against her backside, despite all her pain, Rose was thrown into such an ecstasy that she clasped me in her arms, and throwing her legs over my back paid down her first and virgin tribute to man, forced from her by the soul-stirring motions of my rod of love, while I met her and spurted another stream of burning sperm into the utmost recesses of her fount of love, commingling together, partially cooling the fires which were raging within us.

So novel, so new, exquisitely delicious, so transporting, so heavenly were the sensations, ecstatic were the joys we both felt that we twined and writhed in each other's arms like serpents, while Rose exclaimed,—

"Oh God! I die! Oh heaven! What joy, what pleasure. Oh! oh! ah! ah!—h!—h—"

Ending in one long deep-drawn sigh. With a few convulsive jerks and struggles of her delicious backside she loosened her holds, and stretching herself out with a shudder, fainted away, and I, who was at my last gasp, also sank into oblivion.

When we had recovered from our delirium I got up and poured out some wine, gave it to Rose, and tossed off a bumper myself, I then planted a soft kiss on the lips of her torn and bleeding cunt, exclaiming,—

"True fount of love, sole seat of never failing joys and pleasures to man, dear, delicious, hairy little slit, from this moment my whole life and soul are forever devoted to you."

I spent the night with Rose, in one continued round of pleasure, revelling in the full enjoyment of her virgin charms. Again and again did we renew our embraces, swimming in a sea of pleasure. So furiously did we enter into our combats of love that nature soon became exhausted, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning when I awoke Rose was sitting up in the bed, looking with anxious eyes on the now diminutive, shrunken instrument which the night before had ripped open the entrances to her virginity, robbing her of her maidenhead. When she perceived that I was watching her she threw herself into my arms and hid her face in my bosom.

Gently raising and reassuring her, I made her take hold of it, and began dallying with her breasts, tickling her, pressing them, sucking their rosy nipples, while the touch of her hand renewed in me the fires which were already springing into flame. Rose had the pleasure to see the small shrunken thing she first took into her hand spring up into a magnificent rod, smooth and polished as ivory, its large uncapped head red and glowing with the heat that was raging in it. I determined that she should reap the reward of her labour, and gather into her storehouse the rich harvest of love that was awaiting her.

Gently laying her down, and placing a pillow under the firm half-moons of her backside, she stretched open her legs to the utmost, exhibiting to my gaze the gaping lips of her cunt, ready open to receive the delicious morsel which, panting and throbbing like a high mettled courser, raised his foaming head erect against my belly.

Laying myself down on Rose I made her take hold of my prick to put it in, but so firm and erect was it that she could barely bend its head down to the entrance. So magnificent was the erection that with all the stretching her cunt had received the night before it would not enter. Drawing myself back to wet the head within the lips, and slowly shoving it into her, she could not move, but lay quietly till I stirred her up so powerfully that we soon melted away, making her feel the pleasures more

sensibly, and giving her the full enjoyment of that which she had but tasted the night before.

We had barely recovered ourselves when we were aroused by a knocking at the door. Slipping on a loose *robe de chambre* I immediately opened it, and Raoul and Manette came in. I led them up to the bed, and pulling off the coverlet showed them the blushing Rose, more beautiful in the morning from the fatigues she had undergone the night past.

I called their attention to her, saying, "Behold her chemise; see how it is dyed by the juice and crimson tide, which flowed from the parent stem after I had plucked *la rose d'amour* from my lovely Rose."

My cousin Raoul now congratulated me. He said that he was "overjoyed that he had been in a manner instrumental in procuring for me such a delicious rose as Rose turned out to be." That he was sincerely glad he had been partially the cause of my being thus happily initiated into the mysteries of the divine art of love, and at the same time of my having had a virgin partner in my delicious combats.

Manette, too, congratulated her sister.

"How pleased she was to learn that she had secured such a lover as M. Louis, how happy you will be together now you have once tasted the supreme joys to be obtained in each other's embraces, sipping of the pleasures of which I am sure you will never tire."

I now spent all my nights with Rose, sometimes in her own chamber, again in my own, and not content to wait for the night I would sometimes get her into my room in the day, and enjoy myself with her.

One day, while in my room with Rose, she stretched across the foot of the bed, her clothes raised up, and exposing to my view all her beauties, I standing between her legs with my prick (which was a very large one, few men being able to boast of one as large), in my hand, Manette suddenly entered the room, I having neglected to lock the door.

She got a fair view of my prick, and stood looking at it, apparently amazed at its being so big, but seeing the manner in which I was engaged, she retired.

(To be continued.)

Strictly Private, except to Brothers,

BY ORDER,

THE LADY FREEMASON.

As a brother of old, from his lodge was returning,
He called on his sweetheart, with love he was burning,
He wanted some favours, says she,
"Not so free," Unless you reveal your famed secrets to me."

"Agreed – 'tis a bargain – you must be prepared,
Your legs well exposed, your bosom all bared."
Then hoodwinked and silent, says she, "I'll be mum,
In despite of the poker you'll clap on my bum."

To a chamber convenient his fair charge he bore,
Placed her in due form, having closed tight the door,
Then presented the point of his sharp Instrumentis,
And the Lady was soon made an "entered apprentice."

His working tools next to her gaze he presented,
To improve by them seriously she then consented,
And handled his jewels his gavel and shaft,
That she in a jiffey was passed "fellow craft."

She next wanted raising, says he, "There's no urgency,"
She pleaded that this was a case of emergency,
His column looked to her in no particular way,
But she very soon made it assume perpendicular.

He used all his efforts to raise the young elf,
But found he required much raising himself;
The task was beyond him. Oh! shame and disaster,
He broke down in his charge, and she became master.

Exhausted and faint, still no rest could betide him,
For she like a glutton soon mounted astride him,
"From refreshment to labour," says she, "let us march.
Says he, "You're exalted – you are now royal arch."

In her zeal for true knowledge, no labour, no shirking,
His jewels and furniture constantly working,
By night and by day, in the light or the dark,
With pleasure her lover she guides to the mark.

FABLES AND MAXIMS.

THE LADY AND THE EEL.

A young lady was frigging herself with a small live eel, when it slipped from her fingers and disappeared in her cunt; making its way into the womb, it entered, and stretching out its head said, "I am much obliged to you Madam, for finding me so warm and comfortable a residence; I shall make myself quite at home." This fable teaches how much better it is to use large eels which could not enter.

THE DISCONTENTED CRAB.

A crab who had for some time lived very happily on the person of a very dirty whore, one day became discontented. "How much nicer would it be to live with some cleaner and more reputable person," he thought, so watching his opportunity he effected his escape on to the person of a well-dressed and delicately clean young gentleman. "This," said the crab, "is something like," but to his disgust the gentleman took a warm bath after leaving his late mistress, and spying him out cracked him.

This fable conveys two morals. First, one should always leave well alone; secondly, a dirty person is very much nicer than a clean one (*to crabs*).

MISS COOTE'S CONFESSION,
OR THE VOLUPTUOUS EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD MAID;
In a series of Letters to a Lady Friend.

LETTER VIII

My Dear Nellie,

I do not intend to trouble you with all the little incidents of domestic discipline which my strict regulations so often brought under notice, and required the exercise of the beloved rod, but only write out for your amusement a few of my most remarkable recollections.

The cure of Selina Richards brought me very considerable fame amongst a large circle of acquaintances and friends, but I steadily refused to take charge of my more *mauvais sujets*, but devoted myself to promoting a Ladies Club exclusively for the admirers of Birch Discipline. The meetings were to be held at my house, where my servants would be sworn to secrecy, and to act as sub-members, not on an equality with the ladies of our Club.

The rules specially enjoined secrecy on every member, so that novices might not obtain the slightest inkling of the ordeal they would have to undergo when initiated into the mysteries of Lady Rodney's Club, as it was called, our object being to make our seances for the receiving of new members the means of affording us the most exquisite enjoyment, by bringing out all their modest bashfulness, and studying their distress and horror at finding themselves stripped and exposed for flagellation before all the sisters of the rod.

My old schoolfellows, Laura Sandon, Louise Van Tromp, Hon. Miss Cecile Deben, Lady Clara Wavering, and three other ladies besides Mdlle. Fosse and myself, as president and manager, were the first members; two of them were married, but we agreed that everyone should be known to the other sisters by her maiden name only.

Lady Clara was the first to propose a novice for admission to the Club; it was a younger sister of hers, who she informed us had a great penchant for young gentlemen, having several times seriously misconducted herself with youthful friends of the opposite sex, so that her lecture and castigation would be of a most piquant description.

We fixed an evening for her introduction, and were all present to inaugurate the Club's first seance of admission.

Our large punishment room was tastefully draped all around with elegant curtains, and brilliantly illuminated by clusters of wax candles projecting from the walls, above handsome mirrors set in bouquets of lovely flowers.

The ladies of the Club were all dressed in the same costume, viz., blue silk corsets with scarlet silk laces, and short skirts of white tulle, only coming a little below the knee, so as to show all the beautiful legs in pink silk stockings and high-heeled Parisian boots. All were in these short skirts, the outer dresses being discarded to allow a greater freedom of action, and also display for the glorious necks and bosoms of the members, who were every one young and beautiful, flushed with excitement and anticipation, their snow-white globes heaving at each breath, and set off to the greatest advantage by bouquets of red roses adjusted between the lovely hillocks of love.

As president, I was seated in a chair of state, supported on either side by four ladies, whilst Jane and Mary stand behind me.

A knock at the door; Lady Clara advances to open it, and introduces her sister, Lady Lucretia Wavering, about sixteen, but otherwise a very counterpart of herself, dark, well proportioned, rather above the medium height, languid expression, and large pensive hazel eyes. She holds a beautiful bouquet in one hand, and is dressed in simple white.

Advancing right up to where I was seated, she makes a profound bow, and Lady Clara says, "Permit me, Miss President and ladies of the Lady Rodney Club, to introduce to you my sister, Lady Lucretia, who is desirous of being admitted a member."

PRESIDENT.— "Lady Lucretia, we welcome you to our sisterhood. Are you willing to take the oaths of secrecy, and be initiated into the mysteries of the rod?"

LADY LUCRETIA.— "Yes, and to be submissive to all your rules and regulations."

PRESIDENT.— "You must now strip and assume the costume of a member, and must truthfully answer any questions I may put to you."

Jane and Mary as servants assist to disrobe the novice, who blushes slightly as they proceed to remove her skirts after taking away her dress.

LUCRETIA, turning to me.— "You surely don't strip us quite naked, I thought I had only to change the dress."

PRESIDENT.— "Yes, everything, because you have to taste the birch before assuming our costume."

LUCRETIA, blushing deeply.— "Ah! Oh! I never expected that, it's so indecent."

PRESIDENT.— "Make haste, such improper remarks must be checked; Sister Lucretia, you have already broken the rules by objecting to lawful orders, your bottom shall smart soundly for it."

LUCRETIA, in great confusion and faltering voice.— "Pray permit me to apologize, I had no idea the members were liable to chastisement, but thought they amused themselves whipping charity children sent up by schools for punishment."

PRESIDENT.— "You will have to do that under the rod; we are quite above tickling the bottoms of school children here, (although it is the duty of every member to exercise proper discipline in any house or place where she may have authority."

Lucretia is silent, but the scarlet face and nervous twichings of the corners of her mouth attest how she feels about the approaching taste of the rod; her eyes are cast down in shame, and presently with nothing but her drawers, chemise, boots, and stockings on, they lead her to the ladder, the president and ladies all rising and clustering round the victim.

PRESIDENT.— "Have the ladder nearly upright, with her wrists secured high up, and let her toes only just touch the floor; woe to her bum if she dares to step on the bottom rung of the ladder without orders."

The victim with tears of shame and apprehension protests against this disposition of her body as being too painful, and cries out for mercy as she feels her chemise rolled up and fastened under her armpits, and her unbuttoned drawers pulled down to her knees. "Ah! Ah! Oh! You'll never be so bad as that to a novice! Oh! have mercy, dear Miss Coote."

PRESIDENT.— "Don't show the white feather, young lady; we're going to initiate you into a most delightful society. You will soon be one of the most active of the sisterhood," taking from Jane a very elegantly tied-up rod, ornamented with blue and gold ribbons, then just lightly switching the victim's bare bottom, "Now ask me to birch you properly, and beg pardon for your frivolous objections."

LUCRETIA, in a tremor of fear, and with faltering voice.— "Oh! is there no getting off; why must I be cruelly whipped?"

PRESIDENT, with a smart cut across her beautiful buttocks, which at once brings the roses to the surface.— "There, that's a slight taste, you stupid, obstinate girl, I can't

waste more time, there, there, there," giving three more sharp cuts in succession, each leaving their respective long red marks. "Perhaps in a minute or two you will think it worth while to obey orders, and beg pardon, &c."

VICTIM.— "Ah! Ah—r—r—re! it is cruel, oh! oh! I am sorry for saying so! the cuts smart so it's impossible to think what one's saying. Oh! pray forgive me, and punish me properly. But — but — oh! be merciful!" as she writhes and wriggles under the painful strokes which already begin to weal her delicate, tender skin.

PRESIDENT.— "Very well, you've done it after a fashion; but now as you're becoming one of our members, pray have you got a sweetheart?"

VICTIM, just then receiving an extra sharp cut.— "Ah—r—r—r—re! Oh! oh! I can't bear it, it's like a hot knife cutting the skin! Indeed, I have not got a lover, if that's not allowed!" putting her feet on the rungs of the ladder to ease the painful strain on her wrists.

PRESIDENT, with a tremendous whack across the calves of the legs, which makes Miss Lucretia fairly spring with agony.— "How dare you alter my disposition of your body by putting your feet on the ladder?" switching her legs again and again with great heavy cuts, till the poor girl capers like a cat on hot bricks. "Perhaps you won't do that again, but wait till I give you the order presently. Now about lovers, of course you have had one, if not just at present?"

LUCRETIA, in smarting pain.— "Oh! Oh! My poor legs! Oh! Yes! Ah—r—r—re! But I gave him up six months ago. Have mercy, or how can I speak to answer your questions?"

PRESIDENT, without relaxing her smarting strokes.— "Out of order again, Sister Lucretia. Your rosy-looking bottom must be enjoying the fun, or you would never keep questioning my discretion as you do. How do you like it? Does it smart very much? Tell us a little more about your lover, if you please."

LUCRETIA, writhing in agony.— "My wrists are breaking, and my bottom — oh! my bottom burns and smarts so! Ah! You want to know about my lover. I gave him up because — because he behaved improperly to me."

PRESIDENT.— "Are you speaking the truth, Sister Lucretia? as that is a most essential thing with us. We call the birch the Rod of Truth, for it is sure to bring everything out. What did he do to you? Cry out if you are in great pain, we like to hear it, and it will do you good."

LUCRETIA.— "Ah, indeed! I must shriek! You cut me so dreadfully. Oh! He took liberties with me, and put his hands up my clothes, that's all. Ah! Have mercy! You don't give time for me to get my breath."

PRESIDENT.— "Are you sure that's not a bit of a fib?" slackening a little with the rod.

LUCRETIA, thinking she is now going to be let off.— "It's quite true, my dear Miss Coote, that's what he did," and beginning to feel a deliciously voluptuous warmth and lubricity in her sensitive parts, she shut her eyes, whilst a sensuous smile betrays her pleasurable emotions.

PRESIDENT.— "What are you thinking of, Sister Lucretia, with that satisfied smile? How your buttocks seem to quiver with some curious emotion. Has my question about your lover revived anything in your mind of past enjoyments. Out with the truth. I believe you have been telling a lot of fibs," cutting the astonished victim in a terrible rage with a perfect shower of blows, which weal and bring blood for the first time.

VICTIM.— "Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! How cruel! Just as I thought it was all over, and began to feel a delicious warmth in my posteriors. Indeed, I was not thinking of my lover," casting down her eyes, and blushing more than ever in a very confused manner.

PRESIDENT, sternly.— "How dare you persist in telling so many fibs. We happen to know a little of your goings on with young Aubrey. Speak the truth at once, or I will cut your impudent bottom into ribbons of scarified flesh. You can't deceive us, we know the effects of the rod, and the voluptuous feelings it induces." All the while, whack – whack – whack sound the blows of the birch, as they ruthlessly cut and weal the victim's bottom. The operator gets quite excited, and feels all the thrilling sensation; each stroke has an electrical effect on her nerves; the cries and screams of Lucretia seem most delightful to her, and all the spectators are in ecstasies of voluptuous emotions. The victim fairly shrieks in agony, she writhes her body about, displaying her lovely figure in a variety of contortions, shifting continually at every scathing touch of the birch.

The ladies at first watched the scene with rapt attention, but gradually the blood courses in warm excitement through their veins, mantling their cheeks with a flesh-like bloom; their eyes sparkle with unusual animation, and at last, by a common impulse the eight ladies, with Jane and Mary, each take a fine long light rod of green twigs; they form a circle round the President as she continues to flagellate the victim on the ladder; each raises her skirts under her arms so as to leave all exposed from the waist downwards. For a moment there is a lovely scene of plump white buttocks and thighs, fascinating legs encased in silk stockings, pretty garters and attractive

elegant shoes, set off with jewelled buckles, and, above all; such an inviting collection of impudent looking cunnies, ornamented with every shade of chevelure, black, auburn, or light brown; then all is motion, the birch rods soon put a rosy polish on the pretty bums, each one doing her best to repay on the bottom in front of her the smarting cuts she feels behind. Laughter, shrieks, and ejaculations fill the apartment, and their motions are so rapid as to make quite a rainbow of excited peris round the central figures; but this luscious scene only lasts three or four minutes; the victim, under the President's rod, gets exhausted, her shrieks sink into sobs, and at last she sighs lower and lower, then fairly faints, with her head hanging helplessly back, and her limp form a picture of weals and blood, which oozes from the cuts, and slowly trickles down the white flesh of her thighs.

PRESIDENT, throwing aside her broken and used-up rod.— "There ladies, stop your game and all help to bring her round, she'll soon recover; how pretty your rosy bottoms look, I shall join in the next ring that is formed."

The victim is loosed from the ladder, and by use of a large fan, Lucretia soon shows signs of returning animation, her eyes open, and she looks around in bewilderment. "Where am I? What a beautiful dream!" she murmurs in a low voice, then a little more refreshed by a strong cordial poured down her throat, "Ah! I remember, my bottom smarts so!" Putting her hand down to feel her posteriors she looks at the blood which stains her fingers, and sobs hysterically, "What a cruel girl that Miss Coote must be, and how she seemed to gloat over my sufferings. Ah! let me only handle the tickler over her bum someday."

At this we all burst out into a loud laugh, and thoroughly enjoyed poor Lucretia's shame and confusion.

MISS COOTE.— "Cheer up, Sister Lucretia, you have only to do what we call stepping the ladder, someday you will have a chance of revenge, but you will find Louise Van Tromp quite as cruel as I am, when she uses the birch in her skilful style on your half-cooked bum. Come Jane, I think she is ready for the second edition of her punishment."

LOUISE VAN TROMP.— "Ah! trust me, Sister Rosa, to do my duty, she has not half confessed to us yet," taking up and switching a fine birch rod, making it fairly hiss through the air, to the evident terror of the victim.

LUCRETIA, with sobs and tears running in streams down her cheeks.— "Oh! Oh! how horrible, will you never have mercy; my bottom is so sore I really can't bear it to be touched," shrinking back as Jane tries to draw her to the ladder. "Oh! No! Not again on that awful thing!"

Louise brings down her rod with a tremendous whack across the poor girl's bare shoulders, exclaiming, "What are you hanging back for, look sharp, quick, or I'll cut your shoulders again," looking with delight on the red marks her cut has left on the white flesh of the victim.

LUCRETIA.— "Oh! Oh! I will! I will!" holding up her wrists for Jane to secure them, which is quickly done.

LOUISE.— "Now, step on the rungs of the ladder one at a time, as I call out the number beginning at the bottom, if you take two at once you must do it over again. Now, one"— giving a terrible whack on the victim's bruised rump—

"Ah—r—r—re!" shrieks Lucretia, in terrible agony as the birch cuts into the already lacerated skin, but careful only to take one step.

LOUISE, making her birch flourish through the air with a hissing noise.— "Pretty well, now — now — now," keeping her in trembling suspense. "Two — three," giving a couple of crashing strokes with a good interval between them, to make the victim feel the effect as much as possible.

Lucretia gives a fearful shriek at each cut, and sobs out hysterically, "Ah! How dreadful, the skin of my bottom will burst, it's getting so tight."

LOUISE.— "Glad you enjoy it so, dear, I'm sorry to hurt you much," looking delightedly round at the other members. "Now — now — now" — with another flourish — "four — five," each blow draws the blood afresh from the already crimsoned surface, and puts the spectators into a flutter of excitement.

Lucretia fairly groans, but only once makes a false step, which she corrects before Louise can find fault. "Only two more," she sighs, as if calculating the steps yet to be done.

LOUISE.— "Steady, keep your bottom well out," switching her lightly underneath so as to tickle the exposed pussey, then another grand flourish. "Six — seven," these are awful crackers, but the victim keeps herself steady, and her pluck is greeted by clapping of hands all round. Jane takes advantage of the opportunity to secure the victim's ankles so that she is fixed in a most inviting attitude for further flagellation.

LOUISE.— "Thanks, Jane, very thoughtful of you. Now, Sister Lucretia, before you are let off you must tell us all about yourself and young Aubrey. Miss Coote did not half get it out of you," whisking the tightly bent bottom in a playful way with her rod, but the victim is evidently so sore that even light strokes make twinges of pain pass across her scarlet face.

LUCRETIA.— "Oh! Oh! Pray don't begin again. I told you he took liberties with me, what more can I say? Oh! Oh! Don't touch me; the least whisk of that thing gives awful pain."

LOUISE.— "Then, you silly girl, why do you persist in keeping back the truth? Did you not encourage him?" making the victim writhe under her painful touches, which, although not very heavy, seem to have great effect on the raw bottom, in such a tightly bent position.

LUCRETIA, in great shame and confusion, and seeming to crimson all over at the thoughts of her degradation before them all.— "Oh! Oh! Spare me! If you know all, have mercy, consider my feelings, how painful such a confession must be. Ah—r—r—re! You are shameful girls to enjoy my pain and shame so," sobbing as if her heart would break.

LOUISE.— "Come! Come! It is not so bad as that. Make a clean breast and be one of us in future. You will enjoy such scenes yourself when the next novice is admitted; but I can't play with you. There — there — there!" cutting three brisk strokes on the bent bottom.

LUCRETIA.— "Ah! Oh! Oh! I shall faint again. It's like burning with red hot irons. Ah! You know he seduced me, and — I must confess I did not resist as I ought. Something tempted me to taste the sweets of love, and your President's birching brought all the thrilling sensations back to me, and, when I fainted my dream was all about the bliss enjoyed in my lover's arms."

LOUISE, still lightly using her rod.— "A little better, and getting nearer the truth, but you still prevaricate so in trying to excuse your own fault. Now, did you not seduce the youth instead of his taking advantage of you?"

LUCRETIA.— "Oh! Pity me. I saw him lying asleep on the grass in a secluded part of the garden; he was so sleepy that I failed to wake him, but I since believe he was shamming. Noticing a lump of something in his breeches, I gently pressed it with my fingers to see what it was, when it gradually swelled under my pressure and became like a hard stick throbbing under the cloth; my blood was fired; I can't tell how I did it, but presently, when he opened his eyes and laughed at me, I found myself with his exposed shaft in my hand. He jumped up, sprang upon me, and taking advantage of my confusion, I own he had an easy conquest. But something of the sort will happen to every loving girl at some time or other. Now I have told you all, have pity and let me go," sobbing and looking dreadfully confused and distressed.

She was let down, and we all crowded round her, giving affectionate kisses and welcoming her to be a real sister of Lady Rodney's Club.

The poor girl was very sore, and sobbed over her poor bruised bottom. "Oh! Oh! I can't sit down, it will be weeks before I can do anything with comfort. Ah! You pretend to be kind now after all that dreadful cruelty. I only wish we could get Aubrey and give him a good thrashing, it would do the impetuous boy good." We had another laugh at this, but assured her our rules didn't provide for admitting any of the opposite sex to the seances of the Club; but in my next you shall see what happened, and how Lucretia tricked us by introducing young Aubrey as a young lady novice desirous of admission to our Society. I remain, dear Nellie,

Yours affectionately
ROSA BELINDA COOTE.

(To be continued.)

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART IV.

(Continued.)

The kissing ceremony was over, and then Alice told him he had yet another little penance to perform before he could be admitted to full rights of membership, pointing to a fine "Berkeley Horse," which was being wheeled into the centre of the drawing-room, a thing something like a common pair of steps, only covered with red baize, and provided with a cushioned footboard for the victim to stand on, whilst his hands were well stretched above his head, so as to only allow of his standing on tiptoe. Lothair in his simple ignorance stepped up gallantly and was instantly secured by his wrists to the topmost rings of the horse.

St. Aldegonde, grinning with delight, tightened the cords unmercifully, making Lothair expostulate with him at the painful tension.

"That's nothing, my boy," said St. Aldegonde, "don't cry out before you're hurt. Wait until you feel the rods tickle and warm your posteriors, it will do you good, as it did me; it's the most invigorating thing in the world; ask Bertha if I did not give her all she required that night."

All the company were now furnished with beautiful bunches of long thin elegantly tied-up birch.

ALICE, stepping to the front.— "Now, sir, mind you answer all my questions under pain of severe punishment. In the first place none but orthodox members of the English Church can be admitted to the Paphian Circle, and a member has just hinted to me that you are going to Rome, and may be a Jesuit in disguise. Now, my Lord, what do you say to that?" giving his bottom a smart cut, which made him wince with pain, and left a long red mark across the white skin of his manly buttocks.

LOTHAIR.— "My God! you punish without waiting." Before he could finish speaking all the ladies attacked him with their rods, raining a perfect shower of painful cuts on his helpless bottom, exclaiming, "Answer! Answer!! Answer!!! No prevarication! Don't spare him! &c.," whilst the gentlemen, who stood behind, cut

into the fair bottoms of their partners, calling out, "Pass it on to him; cut away, ladies; he's a Jesuit, &c."

Lothair at first lost his breath, but soon shouted out lustily, "Hold! Hold!! It's not true! Don't kill me!"

His bottom and back were scored all over, and little drops of blood trickled down from places where the skin was broken.

ALICE.— "Well, my Lord, pray excuse our virtuous indignation, if you are not really a Jesuit. But how about a Cathedral you intend to build for them, eh?" cutting him several deliberate strokes as she was speaking, each one making him quiver under its smarting force.

LOTHAIR.— "Oh! My God! How do you know that? I've only had the plans drawn."

ALICE.— "But, my Lord, allow me to drive the thoughts of such a foolish thing from your mind. Can you not think of some better applications for your money? Will you promise me not to make yourself a fool?" cutting harder and harder every moment, till he fairly howled with pain, ejaculating,—

"Ah! Oh! Damme! How cruel of you Miss Marchmont! Ah — for God's sake let me off now. I — I — won't do it; I give my word for that."

ALICE.— "Beg my pardon instantly, my Lord, or you shall feel what cruelty really is like. Cruel indeed! to a young lady who is only doing a painful duty!" catching hold of a fresh rod, and slashing his bleeding bottom with all her might.

Lothair writhes his body about in dreadful pain, and his fine cock stands out rampantly in front, in a most outrageous state of stiffness, the head quite purple from the extraordinary pressure of blood which distended it. "Ah! ah! oh! oh! I do beg your pardon, I'm sure you will forgive me, and let me off now," he groaned in agony.

ALICE.— "I've only a trifling thing to ask you, now you have apologized. My duty is far more painful and disagreeable to me than it can possibly be to you; bodily suffering cannot for a moment be compared to anguish of mind," as she still cuts into his raw-looking posteriors, and looks round delightedly on the spectators for encouragement, then goes on again. "If you're not going to build that Cathedral, will you devote a fourth part of what it would have cost to the building of a proper temple for the meetings of our Paphian Circle?"

LOTHAIR, gasping in pain.— "*Oh! Oh! Yes! That I will, £50,000, if you will let me down at once!*"

There was a general clapping of hands all round, and cries of, "Enough! Enough! He's a good boy now," and then there was a scuffle all round to secure victims, which were mostly of the weaker sex, but Ladies Bertha and Victoria, by the aid of diplomacy, had got both their husbands prisoners on a sofa, and lashing into them most unmercifully, laughing and shrieking out, "Keep the game alive! Keep the game alive!"

Alice had meanwhile let down poor Lothair, who was into her in a moment, to the dear girl's great delight, both of them frequently spending and screaming with ecstasy.

My partner threw me across his knee, and made my bottom smart under his loud slaps. I screamed and struggled desperately, and at last equalized matters by grasping his stiff cock, and making him feel that two could play at the game of inflicting pain. He cried a truce, and I speedily righted myself, sitting up with my bottom in his lap, and his pego right up into my vitals. He clasped his arms round me, taking one globe of my bosom in each hand, which he moulded delightfully with his fingers as I rose and fell on his tight-fitting shaft, leaning back my head so as to meet his kisses and give him my tongue. This was a delicious position, his spendings seemed to shoot with extraordinary force into my womb, and my own helped to make quite a stream of sperm, which spurted all over his thighs at each insertion, and fairly drowned the hair round the roots of his pego.

St. Aldegonde and Montairy were having each other's wives for a change after their whipping, but cunt seemed decidedly at a discount with them, as each of them was indulging in a bottom-fuck, which those ladies seemed to relish immensely, and to add to the voluptuous excitement of the scene, the darling Corisande struck up "They a' Do't" to the tune of "A man's a man for a' that."

The grit folk an' the puir do't,
The blyte folk and the sour do't,
 The black, the white,
 Rude an' polite,
Baith autocrat an' boor do't.

For they a' do't – they a' do't,
 The beggars an' the braw do't,
Folk that ance were, and folk that are—
The folk that come will a' do't.

The auld folk try't,
The young ane's do't,

The blind, the lame,
The wild, the tame,

In warm climes an' cauld do't,
For they a' do't, &c.

The licensed by the law do't,
Forbidden folk and a' do't,
And priest and nun
Enjoy the fun,
And never once say nay to't.
For they a' do't, &c.

The goullocks an' the snails do't
The cushie doos and quails do't,
The dogs, the cats,
The mice, the rats,
E'en elephants an' whales do't.
For they a' do't, &c.

The wee bit cocks an' hens do't,
The robins an' the wrens do't,
The grizzly bears,
The toads an' hares,
The puddocks in the fens do't.
For they a' do't, &c.

The boars an' kangaroos do't,
The titlins an' cuckoos do't,
While sparrows sma',
An' rabbits a'
In countless swarms an' crews do't,
For they a' do't, &c.

The midges, fleas, and bees do't,
The mawkes an' mites in cheese do't,
An' cauld earthworms
Crawl up in swarms,
An' underneath the trees do't,
For they a' do't, &c.

The kings an' queens an' a' do't,
The Sultan an' Pacha do't,

An' Spanish dons – loup off their thrones,
Pu' doon their breeks, an' fa' to't.

For they a' do't, they a' do't
The grit as weel's the sma' do't,
Frae crowned king
To creeping thing,
'Tis just the same – 'they a' do't!

Her clear melodious voice sounding distinctly through the apartment had such a thrilling effect that we all joined in the chorus at the end of each verse, and never before felt so excited or saw such a scene of delicious wantonness as was displayed on every side, till at last exhaustion compelled us reluctantly to give up the engagement, and after a short rest we returned in the carriages to the Duke's mansion, as if we had only had an afternoon's drive.

This was altogether a memorable day, for as soon as we got back to Crecy House, Corisande whispered to me that as the gentlemen had all been fairly used up, her sisters had resolved to have an evening to ourselves whilst the gentlemen were in Parliament or at their clubs recruiting their enervated abilities by wine, smoke and cards. We might be sure of them till six A.M. at least, and the afternoon had left us all in such a burning unsatisfied state that they had impressed into our service four handsome young fellows, two footmen and two pages, who had never yet been admitted to any freedom with their mistresses, but Lady St. Aldegonde had already sworn them to secrecy as to what they might see in the evening, and given her instructions to have everything prepared in her own private drawing-room, so as to be ready as soon as the rest of the establishment had retired for the night.

It was past ten o'clock when we arrived home, but Bertha was so clever, it was all devised and ordered in a few minutes, the footmen, and pages little suspecting the scene they were to be introduced to when taking their oaths of secrecy. Everything promised a deliciously enjoyable affair, especially as we had to undertake to seduce them to our purposes.

In less than an hour-and-a-half, it was all ready; the Duchess was still keeping her room, so Bertha dismissed all except John, James, Charles and Lucien (the latter a fine handsome French page) as well as two pretty lady's-maids, Fanny and Bridget. There were five of us ladies who sat down to a game of cards, for which the party was ostensibly designed, all of us very lightly attired in the most *neglige* style as if quite indifferent to any little exposures we might make of our charms.

"My luck is dead this evening," exclaimed Lady Montairy, throwing her cards down; "I shall be ruined if I sit here; what do you say to a dance; let's get the servants

to join us for fun; come Lucien, have a waltz with me round the room, I feel so low spirited I don't care what I do to drive it away."

"Fie, sister! how you make the boy blush, but I wouldn't mind a dance myself if it were not for the thing getting known," replied Corisande.

"Let's have a downright spree for once, John, James, and all of you will keep it secret, I should so like to know how you enjoy yourselves downstairs," laughed Bertha.

"Your Ladyship's slightest wish is binding upon us," replied John, most respectfully, speaking for the others, "and I am sure none of us would betray such a secret, when ladies condescend to a little familiar fun with their domestics."

Bertha seated herself at the piano, and everything was cleared out of the way for a waltz. Lady Montairy led off with Lucien, I proposed to Charles, a very handsome youth of seventeen, whilst Alice and Corisande had the two good-looking footmen, John and James for partners, Bridget and Fanny making a female couple.

What fun we had, how flushed and excited our partners looked as we clung to them in the voluptuous evolutions of this inspiriting waltz, as the strains of Lady Bertha's talented execution seemed to thrill through our souls; the young fellows quite delighted us by their easy graceful motions and manners, having evidently profited by their everyday experience in seeing their superiors conduct themselves in society.

At last we stopped from sheer exhaustion, Lady Montairy giving Lucien quite an amorous kiss, as she led him to a sofa, pretending she did it to put him at his ease, and we all followed her example, my partner excitedly returning my embrace with ample interest and ardour, his hot burning lips sending a thrill of desire through my frame.

Pretending to wish to cool myself a little I walked him into the next room, which was only lighted by the brilliant moon, and we opened the window, which looked out over a lovely garden, and then sat in a rather dark recess to enjoy the slight breeze which was loaded with perfume of flowers and had a soft sensuous effect on my excited nerves. I longed to enjoy my young partner, but did not exactly like the idea of being the first of the party to break through the slight barriers that still existed in favour of decency, although I knew perfectly well it was intended to be done by Lady Bertha and her sisters; still they seemed so slow in arriving at a thorough explanation with their company that I could wait no longer. "Charles," I whispered, "do you know what love is, have you ever had a sweetheart?"

"No, my Lady, I never had a chance yet, as I look at all the beautiful creatures, and think how hard it is that I dare not kiss one of them. Dear Lady, did you but know the intense pleasure your lips afforded me just now you not would think that kiss was thrown away, as I expect you did it in fun," he responded with emotion.

"Silly boy," I laughed in a whisper, "to think that should make you so happy, why I don't mind giving you another here in the dark, if it is such a pleasure, and costs me nothing," kissing him again in a very amorous manner. He clasped my heaving form to his bosom, and I could feel quite a shiver of delight rush through his trembling frame.

"What makes you tremble so, Charles?" I asked in the most innocent manner, laying my hand carelessly on his thigh just where I hoped to make an important discovery. Nor was I displeased to touch the engine of love which my hand gently prodded, as if quite unconscious of anything wrong. What a start he gave as he exclaimed, "I am so ashamed, oh lady, you have driven me mad," then suddenly letting his rampant love dart loose, it stood throbbing and spending over my hand, whilst I seemed to be unable to realize what I was doing.

"Oh; darling! Oh, Beatrice! Forgive me! What pleasure!" he seemed to gasp out, kissing me rapturously, and taking all sorts of liberties with my bosom, which he was moulding and pressing with his hands.

"What am I doing? Pray Charles, don't be so rude," I said hastily, dropping the hold of his affair, and pretending to want to free myself from his embrace, but the amorous lad had gone too far to realize his prize, and almost quicker than I can relate it, his hands were under my skirts, forcing their way to the very shrine of love itself.

(To be continued.)

SUB-UMBRA, OR SPORT AMONG THE SHE-NOODLES.

(Conclusion.)

Not a day passed but we had some voluptuous games, whilst as to Rosa and Frank, they were openly engaged to be married, which was an especial gratification to the old people.

Time flew so rapidly that my visit drew to its close, and we were all thinking of devising some signal display of love, to be enacted as a parting scene ere I took my departure from my uncle's hospitable and happy domicile, when one fine morning in June, who should favour us with a call, but my lovely brunette Mrs. Leslie. She had driven over to invite myself and cousins to spend an early day before the Colonel's return. "You know," she said, turning to my uncle, "how stiff and starch all his ideas are, and I must have one day of real fun before he comes home from Paris. Will you let them come tomorrow and stop till the next day?"

My uncle being too kind to refuse, the arrangement was made at once. Mrs. Leslie stayed to luncheon, and we took an afternoon stroll in the park afterwards. From time to time her intelligent glances assured me she was anxious for a tete-a-tete with me, so asking her to take my arm, we soon managed to give the others the slip, and lost ourselves in a dense copse. Sitting down on the soft mossy turf, under a shady little yew tree, we were quite hidden from observation.

"How I longed to kiss your sweet lips once more," I exclaimed, clasping her in my eager embrace, and sucking her breath almost away in a luscious osculation.

"If that is all you thought of, sir, you have been vastly unfaithful to your protestations of love, and I should really feel awfully jealous of your pretty cousins and Miss Redquim did I not see the unruly state of the jewel in your trousers," she laughingly replied, as she took speedy steps to release and secure the impatient prisoner in her grasp, continuing, "I wonder how he has amused himself since that ever memorable day when I first had the pleasure of both seeing and feeling the noble fellow. Now tell me true Sir Walter, have you seduced your cousins and their friend?"

I at once made a full confession of all our amours, and begged she would indulge us in every possible way on the morrow, as it would be the last grand chance I should have before returning to town.

"Most delightful state of things I am sure, but what a shame not to have run over and invited me to join in your amorous festivities. Surely you knew it was just what

I should have delighted in. I have a great mind to disappoint you now, only I should also be punishing myself, so come on, you naughty young fellow, and I will consider between this and to-morrow what your penance will be," she said, reclining herself backwards, her fine dark eyes full of a humid languishing fire, which too truly indicated her voluptuous requirements.

Lifting her skirts quickly, I paid my devotions at the shrine of love by a kiss and playful bite of her clitoris, then, unable to dally any longer, placed myself between her readily yielding thighs, and was soon revelling within the soft juicy folds of her divine organ of bliss, delighted beyond expression by the throbbing compressions to which it treated me as I lay quietly enjoying the sense of complete possession, which is so delicious to contemplate, before commencing more vigorous action; our lips met again and our billing and cooing would have lasted some time had we not heard Frank declaring to Rosa and his sisters, "what a damned shame it was of Walter and Mrs. Leslie to give them the slip, but he would find us and spoil our fun."

This caused my charming inamorata to heave up her buttocks as a challenge to me, not to waste more time, so I put spurs to my steed, but none too soon, for just as we died away in a mutual spend, Frank, Sisters, and Co. burst upon the scene with a triumphant exclamation of "here's Walter and his grass widow," and before we could recover ourselves the laughing party inflicted an awful slapping on our bottoms, till a truce was made and we all agreed to wait patiently for the morrow's party at Mrs. Leslie's.

Next day, favoured by splendid weather, we were early at the Colonel's residence, and the handsome swarthy Vishnu ushered us into the luxurious boudoir of his voluptuous mistress. "You have arrived early, it is scarcely one o'clock, my toilette's not yet made, but how very welcome you all are to my house, I need not trouble to say, after the frank understanding we came to yesterday, as to our amusements now you are here. The chocolate is just ready, and I have infused in it an imperceptible something (a secret, my dear, which the Colonel brought from India), which will soon set all your young amorous blood in such a glow of desire that you will not know how to satisfy your intense cravings for the delight of love, and then naughty Walter shall be served out for his unfaithfulness to me."

This speech made us an smile as we took up the small cups of delicious chocolate which Vishnu handed round, and as he disappeared our hostess, who had nothing on but her dressing-gown, having drawn Frank to her side on the lounge, asked us, as the day was so warm, to throw aside as much as possible of our superfluous clothing, which was speedily done.

"We must have a romp before luncheon, then repose or stroll about during the afternoon, and in the evening we shall, I hope, enjoy some novel ideas I have quite set my mind upon," she continued during the short time we took to disrobe. "That's

right, only keep on the *chemiserie* now, at night we will discard the last rag; I have no chemise to take off, so will keep on this convenient *robe de chambre*, but you may look Frank, if you don't think Rosa will be jealous," as she opened the front, and displayed to his ardent gaze all the beauties of her person.

"If it makes her jealous, I can't help admiring such charms!" said Frank, "but Rosa is far too sensible for that, and thoroughly enters into all our fun, in fact I am sure she loves Walter as well as she does me, only she can't marry both of us."

"Ha! ha!! that accounts for Walter forgetting me, so to be revenged on them both you must have me now," she replied, lifting up his shirt to see if he was ready; "why your love-dart is almost exactly the size of his," and without more ado she was on his lap, and spitted herself on Frank's cock, throwing off entirely the *robe de chambre* that she might enjoy him without impediment.

This instantly excited the girls, who lay down in pairs for a mutual gamahuche and bottom-frig, Rosa playfully telling me to let Mrs. Leslie have the double pleasure by fucking her bottom as she was riding Frank.

"Hold her tight, my boy," I said, "and I will let her beautiful little fundament know what it is to keep a stiff prick waiting for his turn," as I took a little cold cream from the dressing-table, and putting some on the head of my prick as well as on the delightful brown wrinkled hole exposed to my attack, the head began to slip in at once, despite her struggles and screams, "that we should injure her between us." Further and further I gradually worked in, till I could feel my cock rubbing against Frank's with only the thin divisional membrane between them, our joint spendings deluging both cunt and bum, spurting the warm, frothy sperm over our balls at every thrust. This was not enough to satisfy her, but she kept us at our work until we repeated our emissions with screams of delight, and rolled on the floor in a confused heap amongst the dear girls, who were so excited by the sight of our ecstasies that they were revelling in every species of tribadism to allay their lustful yearnings.

After this Mrs. Leslie opened a side door, conducted us into her bathroom, where we refreshed ourselves and indulged in a variety of kissing, frigging, &c., but by her advice the girls refrained from exhausting us too much, and accepted cigarettes of Turkish tobacco to join us in a smoke, as we lighted some of the Colonel's fine cigars. It was a picture worthy of any Apelles, as we could see the reflection of all our naked charms on the bathroom walls, which constituted one vast mirror of the very finest silvered glass, two rather good-looking young fellows with big pricks, as rampant as could be wished, and five lovely ladies all smoking and puffing pretty curls or rings of vapoury nicotine, alternating that sober enjoyment for more active fun, by trying to burn the tips of their cunts with the fiery ends of cigarette or cigar.

About half-past two, we dressed, and then took luncheon, then strolled in the grounds or on the bank of a small stream, where some of us passed the time trying our piscatorial luck, till the bell rang for dinner, which passed pleasantly enough, and about 9 P.M., we assembled in the drawing-room, for a grand erotic seance.

Mrs. Leslie dismissed all her servants for the night, except Vishnu, who she said would be quite sufficient to attend to our little requirements.

The room was large and lofty, the windows closed and artistically draped with gorgeous black and gold curtains, the spaces between filled up with mirrors and branching candelabra, the opposite side of the apartment being also quite a tableau of flowers, mirrors, and lighted wax candles, which shed a brilliant and yet soft luxurious effulgence over the whole scene; two doors at one end gave access to retiring rooms, where we undressed, and in a very few minutes the whole party, in a state of ravishing nudity, were grouped round Mrs. Leslie as she sat on an ottoman, awaiting her decision as to the programme.

She first persuaded us to sip a little of her chocolate, then went on to say, "As we are five to two you will find I have a stock of fine, soft, firmly made dildoes to make up the deficiency in males, which alternated with the real article will enable us to thoroughly enjoy ourselves. First, I believe Miss is a virgin, notwithstanding all she knows and has seen; her delicate little pussey must be itching to be emancipated from the thralldom of virginity. Walter must do the service for her at once, on Rosa's lap, so now to business, as I see our gentlemen are in a beautiful state of readiness.

Polly blushed deeply, but readily seated herself on her friend's lap with her legs wide open, presented to my staff of life, whilst Rosa, passing her hands round the dear girl's waist, held open the lips of her cunny, and guided the head of my affair in the proper direction. Much as she had been frigged and gamahuched, it was a hard task; her cunt was so deliciously small and tight that in spite of her favourable position, I could only just get the head of Mr. Priapus within the nymphae before she started with the intense pain, and gave a suppressed scream of anguish, the tears starting to her eyes and trickling over her blushing face.

"Courage, darling, it will soon be over," I whispered, kissing her excitedly, whilst Mrs. Leslie encouraged me by saying, "Sharp and quick, Walter, a good thrust will force better than those gentle pushes; gentleness is not real kindness when taking a maidenhead"; at the same moment I felt she was attacking my virgin bottom-hole behind with a well-lubricated dildo, its head being well in before I knew exactly what she was doing; this and the desire to possess Polly so stimulated me that I thrust furiously at the opposing obstacle, her heartrending cries adding to my pleasure, and making me mad with desire. At last I was halfway in, then a fierce lunge seemed to break quite through as I, at the same time, deluged the tight passage with a copious emission.

The poor little victim had swooned, but Mrs. Leslie, working her dildo behind, ordered me to let my cock throb inside Polly's tight sheath, as it would tend to bring her round, and excite her amorous sensibility to the utmost.

What delightful sensations I experienced, my prick feeling all the spasmodic contractions of her vagina, and having my bottom well dildo-fucked at the same time, I spent again under the influence of this accumulated excitement just as my partner was coming round under the influence of some cordial which had been poured down her gasping throat, whilst strong smelling salts had been applied to her nostrils. She opened her eyes, giving a violent sneeze at the same time, which vibrated on my delightful prick, who instantly began gently to bestir himself in her tight scabbard; this roused her little by little, till throwing her arms round my neck, and returning my hot kisses with all the ardour of her nature, she cried and laughed by turns, as she begged me to make haste and complete her happiness.

By a side glance I could see Frank was in Mrs. Leslie's bottom, Annie in him with a dildo, and Sophie doing the same to her sister, in fact, a perfect string of pederastic branchings from my own violated bum. It was such a scene as I had never seen before, and added additional fury to my already maddened lust. I came again and again before we finished, each spend more ecstatic than the last. The chocolate had so invigorated us, that we went through an almost interminable series of spendings, till at last nature could stand it no longer, we rolled on the floor in a confused heap, and wound up in a mutual gamahuche; Mrs. Leslie secured the blood-stained quim of little Polly, which she sucked till she had enjoyed the last drop of ensanguined spunk she could extract from the wounded slit of her young friend, who writhed in delight under the soothing touches of such a lascivious tongue.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, when just as we were recovering from a state of lethargic oblivion, and thinking of some reinvigorating refreshment, the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel drive up to the house, and then, rat-a-tat-tat on the loud knocker made us all start to our feet and rush for our clothes.

"The Colonel, by all that's unfortunate," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, "make haste or he will catch us; who would have thought of his arriving this time of night."

The prudent Vishnu, pretending to be awaking out of his first sleep, so bungled and delayed opening the front door, that we were tolerably presentable by the time the Colonel made his appearance, and whatever his suspicions may have been, he went through the formality of introduction in the most friendly way possible, the presence of so many young ladies evidently quite disconcerting him for the moment.

I afterwards learnt from his wife that under promise of secrecy she had confessed all to him, and vastly amused her husband by an account of our doings; but, at any rate, it stopped our fun at the time, and next day I was obliged to return to

town, and thus brought to conclusion "My Sport amongst the She-Noodles," anything but "Noodles" after I had so enlightened them, in fact quite as knowing as Adam and Eve after they found out they were "Naked," having tasted the "*Tree of Knowledge*," which, in my humble opinion, meant found out "*L'Arte de faire l'amour*."

FINIS.

THEN – AND – NOW.

Nine years ago I Betsy knew,
When she was but thrice five;
With eyes that flash'd in amorous glow,
The prettiest girl alive!

Behold her now! a married dame,
Huge, burly, fat and coarse;
With a plump, lusty, dumpy frame,
Hind quarters of a horse!

She then was light, and slim, and fresh,
Rosy, and light'ning ey'd;
She then was Spirit – now – O Flesh!
How are thou finished!

SECOND PART.

Her sister Athenais sits
Beside her in the pew;
I wonder if that lass forgets,
What I once used to do?

She then was nine; I put my hand,
Into her frock behind;
And strok'd her, you will understand,
Just as I felt inclin'd.

She giggled and she winc'd about,
But liked the picked rudeness;
She eyes me kindly – she no doubt
Remembers all my lewdness.

Yes – eyes me most luxuriously,
With glances bright beseeching!
How pleasantly the moments fly,
While Mr. Cotterill's preaching!

I see she feels the amorous smart,
She muses on the men,
Comprising in her virtuous heart,

The thoughts of now and then.

TEMPTATION.

Papa and Mamma, Arabella and I,
Were sitting at supper with nobody by;
Now because they believe me a cozy old fellow,
They want to induce me to wed Arabella.

I like the girl well, but I don't choose to wed,
Fair Bella perceives I'm not easily led;
But while Papa told me some prosy old fable,
She was scratching her marrowbones under the table.

She look'd in my face, and on our eyes catching,
I just turn'd my head to see what she was scratching;
She had got her right ankle upon her left knee,
Up to her left garter I fairly could see.

She look'd in my face without shame or aversion,
While scratching her nakedness for my diversion;
While I sat electrify'd stuck like a fool,
She put down her petticoats easy and cool.

And ten minutes after she did it again,
Though knowing I look'd and saw it quite plain;
Come – there was a prank for a delicate virgin,
Who thought an old bachelor wanting some urging!

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

Mrs. Johnson, going into the cellar one day, caught her husband fucking the servant girl. A short time after, finding that Kate was packing her boxes to leave, she enquired the reason.

Kate.— "I couldn't think of stopping mum, after what you saw in the cellar."

Mrs. J.— "Go along girl, do you think I mind? Perhaps with what you do in the cellar, and I do upstairs, we may keep the old whoremonger at home between us."

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LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

(Continued)

The following day in the afternoon, Manette came into my room and asked me to follow her to her chamber, whither she led, saying, "I have something to show you that will please and satisfy you much more than your mistress could do."

I followed to her chamber, which after entering, she locked. I stood looking out of a window while Manette went behind the bed, the curtains of which were drawn. Hearing a light step advancing towards me I turned round, and Manette stood before me entirely naked; she sprung into my arms, clasping me round the neck, and led me to the bed, on which she seated herself.

I now saw what it was she had to show me, and being no ways loath to enter into the combat with her, to which she had invited me, I threw off my coat and vest, while she let down my pantaloons, and drew out my blunt but ever ready weapon, then falling back on the bed, drew me on top of her. My cock soon ran its full length into the soft and luscious sheath which nature intended for it. Twice before I got off her did I open the floodgates of love's reservoir, and pour into her a stream of fiery sperm, as each time she met me, letting down the very cream and essence of her body so copiously that our thighs were bedewed with it.

From this time till my cousin left the castle did I enjoy Manette in the same manner each day.

At the end of the second week after his coming my uncle announced his departure for Paris on the following day, and told me to make all preparations to go

with him. When this was announced to my cousins and myself we determined to make the best possible use of the day by spending it in the woods on the banks of a small creek, with our respective mistresses.

It was Sunday morning, Raoul, myself, and Julien (for although I have not mentioned him in connection with our love affairs, it must not be supposed that he was idle in such things all the time, far from it; while Raoul and myself amused ourselves with Manette and Rose he consoled himself in the arms of Marie, one of the dairy maids, a large lusty brunette, and very good-looking, to whose bedchamber he stole every night) set out, meeting the three girls at the place appointed, they having gone on some time before us, carrying provisions and wine.

Having saluted our beauties we proceeded to arrange matters for a lunch, and sat down or rather reclined on the green sward, and discussed the merits of some of the good things they had provided for us, and after satisfying our appetites felt inclined to taste of the other good things they had left, but which were not visible.

Accordingly, as a preparatory note, we would slip our hands in their bosoms, and dallying awhile would roll them over on their backs, but in spite of our endeavours we could not raise a petticoat, more than to just get a glimpse of a thigh, resisting all our endeavours to get further into matters, saying, they would not consent to such naughty things in sight of each other, and if we did not behave better they would run off and leave us.

I then purposed we should undress and take a bath. "We will strip ourselves to our shirts, and then strip you, and at the word of command each shall throw off their nether garments."

To this there was some demurring on the part of our young ladies, as they felt some shame at being seen by each other thus, especially Marie, whom neither Raoul nor myself had seen till the present time, but we overruled their objections and stripped to our shirts, then each going up to his mistress, commenced unhooking and unlacing, and taking off frock and petticoats, till nothing but their shorts were left on them. I gave the word of command, "off shirts." We threw our shirts off, but on looking at our girls found them still standing in their shifts.

Finding they would not take their shifts off I proposed that one after the other throw off and stand naked, and each as they did so to be examined in all parts by the men, and their relative beauties compared, and offered to the one that would first do so a handsome diamond ring.

Manette stood for the saying, "that having come there to meet and enjoy ourselves with our lovers, and they having thrown off all covering, she would not

spoil the sport, as she was not ashamed to let them see all what she had, for she was sure she had as pretty a leg and as sweet a little cunt as any girl in Brittany."

I was so much taken with the lusty Marie, Julien's mistress, her immense large titties, her extraordinary large hips and thighs, above all her beautiful cunt, which was covered up and hidden in a most luxuriant growth of jet black hair, which hung down fully eight inches long, and from out of which peeped two large red pouting lips, which looked most temptingly luscious, that I proposed we should each, after our first bathe, change mistresses, so that each one should have enjoyed the mistresses of the other two.

To this my cousins consented – with it the girls were much pleased as Manette was very anxious to have me once more bury myself within the juicy folds and recesses of her cunt; and Marie was also very willing, as she had whispered to me while examining her, telling me that although she was large she had a little cunt, but that Julien's prick was too small to give her much pleasure when he was in her; that mine was nearly twice as large as his, and she was sure that if I would consent to try her, I would like her much better than Rose.

I now led the way into the brook, leading Rose by the hand, the others following us. Once in, we played and sportively wantoned in the water, playing all manner of tricks, plunging them in over head and ears, and provoking them in every possible way, and under pretence of washing our fair partners, we gave our hands every liberty, going over every part, the breast, squeezing and moulding their titties, their soft bellies, rubbing their thighs, their cunts, and all other parts; the girls at the same time going over us in pretty much the same manner.

As we thus stood in the water, which was only about waist deep, our engines erect, and in good working condition, with my arm around Rose's waist, I tried to insert the nozzle of my engine into the mouth of her water-tight furnace, for the purpose of putting out the fire which was raging within it, but could not succeed, as we were unable to support one another.

My attention was drawn to a considerable splashing I heard, and on looking round I perceived that Raoul and Julien had laid their nymphs down on the edge of the water, their heads resting on the bank, and had got into them in that manner, the motions of their backsides and bellies coming together making the water fly all over them.

This was an example set before us, which Rose and I could not resist, so leading her out of the water we sat down on the grass, under the shade of a tree, there setting her across my thighs, her legs lapping around my backside, her soft, beautiful white belly rubbing against mine. I dallied with her ruby-nippled titties, firm and springing to the touch, with one hand, while with the other I was trying to make out the

entrance to the harbour of love, in order to make room for my masterpiece of nature, that stood reared up between her thighs, and pressed hard against her belly, as if demanding admittance and shelter within the soft and luscious sheath, which nature had so bountifully supplied to a woman, and of which Rose possessed a most lovely specimen. She in a fit of humour affected to elude my efforts to gain entrance into her, trying to protract the desire she was wishing for, but managing her manoeuvres so that they made the fire which was burning in us rage fiercer, and redoubled my excitement.

I covered her with burning kisses, and her eyes shot forth humid fires, and, languishing, seemed to melt beneath the long dark silken lashes which half concealed them. We rolled and twined about on the green sward, locked in each other's arms, till I at last got her under, with my knees between her thighs, and I was soon fairly into her, while she, feeling the dart of love entering into the very depths of the retreat, gave up, and lay at my mercy. But the fight growing fiercer and fiercer, she soon brought me to a crisis, at the same time paying down her own tribute to man.

Closing her eyes and breathing a sigh she stretched out her limbs with a faint shudder; the muscles instantly relaxing gave me to know that she had experienced the greatest pleasure that woman is capable of receiving or man of giving.

We had not recovered out of our trance when the others came up, and slapping us on our bare backsides soon brought us to.

Immediately on coming out of the water we changed partners, Raoul taking Rose, Julien, Manette, and I, Marie, and on receiving her I lay down between her beautiful legs, my cheek pillowed on the mossy hair that surmounted the gaping lips of the delicious entrance below.

Reclining thus for some time, sipping wine, eating bon-bons and sweetmeats, we dallied away an hour or two, till our passions began to rise in such a manner as to be not long kept in subjection. My cousins, I suppose, thinking that being in the water added to the pleasure they received from the girls while fucking them, or from the novelty of the thing, proposed our going into the water again, and there enjoy our mistresses. They did so, but I remained under the tree with Marie. When the others got under the bank, I rose up, and spreading down all the dresses and petticoats, and making a pillow of a coat, I made a comfortable bed for Marie to lie on. I invited her to the combat. She got up and lay on the bed I had prepared for her, placing herself in an excellent position to favour my entrance. I laid myself down on her gently, she taking hold and guiding the head of the instrument into the opening, which was to pierce her to the very vitals. After she had lodged the head between the lips of her cunt, I titillated her with it for a moment and then slowly drove it into her, so slowly that it was a full minute before it was all in, so tight was her cunt and so large was my prick that they were stretched and gorged to the fullest extent.

Marie's cunt was small, very small indeed, most lusciously tight, and slowly drawing my rod out to the head – the tightness of it causing so great a suction that it sent a thrill of most exquisite pleasure through the whole body – then darting it into her, and again drawing it out, and darting it in till I could no longer master myself, my motions became so rapid and vigorous that we soon let down and mixed the essence of our souls together.

Although I loved my little Rose, with her dear little cunt and all her charms, although I found great pleasure when in the arms and enjoying the riper beauties of her sister Manette, yet the sensations of delight and pleasure I had just received from Marie were, in my mind, superior to them both.

I was the second time tasting and sipping of the sweets to be had in the arms of Marie when the rest of the party broke in upon us, but we did not mind them, and kept on till we had finished our work. After resting from our labours for some time, and our appetites being sharpened, we got our nude syrens to rearrange the luncheon, then after satisfying our appetites, and taking another bathe, we dressed and set out for home. On the way I called for a consultation as to whether our exchange of mistresses should stand good for the night or not.

Raoul answered that as we had spent the day together so we ought to do the night, for all of us to lie together in one room, and if either of the girls wished to be fucked by either of us, that she should say so, and be accommodated, and vice versa, to which we all consented.

That night we met in my chamber at eleven o'clock, the girls fetching in beds from another room, and making them up on the floor. I stretched myself naked on a pallet, and Manette ran up and lay down by me, Raoul took Marie for trial, and Julien Rose.

After I had given the plump Manette a double proof of the powers within me, another change was made, and I got the lusty Marie. Towards daylight we were each lying with our own particular mistress, and after making all arrangements for the future we fell asleep, I in my favourite position, laying between the legs of Rose, having them thrown over me, my head pillowed on her soft white belly, my cheek resting on the silken mossy hair that surrounded her cunt.

We breakfasted at ten o'clock, after which I slipped up to Manette's room, where I found her, Rose and Marie. To each I made handsome presents, and told them if they would be true to me, that on my return from Paris, I would take and keep the whole three of them. Each one of them was anxious to have me tumble her once more on the bed, but as I could only do one they drew lots for my last fuck, which fell to Marie. She lay down across the bed, and while I let down my pants the other two girls threw up her clothes, and each raised a leg, and after I had made good my

entrance they rested her thighs on my hips, so that I soon put her in ecstasy by the delicious manoeuvres of love's piston-rod. Half-an-hour after, I was on the road to Paris, where I will introduce myself to you in new scenes in a new chapter.

CHAPTER II.

We spent five days on the road, and if our amorous pleasures had in any way debilitated us, we were thoroughly restored to full vigour by the journey.

We arrived at the Count's hotel in Paris late in the evening, too late, so said my cousins, to give me an introduction to any of their *filles d'amour*, and after partaking of a slight supper we retired to our (at least for that night) virtuous couches.

The next day we spent at the Palais Royal, and on the Boulevards. At ten o'clock we went up to Raoul's chamber and had not been seated more than a minute or two before three beautiful girls entered, bearing trays, on which were wines, comfits, bon-bons, sweetmeats, &c. Having arranged them on a round table, Raoul introduced the pretty dears to me.

After the introduction we sat down to the table and passed an hour or so in drinking, eating, and chatting with our lovely guests till the champagne began to get into our heads, when we were not content with kissing and feeling the bubbies of our charmers, with other little liberties, but we tried to get deeper into matters, and found ourselves repulsed by our ladies, who, on our attempting to use a little gentle force, got up and ran out of the room. No sooner were they gone than Raoul said,—

"Don't be afraid, cousin, they will return shortly, and we will give them a great surprise by stripping ourselves perfectly naked."

We did so, and when done Raoul told me to choose which of the girls I would have for my partner for the night when they entered into the room again.

Presently the door opened, and the girls entered one after the other, and were in as naked a state as ourselves, with the exception of a large green gauze, which each of them was wrapped in, and which only served to heighten their charms, instead of hiding any part of their bodies from our view. Their hair falling down over their shoulders in long ringlets increased their beauty in combination with the gauze, so much that I stood perfectly bewildered, and not until my cousin spoke to me did I think of choosing a partner. But Louise, a lovely little sprite of eighteen, fair, finely formed, with a large bust, wide expanding hips, large firm buttocks, and pretty plump withal, shot forth at me such fiery glances from a pair of most bewitching dark-blue eyes that I immediately chose her.

The moment I named her she ran up to me, and opening her gauze enveloped me in it with herself. No sooner had she done so than the other two were in the arms of my cousins.

We again sat down to the table, our mistresses sitting on our laps. Louise hugged up as close to my naked body as she could; her delicious fat backside resting on my thighs, her large, firm bobbies pressed against my breast, a plump little arm thrown round my neck, her soft cheek nestling against mine, her rosy pouting lips glued to mine, in burning, fiery kisses, were enough to set on fire the soul of an anchorite, and as if this was not enough the bewitching little devil parted her thighs, and slipping her hand between them, caught hold of my prick, which had been rooting up against her backside, trying to find some hole or other in which to put his head and hide himself, and drawing it up between her thighs put the head of it between the fat juicy lips of her already spending cunt, rubbing the head between the nymphre till I became so much excited that I told her if she did not want me to spill my liquor on her thighs she must let me in, as I could not possibly contain myself much longer.

Finding that she had worked me up to the pitch that suited her purpose, Louise raised one leg, and giving it a swing, threw it over my head, making herself revolve on her own "axass," bringing her round, soft and smooth belly against mine. Being now seated cross-legged, she raised herself on her toes, and taking fresh hold of my prick, lodged the head of it in her cunt, then letting her weight fall upon me, impaled herself on it, piercing her up to the very quick. She would thus move herself up and down; so rampant was I that I gave way before Louise was quite ready, but feeling the hot juice flooding the recesses of her cunt, it brought down her second tribute in time to mix with mine. We kept glued together, till my pego drawing itself up into littleness, fell out from the juicy folds of its nest.

Louise got up, and ran out of the room, soon followed by the two other girls, who I now saw had been engaged in the same game that Louise and myself had been playing. In a short time they returned, and we sat drinking till a late hour.

My amorous little devil of a partner had at last got me so excited that I proposed we should not go to bed for the night. My mistress, taking a light, led me to her chamber, which it was easy to see was fitted up as a sanctuary for love alone, a place in which nothing else was done or thought of. We first refreshed ourselves by bathing the most excited parts in icy cold water, then full of undiminished vigour, I carried her to the bed. We spent the night in one continued round of voluptuous pleasure.

The time thus passed for two weeks, without any other variety than occasionally slipping into the rooms of the mistresses of my two cousins and enjoying them for an hour or so during the day.

At last, Raoul advised me not to engage myself with either of the girls for a few days, as I should require all my vigour renewed; for he was going to introduce me to an establishment rivalling anything heard of in the "Arabian Night's Entertainment," an establishment of girls, supported by the nobility alone, the admission fee of which was one thousand francs. In it, he said, there were the most beautiful females in all France. He repeated his caution to me about holding any sexual intercourse with either of our girls, as I must do honour to his recommendation, that being a stranger about to be initiated I would be obliged to perform in public the first round with the girl I should choose for the night.

On the evening of the third day after my cousin's announcement I went with him to the house in which the orgies were celebrated. It was a large and gloomy-looking mansion, situated in the Rue St. Honore. We arrived at the gate, and were admitted by the porter. Crossing a paved courtyard we ascended a broad flight of stone steps, and my cousin, giving his name to the doorkeeper, led the way through a dimly-lighted hall, into a small, neatly furnished apartment at the left hand side, in which he left me for a few minutes, as he said, to bring in the examining committee. He returned very soon, accompanied by three gentlemen, to whom he introduced me, saying my desire was to become a member of the club.

The initiation was very simple; it merely consisted in my handing over to them the entrance fee of one thousand francs, and one thousand francs more for the benefit of the house.

I was then led up another large flight of stairs, and invited into a dressing room. They there informed me that I must adopt the costume of the house, which was simply a large dressing-gown open in front, put on over the shirt. I stripped as they did, and we were soon *en regle*. Leading me to a pair of large folding doors, which noiselessly opened at our approach, I was almost blinded by the flood of light which streamed through them. Entering the room, a scene of the utmost magnificence and gorgeousness presented itself to my view, rivalling any fairy tales I had ever read. It was a large saloon of lofty height and great length, supported on both sides by rows of columns of marble of variegated hues; between each of the pillars supported on alabaster pedestals stood a number of masterpieces of sculpture, in the finest Carrara marble, representing nude females in every position possible in which could be combined grace and lasciviousness.

So natural did they appear with a piece of gauze thrown across their shoulders, one would have sworn they were living witnesses, flesh and blood, so admirably was their hair chiseled out, representing the mode of wearing it by women of different countries, so well was the rounded swell of the breasts imitated, and then, further down, the short curly hair that ornamented the beautiful life-like pouting lips below, that one were almost tempted to advance and feel if they were not living. Some, too, were most ludicrous; one I saw representing a woman, her knees slightly bent and

wide apart, with a prick about halfway into her cunt. Another was made to hold one in her hand, the head just without the lips of her love notch, which appeared to have just fallen out of her cunt, and shrunken up in her hand; and others in different attitudes.

At the end of the hall there played a fountain of perfumed waters, which diffused through the room a most delicious and fragrant coolness. There were painted on the walls, pictures, the most lascivious that nature could conceive, women in every variety of posture and position, nearly all of whom were represented as fucking with a man.

But the ceiling was the *chef d'oeuvre* of this gorgeous apartment. The center piece represented an immense cunt painted in the finest colours, from between the lips of which depended a large carved prick, with stones attached, from which hung a magnificent chandelier. On the outer side, and around the large cunt in the centre, were pricks with wings flying at it, from some of which you could see a stream of sperm spurting into the centre piece. Again, on the outside of the ring of pricks was a circle of naked nymphs, who appeared to be in pursuit of the pricks; they seemed to be leaning forward with outstretched hands ready to grasp them; the whole thing, intermixed with gold and silver stars, and surrounded with clouds of cerulean hue, formed a most splendid scene.

In the centre of the apartment was a long table, on which was laid out a most luxurious repast, served up on gold and silver plate, which partook of a character similar to the other adornments of the room. There were chased on the seats nude figures of men and women in all shapes and positions. Here were goblets supported on a stem, shaped like a prick; others there were, the bowls in shape of a cunt, supported on legs beautifully farmed, and vases of every description, one of which in particular caught my eyes; it represented a nude female standing on her head, her legs bent at the knees, the feet resting on the hips, and forming the handles, the cunt representing the mouth, in which was set a bouquet of rare flowers.

After being introduced to the gentlemen present, and having time given me to notice the different beauties of the apartment, I was told that the goddesses of the establishment would soon enter to their supper, and that as they came into the room I should choose the one I most fancied, as they were all perfectly free, there being no jealousy among the men in that respect.

(To be continued.)

A FACT.

When tipsy Harry fumbled Kate,
And felt her hairless belly;
"What's this," he cried, "thou's but a babe,
This is no cunt, I tell ye!"

To whom the indignant lass replied,
"Pray, why should you upbraid me?
It is not my fault, I am just
As God Almighty made me."

"What's that to me?" replied the brute,
"To stroke a child's unlucky;
If God Almighty made you so,
Let Mr. Spurgeon fuck ye!"

AN ADVENTURE WITH A TRIBADE;

RELATED IN A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER SISTER.

The next day at dinner time the impatient Caroline came herself to fetch me. As soon as we were in the carriage, she gave loose to her joy; she looked at me, embraced, and pressed me in her arms, never had I inspired more lively transports.

When we arrived she introduced me into the saloon, but this place not being convenient she was obliged to constrain herself rather more. After half an hour's animated conversation, in which she convinced me that she was not less well-informed than singular, dinner was announced. Placing ourselves at table she appeared almost instantaneously to abandon the reserve she had imposed on herself in the saloon. I never partook of a more delicious repast, the meats were exquisite, and the wines like nectar. Caroline helped me abundantly, pressing me to empty my glass by invitation as well as example, whilst a perfect harmony of celestial music poured in a flood through the perfumed air, which was fragrant with all the perfumes of Arabia; every moment she committed fresh thefts; the most passionate lover could not have attached more value to such insignificant trifles.

We were only waited on by two young girls, extremely pretty, and who were doubtless initiated in the sweet pleasures of their mistress, for their presence did not prevent her lavishing on me the most tender caresses. The diversity of wines and liqueurs which I had been forced to drink, that delicious harmony whose varied modulations alternately inspired the most lively transports and the most voluptuous languor, the advances of Caroline, her free discourse, all, in short, contributed to make me share her delirium, so that when she passed from the table to the boudoir, not only her sex was no longer an obstacle to my impetuous desires, but the novelty of that piquante and singular scene seemed to add to their intensity.

The most exquisite perfumes were burning at the feet of the principal statue.

"Do you see," said Caroline, regarding it, her cheeks on fire, "do you see with what greedy curiosity Venus examines the charms of Algae, the most beautiful of the graces? The marble seems to become animated at the sight of such attractions. Ah, my Julia, let me imitate it; let my hands, my eyes, do so also. But let us divest ourselves of these inconvenient robes, let there be no obstacles to our burning transports, every veil which covers you robs me of a pleasure!"

In a moment Caroline reduced me to a state of pure nature; far from resisting, I imitated her eagerness; the new beauties which discovered themselves to our view extorted a cry of admiration, and suspended our burning caresses.

Our hands, which for an instant seemed to have respected so many charms, wander with fresh delirium. Caroline takes me in her arms, drags me on to the ottoman, and obliges me to assume the attitude of Algae! I recline with my head resting on one of my arms, the right foot on the ottoman, the knee raised, whilst the left leg, unsupported, gently balances itself.

My *chere amie*, not less curious than Venus, takes the same posture, and places herself exactly in front of the throne of felicity, one of the beautiful knees rests on a cushion, the other serves for a footstool. Caroline, at her ease, contemplates the object of her dearest desires. Her delicate hand opens the rose, and the new Sappho exclaims with transports of joy, impossible to describe, "She is still a virgin! Good God, what a source of pleasure!"

I confess I could never have imagined this discovery of such great value to her; virgin or not, what need she care? But we cannot account for the eccentricity of the passions, and doubtless the most singular of all is to find one female amorous of another.

Love! thou who inflamed Caroline with the most ardent fires for one of her own sex, lend me thy burning pencil that I may worthily describe this voluptuous scene,

as even in forcing us to give way to thy caprices, thy only object is to render us happy!

Caroline rises transported, presses me in her arms, giving a thousand kisses, then resuming her first attitude, contemplates anew the prettiest of bijoux. "Yes," she exclaims, "that flower is untouched. What colour! What freshness! Similar to the bee, I will extract the ambrosia! I will intoxicate myself with its delicious juice. I will drain it with pleasure!"

Then by a thousand means, which I dare not describe, but which occasioned me the most delicious sensations, Caroline made me attain the last period of delight. Her design was not merely to procure me delight; the skilful bee, wanting in the natural engine necessary to extract the honey from the rose, made use of her lascivious tongue to draw down my ambrosial tribute to love, titillating and sucking in such a rapturous manner that her face was almost drowned by my impetuous emission, as I went off into a most delicious state of almost unconscious lethargy. Expressions would vainly endeavour to give an idea of Caroline's excitement; she seemed to have lost her reason as the source of life, her words were as incoherent as her conduct was extravagant. But what do I say? Was she not more sensible than ever, since all she said, everything she did, only tended to increase our intoxication, and add to its fury. Caroline, whose desires no longer knew any restraints, in order to satisfy them, made me pass through all the gradations of pleasure. I tasted in the same evening all those indescribable enjoyments which I should not have been acquainted with until after a long novitiate, had not the extraordinary passion I inspired her with induced her to initiate me at once in the most secret mysteries.

What charming pictures could I describe were I permitted to give the reins to my pen.

My imagination, exalted by these enchanting souvenirs, longs to retrace the image! But, alas! I must confine in my bosom the secret ready to escape, and deprive the most beautiful half of the human race of a fruitful source of pleasures and voluptuousness, of which the experience alone can conceive the extent!

TEN LITTLE NIGGERS

Ten little niggers did a farting match design,
One got excited and died, so there were nine;
Nine little niggers layed his body straight,
One chanced to touch his prick, then there were eight;
Eight little nigger boys took a trip to Devon,
One fuked a peasant girl, and then there were seven;
Seven little niggers got fooling with their pricks,
One got his foreskin back, and then there were six;
Six little niggers a frig loop did contrive,
One overspent himself, and then there were five;
Five little nigger boys each picked a whore,
One had his in the arse, and then there were four;
Four little nigger boys for a prize did pee,
One pissed himself away, and then there were three;
Three little nigger boys had connection with a Jew,
The Chief Rabbi caught one, and then there were two;
Two little niggers were gamahuched for fun,
One got his prick bit off, and then there was one;
The last little nigger met a Countess at a ball,
Married her, got the pox and died, and now that is all.

MISS COOTE'S CONFESSION,
OR THE VOLUPTUOUS EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD MAID;
In a series of Letters to a Lady Friend.

LETTER IX

My dear Nellie,—

I have been looking over some of my grandfather's papers, and found the following curious little bit written by his brother Dean Coote, "Remarks on the influence of Female Beauty":—

I shall reverse the general practice, and instead of beginning with the head, commence with the leg, and hope to get credit for so doing. A pretty face, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, delicate complexion, smiles, dimples, hair dark; auburn or blonde, have all, it is acknowledged, great weight in the business of love; but still let me appeal to every impartial and unprejudiced observer, which he is most curious to behold, the legs or the face of his favourite lady.

Whether does the face or the legs of a pretty girl that is clambering over a style, or mounting a ladder, most attract our notice and regard?

What is it that causes my lord to smack his chops in that wanton lecherous manner, as he is sauntering up and down the lounge in Bond Street, with his glass in hand, to watch the ladies getting in and out of their carriages? And what is it that draws together such vast crowds of the holiday gentry at Easter and Whitsuntide, to see the merry rose-faced lasses running down the hill in Greenwich Park?

What is it causes such a roar of laughter and applause when a merry girl happens to overset in her career, and kick her heels in the air?

Lastly, as the parsons all say, what is it that makes the theatrical ballets so popular?

It has frequently been remarked by travellers that in no nation of the world are the ladies more nice and curious about their legs than in England; and to do them justice there is perhaps no nation in the world where the ladies have greater reason to show them like pretty girls in dirty weather, when the fear of passing for dragtails causes the pretty creatures to hold their petticoats up behind, and display their lovely calves and ankles above par. But I am infinitely more delighted with my muddy walk than were I making an excursion in the finest sunshiny day imaginable. There

is a kind of magic in the sight of a handsome female leg, which is not in the power of language to describe, to be conceived it must be felt.

We read in the memoirs of Brantome of a certain illustrious lady, who was so fully sensible of the vast importance of a handsome leg that once having the misfortune to break one of hers by a fall from a horse, and the surgeon by some inadvertency or other, failing to set the bone straight, she was so grieved at this accident that she actually had the fortitude to snap it across a second time on purpose and with design, then sending for a more skilful doctor, took care to have her leg carefully reset, by which means it was restored to its former grace and loveliness.

Some of my readers may, perhaps, condemn this conduct in the lady; for my part, I cannot but greatly admire both the soundness of her judgment and the amazing strength of her mind. But too well am I acquainted, from experience, with the magic which centres in a pretty leg, a delicate ankle, and well-proportioned calf.

The first time that I was in love (I perfectly well remember the circumstances as if it occurred but yesterday), the first time I could ever be said to feel what love is, I had to thank a pretty leg for it. I was then in my teens, as harmless and innocent a young fellow as needs be. My friends were of the strictest sect of religion. I was nolens volens brought up in their principles. Plays, novels, and all kinds of books which treat upon the subject of love were denied me; my parents were ambitious that I should be a second Joseph, and had partly succeeded in this pious design, when, lo! one single unlucky circumstance completely baffled all their endeavours. It was a beautiful summer's day. I had strolled into the wood, laying myself down in a copse of young hazel trees, and alternately musing and dozing away, when my curiosity was excited by a rustling noise close to the spot where I lay concealed. I was all attention; and directing my inquisitive eyes to the quarter from whence the noise proceeded, discovered a lovely rosy-cheeked girl, who lay basking, as it were, in the sun, and deeming herself sufficiently remote from observation, was under no restraint in her motions. Presently up she whips her coats and ungarters her stockings, contemplates her legs, turns them this way, and that way, and in short practised a thousand manoeuvres, which I have not at present leisure to expatiate upon; suffice it to say not a single movement was lost upon me, and from that hour to the present moment, I never see a pretty leg but I feel certain unutterable emotions within me, which seem to realize the observations of the poet:—

Should some fair youth, the charming sight explore,

In rapture lost he'll gaze, and wish for something more!

The Dean was quite right in his pretty delicate remarks about the influence of the leg; although only a woman, the same magic influence affects me; when I see a

pretty pair of calves in silk stockings it makes me long to look higher, and have the bottom which belongs to them under a nice birch rod.

To return to my experiences, novices were rather shy of offering themselves as candidates for admission to Lady Rodney's Club, but one day, two or three weeks after the seance described in my last, Lucretia called upon me, apparently very much excited, and her errand was to tell me that Maria Aubrey, the sister of her quondam lover, wished to join us, and asked me to fix a day for her admission.

Knowing the young lady to be a very desirable subject, and to belong to a most aristocratic family, I could make no objections, and expressed my pleasure at the acquisition I hoped she would prove to the sisterhood, and appointed that day week for the reception of the novice.

When I mentioned the proposal to Lady Clara and asked what she knew of the young lady, she assured me that she had not yet the pleasure of her acquaintance as the young lady had been at school in Germany for some years, and was only just returned home.

Lucretia kept away from me till the eventful evening, but arrived punctually at seven o'clock with her protegee, who appeared slightly taller than herself, rather slim, with blue eyes, and dressed in white for the occasion; in fact, she seemed a very quiet, good-looking girl, the only thing specially attractive about her being a remarkable merry twinkle of her eyes, which seemed to look everywhere, and enjoy the sight of everything.

We were all present, and myself as usual seated as President, surrounded by the others. Lady Lucretia presented the novice without delay, taking her by the hand and leading her close up to the chair, then bowing, says, "Allow me, dear Miss Coote and sisters of Lady Rodney's Club, to present to you Miss Maria Aubrey, a dear friend of mine, who wishes to be admitted to your society."

PRESIDENT.— "Miss Maria Aubrey, are you willing to submit to our initiative ordeal and swear to obey the rules enacted by a majority of the members?"

MARIA.— "Yes, I am anxious to be admitted, we had so much of the birch in Germany, that I am an enthusiast in the use of the rod."

PRESIDENT.— "Let her be sworn as usual," after which she resumes, "Now Sister Maria, you will have to strip and assume the regular costume which we have provided for you."

The novice blushed deeply, and seemed quite at a loss what to say, and I noticed that Lucretia was hugely enjoying the scene. From some secret cause she whispered

something to Lady Clara, and the latter to Mdlle. Fosse, who imparted the information to me "that our novice was not in reality Maria Aubrey, but her brother Frank, Lucretia's lover, whom she had persuaded to personate his sister, without in the least letting him know what he would have to go through, and no doubt was quite nonplussed at the idea of being stripped and exposed."

I must confess that I felt quite a flush of anger at learning the trick Lucretia had put upon all of us, but by the whispered advice of Mdlle. Fosse I proceeded as if nothing was known. "Come Sister Maria, begin to disrobe yourself; here, Jane and Mary assist the young lady."

MARIA.— "Oh! No! No! I can't be stripped, I didn't know you did that," blushing more than ever, and pushing the servants away from her. "Give me the things and I will retire to make the change but not before you all."

PRESIDENT.— "Already disobeying the regulations; you must strip this instant or the birch will be used without mercy, and we shall see if you are so fond of it."

MARIA.— "Ah! I beg your pardon, but — you really must excuse me from undressing before so many."

Here the President takes up a most formidable rod, made of a thick bunch of long birch twigs, elegantly tied together with red and blue ribbons, and giving a sign, Jane and Mary, assisted by four or five others, pounced upon the victim, dragged her to the ladder, and in spite of desperate struggles, secured both ankles and wrists with cord which were passed through the rings of the ladder, and Miss Maria found herself quite helpless before she was well aware of what was going to be done.

PRESIDENT, advancing to the victim rod in hand.— "Ah! I see, this is a case of serious obstinacy; rip off that dress, and pull up her skirts, the sooner we begin to initiate her a little the better."

They all help to tear off the dress, etc., the victim is scarlet with shame, and shrieks out, "Ah! Oh! Pray don't, I've been deceived, I'm not a girl at all, don't expose me," tears of mortification running down his cheeks.

PRESIDENT, authoritatively.— "Stop, then, who may you be, are you a male or a hermaphrodite?"

The spectators all laugh at this question, and seeing his tongue-tied confusion, cry out, "Go on, go on, Miss Coote, give the impudent fellow a taste of your tickler, he must confess everything, and take an oath of secrecy or we'll whip him to death."

VICTIM.— "My God, what a scrape I'm in, these devils of girls will murder me. Oh! let me go, and I will swear never to tell anything."

PRESIDENT.— "Plenty of time for that bye-and-bye, you're not going to get off quite as easily after your impudent conspiracy with Lady Lucretia; you shall both see each other well whipped; you won't be shocked at seeing the bottom we know you are so well acquainted with. You're secure enough. Jane, prepare Sister Lucretia for punishment, so that he may know what to expect for himself."

LUCRETIA.— "Ah! No! I never meant anything but a little fun, you know I wished to birch him, and this is the only way I could manage it."

PRESIDENT.— "Very well, Miss, we'll take that an into consideration, and perhaps let you put the finishing touches to his bottom bye-and-bye. Put her posteriors in the stocks, Jane."

Leaving the young gentleman securely fixed to the ladder, they seize upon his ladylove, who knows better than to resist, and in a few moments Frank has the pleasure of seeing her blooming bottom and beautiful legs projecting from the wooden stocks in which she is so fixed that only the nether half of her person can be seen.

PRESIDENT.— "Now Mdlle. Fosse will administer a proper correction for the insult she has put upon the Club by introducing a person of another gender amongst us."

MDLLE FOSSE, who has armed herself with an excellent bum-tickler of well-pickled birch.— "I don't think the impudent hussey was half punished when we admitted her, or the soreness of her bottom would surely have kept her out of this." Then whack – whack – whack – whack – she gives four very smart strokes with great deliberation. "How do you like that, is my arm heavier than Miss Coote's?"

LUCRETIA, screams and kicks her legs about in great pain.— "Ah! Oh! Oh! I beg – I beg pardon, indeed I thought a young gentleman would be a most agreeable accession to the Club. Oh! Ah! how you cut, it's dreadful!" as the blows continue to fall with great effect and precision, each one leaving its long crimson and blood-red marks and weals.

MDLLE FOSSE.— "I must be quick, as it will take some time to punish Master Frank. I hope he is enjoying the sight of your castigation; is it as nice as it was before? let us know when your prurient ideas are satisfied by that feeling of sensuous pleasure you told us you experienced then," touching the tips of her birch in under her exposed pussey, and between the tender inner surfaces of her upper thighs.

The male victim's face was flushed with excitement at the sight of his lady's punishment, every blow seemed to thrill through his system, and put him into such a state of feeling as he had never experienced before, bringing out all the sensuality of his disposition as he watched the scene with rapt attention.

Mademoiselle plies her rod so vigorously that the blood soon begins fairly to trickle over Lucretia's bottom and thighs. "Ah! Oh! I shall faint. I shall die!" she sobs, writhing and twisting beautifully under the continued flagellation.

The President here comes forward with her rod saying, "I think Master Frank is longing to taste what it is like; pin up his skirts as decently as possible. I only want to see his bottom, we don't want the other thing introduced to our notice."

Frank was so absorbed in watching the beautiful sight of Lucretia's whipping that he never knew his own skirts were pinned up till a tremendous whack on his own bum awaked him in a most lively manner to a sense of his forlorn condition. He winces and bites his lips, the tears starting to his eyes, and an extra crimson flushing over his face, all convince the spectator of his renewed humiliation. Again and again the President makes her blows sound through the apartment, but not till seven or eight weals have been raised on his posteriors will Master Frank gratify them by the least approach to a cry.

PRESIDENT, with a tremendous crack which fairly draws the blood.— "I'll make you beg our pardon, ,sir. Will you ever insult us by coming here as a girl again?"

Frank, trying to bear it pluckily, and ashamed to cry out before a lot of girls; writhes his buttocks in agony, and still bites his lips in silence till they fairly bleed.

PRESIDENT.— "Obstinate, eh, so much the more fun for us, my boy; will you beg pardon, and swear never to tell anyone of this spree of yours?" cutting his white bottom with all her might, each blow scoring the flesh and making it raw.

FRANK.— "Ah! I must call out, it's awful. Oh! don't quite murder me ladies. Ah—r—r—re!"

PRESIDENT.— "Will you come here again, you impudent fellow, will you take the oath now to keep our secret?" keeping him in constant agony by her well-applied strokes.

Frank's cries and Lucretia's sobs, in addition to the sight of two well-pickled bottoms, made the ladies all quite excited; each one takes up her birch, and as the President and Mademoiselle retire, they relieve each other in short spells of birching on the posteriors of the two victims, till at last Lucretia is nearly spent; she gets oblivious to pain, and seems lost in a kind of lethargic stupor. They let her down,

and apply restoratives, which soon bring her to herself again, whilst Frank, who has been imploring for mercy, and praying to be sworn to secrecy for some minutes past, is at last allowed to take the required oath, but is greeted with renewed laughter when he begs pitifully to be released and allowed to go home.

"Ha! Ha! he thinks we shall let him go now, he can't object to Lucretia finishing him off, when she's a little recovered."

FRANK.— "It was all her fault, I should never have come, only she assured me of a warm welcome."

PRESIDENT, laughing.— "That's good, ladies, is it not? And you can't say we haven't given you one, but it must be warmer still before we let you go."

Lucretia swallows some stimulating cordial, and with sparkling eyes announces herself as ready to assume the rod; they hand her an elegant new one, and she takes her position, evidently minded to give him a little after the fashion of Louise Van Tromp's style of birching. "Do you," said she, "dare to insinuate that I tempted you to come here, sir?" flourishing the rod over her head so that he could hear it hissing through the air.

FRANK, all of a tremble.—"Ah! Ah! Lucretia, will you too prolong my torture, now I have promised everything."

Lucretia, bringing down her rod in earnest, makes his bottom wince and writhe under the stroke as she says, "Then you don't withdraw that insinuation, sir." Whisk – whisk – whisk, each blow harder than the last, and getting excited more and more, as the cuts seem to make the blood boil more tumultuously in her own veins, "Is it not true that you ravished me, sir? these ladies know all about your shameful conduct to me."

FRANK, in agony and desperate at this renewed torture.— "Ah! Oh! Ah! I'm hanged if I own all that, why you know you had my – my – you know what I mean in your hand first."

LUCRETIA, angrily.— "Don't mention the disgusting monster," cutting him desperately across the shoulders, "hold your wicked tongue, sir, if you are only going to asperse my character," again paying her attention to his raw-looking bum.

Frank, who has now lost his false hair by twisting his head about too much, looks a little more manly, but is a very fair youth withal, although his rump is not so finely developed as it would have been in a girl.

Lucretia, who feels all the stimulating warmth of her own flagellation, cuts away in fury. "See, see," she cries, "that unmentionable thing of his is quite rampant, and sticks out under his shirt in front, it's impossible to hide the disgusting creature." Striking more and more round his buttocks, which so disarranges his shirt that we continually get glimpses of a very formidable-looking weapon projecting six or seven inches from a bed of curly light hair at the bottom of his belly, the youth's eyes roll in a kind of erotic frenzy, and every thought of pain and shame has evidently given away to his sensuous feelings as he writhes and twists his bottom in a most lascivious manner at every stroke. The flagellatrix is also beside herself, the sight of his bleeding bottom and erotic emotion increases her fury more and more. "Ah!" she cries, "he not only tries to make me out worse than himself, but see how insultingly he is exposing himself to us all!" cutting the next stroke so as to reach the offending member. This she does again and again, causing such intense pain and excitement that at last the poor fellow shouts out, "Oh! Oh! My God! I shall burst, it's awful, and yet gives most delicious sensations! Ah-r-re! Ah-r-r-re! Oh! Oh!" and then he seems to die away in an excess of voluptuous emotion.

Lucretia suspends her rod for a few instants and then suddenly wakes him up again with two or three tremendous whacks upon his sore posteriors, exclaiming, "Wake up, sir, we've had enough of that, perhaps you will now withdraw your insinuations against me; did you not take advantage of my confusion, when I found you so exposed in the garden?" following up her question by a lively application of her rod, till the blood fairly trickles down Master Frank's thighs.

FRANK, again in awful pain, and ashamed to think how he has been exposed, now his erotic excitement has passed off for the moment.— "Ah! Ah! you she-devil, who could believe you could cut me up so after your loving caresses and assertions of your affection for me. Ah! Miss Coote, save me from her, have mercy ladies!" the tears of shame and agonized mortification running down his crimson face.

LUCRETIA.— "Not yet, you impudent boy; will you withdraw your assertions about me, or I will literally skin your bottom before you get let off."

FRANK.— "Oh! Oh! how cruel of you Lucretia, to force me to tell a lie, how can I?" writhing under the shower of smarting strokes, and evidently beginning to experience the return of his voluptuous feelings.

LUCRETIA.— "Your cries are delightful. I enjoy it so much more, knowing how we love each other. Will — will you withdraw your wicked assertions? You have made these ladies think me a monster of lasciviousness. Do you hear, sir?" cutting well up under the crack of his bottom, so that the tips of the birch might sting him in the tenderest and most private parts.

VICTIM.— "Ah! Oh! Oh! My God! you'll kill me," seeming almost ready to faint with the suddenly excruciating pain.

LUCRETIA.— "Then why do you obstinately persist in refusing the satisfaction I ask of you, and say I want to make you tell lies, you wicked fellow, I'll murder you with the birch if you don't retract your vile insinuations," cutting him terribly everywhere she fancies he can feel most.

FRANK, in terrible agony.— "Oh! Oh! What – what must I say – all those stories about us are quite untrue, we never did anything wrong," writhing about and hardly knowing what he says in his anxiety to get away from his torture.

LUCRETIA, with a furious blow which almost takes his breath away.— "Hold, hold, now, sir, you go to the other extreme; I only want you to confess you took advantage of me; your brain is confused, what a strange thing that after all this whipping and wealing the blood should still fly to your head."

FRANK, sobbing with mortification.— "Indeed – indeed, I remember now, how I put my hand under your clothes, when you were so overcome you could not resist me. Ah! Oh! Oh! Let me off, you never need fear I shall tell the secret of my own humiliation!"

He is fairly broken down, Lucretia drops her worn-out birch as tears of sympathy rise in her large loving eyes, and she sobs, "Poor fellow, poor fellow, what made you so obstinate?"

PRESIDENT.— "Let him down, and make him kneel before me and beg our pardon for the indelicate scandal he has caused amongst us, as I can feel and see what painful emotions the sight has caused in every lady's breast."

He is released, and Frank, humbly kneeling, declares his sorrow for having so shamefully intruded upon our private proceedings and again promises faithfully to keep our secret, and begs with fresh tears in his eyes to be allowed to remain a member after his painful initiation.

This was most favourably received, and I soon found out that Lady Clara was at the bottom of a plot for introducing the male element into our society. I hastily closed the seance, and never knew how or what means they used to ease his sore

bottom, but next day, by advice of Mdlle. Fosse, I intimated to them all a dissolution of the Club, as I could not possibly join in or allow my house to be used for birching orgies in connection with the opposite sex. My next and last letter on this subject will relate more nearly to myself.

Yours affectionately,
ROSA BELINDA COOTE.

(To be continued.)

THE FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Said good Mrs. Besant,
To make things pleasant,
If of children you wish to be rid,
Just after coition,
Prevent all fruition,
And corpse the incipient kid.

To do this completely,
Securely and neatly,
That your conscience may suffer no twinge,
Before having connection,
Procure an injection,
Likewise an elastic syringe.

Then after the "coup,"
All the ladies need do
Is to jump out of bed on the spot,
Fill the squirt to the brim,
Pump it well up her quim,
And the kid trickles into the pot.

A little lady who was, and we believe is, a great speaker at the Quakers' meetings, was once asked by Mr. Bright in his young days, "if she did not find the spirit inspired her with thoughts of marriage?" "No," she answered, "but I frequently find my struggling with the flesh does."

THE COLUMBINE.

Written in London 12th January, 1837, on Fraulein Theresa Schmidt, an opera dancer, as Columbine.

Night after night I've fed my eyes,
On sweet "Theresa Schmidt, Fraulein,"
And marvell'd how cold Northern skies
Could mould so fair a Columbine.

No verse, no rhyme could tell my mind,
To vent the praise my heart would breathe,
But she's an English girl I find,
And bears the vulgar name of Smith.

But whatso'er her name may be,
No Roman dancer could surpass,
The way she shows her open C,
And flourishes her jutting arse.

Yes – whatso'er the name she bear,
No graces, no celestial nymphs,
Can grant to men a sight more fair,
Of paradise a clearer glimpse.

Let others rave of Taglioni,
Dancers from Florence or from France,
But give Theresa for my money,
She shines the goddess of the dance.

The sculptor modelling naked truth,
Array'd in Eve's celestial dress,
May find her here in blaze of youth,
In all her native loveliness.

Pure English are the parts she shews,
Although she's call'd Theresa Schmidt;
What's in a name? A bright moss rose
By any other name's as sweet!

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART IV.

(Continued.)

My partner was far too impetuous to heed my faint remonstrances, and in spite of all I could do to keep my thighs closed his venturesome hand soon took possession of my heated cunny. "If I die I must have you, darling lady," he whispered in my ear, as he suddenly forced me quite back on the sofa, and tried to raise my clothes.

"Ah! No! No! I shall faint. How your violence frightens me!" I sighed, trying to smother my desires by simulating helplessness, and then feigning unconsciousness I promised myself a rare treat by allowing him to think I really had fainted, which, no doubt, would urge him to take advantage of the moment to riot unrestrained in the enjoyment of my most secret charms.

It was almost dark in the shadowy recess where the sofa on which we were was situated. "She's quite gone, the darling!" I heard him say to himself, as he gently parted my relaxing thighs, "I'll kiss it first." Then I knew he was kneeling between my legs, and I felt his fingers gently parting the lips of my cunt. "How I must have excited her, she's been spending!" he went on, then I felt his lips right between the nymphre as he kissed me rapturously just on the excitable little clitoris. What a thrill of desire it sent through my frame, as it made me literally quiver allover with emotion, so that I could scarcely refrain from clasping his head with my hand, or nipping his dear face between my thighs.

This only lasted a few moments, which seemed awfully long in my excitable state, my cunt was spending and throbbing under the voluptuous titillations of his velvety tongue. Heavens how I wanted to feel his prick inside of me! and could not have feigned my fainting state another instant, but the moment my lips were in the act of parting to implore him to fuck me at once he started to his feet, pushing my thighs as wide apart as possible, and directly I felt the hot head of his cock placed to the mark; slowly and gradually he pushed his way in, as contracting my usually tight affair I made it as difficult as I could for him to achieve possession. How he kissed my lips, calling me, "Darling lady, dear Beatrice, oh, you love, what pleasure you give me!"

I felt him spend a torrent of his warm essence right up to my vitals, and then lay still upon me exhausted for the moment by the profuseness of his emission.

Still apparently in the state of inanimation, and without opening my eyes, I made my cunt nip and contract on his throbbing prick as it was soaking within me, in such a manner that he was almost immediately aroused from his delicious lethargy, and recommenced his movements, exclaiming to himself, What a love of a girl, even in her fainting state, the love pressure of her cunt responds to the action of my prick. What pleasure it would be if I could but arouse her to sensibility!" as he kissed me over and over again rapturously, quickening his stroke till my blood was so fired I could no longer impose upon him, so I suddenly threw my arms around the dear boy's neck, whilst my amorous kisses responding to his silently assured him of the delight he was affording me.

"Here they are, the sly things, why Beatrice is the hottest of the lot, see she has got Charles well in her," laughed Lady Bertha; bringing a light into the room, and followed by all the others, looking very excited, and as if some of them at least had been doing the same; in fact I could see the front of John's trousers were undone, whilst the flushed face of Lady Montairy, and the delighted manner in which she clung to the handsome young French page, assured me that she at least was on the best of terms with her partner, added to which, in the background, Bridget and Fanny seemed as loving as any of them from their damask cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Charles was dreadfully confused, and I felt that the surprise was taking all the vigour out of him, so with the greatest presence of mind, I threw my legs over his buttocks and embraced him more firmly than ever, as I exclaimed, "It's this naughty fellow, my dear, has taken liberties with me, that I fainted from fear, and he is in complete possession of my virginity, and having aroused all my passions to the highest pitch he wants to withdraw, slap his bottom well for me, and make him now complete my pleasure, after satisfying his own greedy lustfulness!"

He struggled hard to get away but I held him tightly, whilst all of them slapped him without mercy, making him fairly bound in the saddle to my great delight, more especially when I soon found him swelling up quite an unnatural stiffness, till his prick was almost breaking my quim, and he was furiously fucking with all his might, as he cried out for them to leave off and let him do it properly.

The noise of the slaps on his bum seemed to give me intense delight and I never remember to have had a more delicious fucking, which as he had spent twice previously lasted a long good bout, till we both came together almost frantic with delight, as our mutual essences were commingled at the same moment.

"There, don't let me catch any two of you slipping away by themselves again," said Lady Montairy, as she gave a last tremendous slap, which fairly made the poor

fellow bound under her hand, in spite of his exhaustive spend. "It spoils half the fun, when some are so sly, and pretend to be mock-modest when at the same time they are quite or more inclined for the sport than anyone."

All returned to the drawing-room and refreshed ourselves with champagne, jellies and other reinvigorating delicacies, as we laughed and bantered the four young fellows and the two lady's-maids about their sweethearts and love experiences, till Bertha wrote all the names of the female members of our party on slips of paper, which she said she would hold for the boys to draw their prizes, declaring that Bridget and Fanny, if drawn, should submit to be fucked, although they protested their virginity and determination to keep it for the present, much as they enjoyed the other fun.

First of all she asked us to assist her in stripping our cavaliers quite naked, in order that we might enjoy the sight of their adolescent beauties (John, the eldest, being only nineteen). They were finely formed young fellows, but the splendid proportions of Master Charlie's penis carried off the honours of the evening, being more than eight inches long and very thick. My lady friends were in ecstasies at the sight, and almost made the other three young fellows jealous by each wishing he might draw them for a partner.

"Now there shall be no deception or cheating; I've a novel idea how the lots shall be drawn," said Bertha, drawing up her clothes till she showed the beautiful lips of her luscious cunt, just peeping out between the slit in her drawers as her legs were wide apart; then drawing me close to her side she gave me the slips of paper and whispered in my ear to arrange them in her cunt with the seven ends just sticking out. It was soon done, then our gentlemen had to kneel down in front and each one drew his paper with his mouth.

This was a jolly bit of fun, Bertha looked as if she would have liked to be fucked by all four instead of merely having them draw lots from her gap, which was so tickled as they drew out the papers that she actually spent under the novel excitement.

John drew Bridget; James, Lady Montairy; Charles, Bertha, whilst I was lucky enough to get the handsome Lucien, who had been eyeing me with a most amorous leer, which you may be sure did not in the least offend me.

Corisande and Fanny were told to fit themselves with a couple of most artistically moulded india-rubber dildoes of a very natural size and not too large, which Lady St. Aldegonde said her husband had procured for the purpose of having his lady bottom-fuck himself occasionally, when he wanted extra stimulation. "And now my dear, they will be very useful in enabling you to give these nice youths the double pleasure as they enjoy their partners."

The ladies were now also divested of everything, till the complete party were in a state of buff, excepting the pretty boots and stockings, which I always think look far sweeter than naked legs and feet.

The interest centred in the engagement between Bertha and Charles, as the others were all anxious to see the working of his fine prick in her splendid cunt. He was in a very rampant state of anticipation, so she laid him at full length on his back, on a soft springy couch, then stretching across his legs she first bent down her head to kiss and lubricate the fine prick with her mouth, then placing herself right over him gradually sheathed his grand instrument within her longing cunt, pressing down upon him, with her lips glued to his, as she seemed to enjoy the sense of possessing it all. I motioned to her bottom with my finger, and Fanny, understanding my ideas, at once mounted up behind her mistress and brought the head of her well-cold-creamed dildo to the charge against her brown-wrinkled bottom-hole, at the same time clasping her hands round Bertha, one hand feeling Charlie's fine prick, whilst the fingers of her other were tickling the fine clitoris of our mistress of the ceremonies. It was a delightful tableau, and it awfully excited us all when they at once plunged into a course of most delicious fucking. Fanny was as excited as either of them as she vigorously dildoeed her mistress, and kept her hands stimulating them in front. Corisande now attacked Fanny behind with her dildo, delighting her with frigging combined.

How they screamed with delight, and spent over and over again; it is impossible to describe, but I had got Lucien's fine prick in my hand as we were kissing and indulging in every possible caress. It throbbed in my grasp as I repeatedly drew back the foreskin, till at length fearing he would spend over my hand, I sank back on a sofa, and drew him upon me, guiding his affair to my longing cunt, whilst he clasped me round the body and kissed more ardently than ever. I could see all that was going on round the room, Lady Bertha still riding furiously on Charles, stimulated by the double exertions of Fanny and Corisande, and watched with delight the frenzied enjoyment of the lady's-maid, as she handled and felt how Charles was going on in front, whilst her young mistress's dildo almost drove her to distraction by its exciting movements in her bottom. Lady Montairy was riding James as he sat on a chair, but John was being quite baffled by his partner Bridget, who wriggled and avoided every attempt of his cock to get into her, as she kissed and allowed him any liberty except the last favour of love.

At last we all finished. "Now," said Lady Bertha, "we will rest and refresh ourselves a little, and then we will see to Bridget and Fanny having their maidenheads properly taken; meanwhile I will tell you a little adventure I once had down at Brentham a few months after my marriage. Well, you must know St. Aldegonde wanted to represent the county in parliament, and a general election was expected very soon, indeed it was rumoured the dissolution would occur almost immediately, so no time was to be lost, and there was one great landowner, who if

we could but secure him to our side we were sure of carrying the day. He had been an old admirer of mine, and had been much chagrined at my lordship's success in obtaining my hand, and we both knew he was almost certain to throw all his influence into the opposite scale. We were just going to bed one night, and about to fall asleep after a beautiful fuck (it is nice when first married) when a sudden idea made me quite laugh, it seemed so good.

"St. Aldegonde was quite anxious to know what I had been thinking of, 'My love,' I said, kissing him (I don't often do that now, except when I want to wheedle him out of something) would you mind giving a bit of my cunt to secure your return for the county?' 'Why, Bertha darling, just at this moment nothing would make me jealous, as you've sucked the last drop of spend from my cock,' he said, with a yawn, and then realising my idea, he continued, 'Do you mean Mr. Stiffington, my love; it's a bright idea, if you do, and damned cheap way of buying him, besides cunt could never be reckoned bribery.'

"The prospect of adventure, added to the good I might do for my husband, made me volunteer to do it, and as secrecy was everything, we determined that I should go down to Brentham disguised as a servant.

"Next day we started apparently to go to Paris, but I left St. Aldegonde at the railway station, and started off to Brentham by myself after changing my dress at a hotel. The housekeeper at Brentham was the only person whom I took into my confidence, but of course she did not know all.

"She passed me off as a niece from town, who had a holiday for a few days, and I mixed with the servants as one of themselves; the idea that I could be Lady Bertha never entered their heads, as I was supposed to be gone abroad for a tour.

"Without delay she got the coachmen to drive me over to Mr. Stiffington's place, Manly Hall, with a note to that gentleman on some special business, which I must deliver with my own hands.

"The gentleman was at home, and I was soon ushered into the library, where he was attending to his letters or other business, after breakfast, about 11 o'clock in the morning.

"'Well, young woman, let me have the particular letter you brought from Brentham; why couldn't a groom have done as messenger? By Jove! you're a nice looking girl though!' he said suddenly, seeming to notice my appearance.

"'If you please, sir,' I said, blushing, 'I'm Lady Bertha's maid, and bring a very important note from Lord St. Aldegonde.'

"He was a fine handsome fellow of about thirty-five, full of life and vigour in every limb; his eyes looked me through and through, then suddenly he penetrated my disguise, as he exclaimed, 'Ah, no, you're Lady Bertha herself. What is the cause of this mystery?'"

"I was all confusion, but he told me to sit down and tell him without reserve what I wanted, as he drew to a sofa and seated himself by my side.

"'Your vote and interest to secure my husband's return for the county,' I said in a low voice, 'we know you can turn the scale, so I ventured to solicit your influence in person.'

"'But how can you expect me to be otherwise than hostile to a man who deprived me of your beautiful self,' he replied, 'why did you jilt me for a lordling?'"

"I looked down in pretended distress, as I answered with an almost inaudible voice, 'If you only knew our family necessities, it would soothe your wounded self-respect, nothing but his dukedom in perspective sealed my fate against my own feeble will, and now it is my duty to further his interests in every way.'

"'Dear Bertha,' he exclaimed excitedly, 'do I really hear right, would you have preferred me, can you not pity my unrequited love, won't you even favour me with a smile as I look in your face?' taking my hand and covering it with impassioned kisses. 'I would support your husband, but – but I must be bribed – let me think what you shall give me, dearest; of course he's had your first virginity, but I must have the second, it will cost him nothing, and no one need know.'

"He was growing quite impetuous; with one arm around my waist, whilst he covered my blushing face with the most ardent kisses, I could feel his other hand wandering over my bosom or my thighs, as he felt them through my dress, then taking one of my hands he forced me to feel his standing cock which he had let out of his breeches; the mere touch sent a thrill of desire through my whole frame as I sank backwards in an assumed faint.

"He jumped up, fastened the door, then went to a drawer, from which he took a small book and a little box, then kneeling down by my side he gently raised my clothes, kissing my legs all the way up, inside or outside of my drawers as he could get at them, and parting my thighs opened the slit in my drawers, till he had a fair view of my pussey. 'What a sweet little slit, what soft silky down it is ornamented with,' I could hear him say as he pressed his lips to my Mons Veneris, then I could feel his fingers parting the lips of my cunt with the greatest tenderness to enable him to kiss the little button of love. This was too much, I pressed his head down with my hands, as I spent over his tongue with a deep drawn sign of pleasure. 'She's mine, how she likes it, the touches of my tongue have made her come!'"

"'Look, darling,' he continued, as he rose to his feet, 'I thought a few delicate kisses would revive you if properly bestowed in the most sensitive place, but I don't mean to have you there; this book will show you the most delightful avenue of bliss, and open up to your ravished senses heavenly bliss you have hither had no conception of.'

"Keeping my clothes up, and making me retain hold of his priapus in one hand, he showed me a series of splendid little drawings in the book, all illustrating the way to enjoy bottom-fucking. He could see I was tremendously excited, so lost no time in placing me on my hands and knees on the sofa, then anointing my tight little bum-hole with some ointment from the box, and putting some also on the shaft of his prick, he made me push my bottom well out behind, with my legs wide apart so as to give him every facility, but 'Ah! Ah! No, no, I can't bear it!' I exclaimed, the tears fairly starting to my eyes as I felt the first advance of his lovely engine, forcing its way through the tightened orifice; the pain was like a number of needles pricking the part all at once. I can describe the sensation as the sphincter muscle gradually relaxed in no other way. He frigged me deliciously in front all the while, pushing so firmly and getting in in such a gentle manner behind that I seemed to love him more and more every moment, and long for him to accomplish his task, and complete my enjoyment, as the very pain seemed a precursor to some extraordinary bliss, nor was I disappointed; the pain was soon succeeded by the most delicious sensations as his movements stirred me up to the highest pitch of excitement, and he never withdrew till we had spent thrice in rapturous ecstasies, screaming with delight and almost losing our lives from excess of enjoyment.

"Thus my mission was successful, and his lordship became a Member of Parliament."

This tale had worked us all up, so that we were mutually groping each other's privates, and as soon as Bertha had finished we seized Fanny and Bridget, but too much of the same thing being rather tedious to read I will only say that John and Charles took their virginities in splendid style, when the girls really found no more nonsense would be tolerated.

This was my last adventure in town, and in the next part I shall go on to relate what happened after my marriage with Lord Crim-Con, which took place shortly afterwards.

(To be continued.)

AN ANSWER TO A QUEER QUESTION.

A few young sages one bright day
 (Such conduct is not becoming)
Disputed, doth an old tale say,
 Which is the prettiest part of women:
And this, the cause of the affray is.
 Some said the cheeks, and some the eyes,
And so they sought the beauteous Lais,
 And asked her to award the prize.
The lady said, perhaps displeased,
 These thoughts I cannot understand.
If you could have them where you pleased,
 I wonder where you'd put your hand?
'Twould be, you would see,
 On their K.U.N.T.

SONG.

Translated from the Hindustani.

Oh when shall I behold, love,
 Thy noble manly face?
O when thy neck enfold, love,
 Within my close embrace?
All young, and warm, and willing,
 O when shall I receive
Those raptures, fierce and thrilling,
 Which man alone can give?

As the thirsty pearl shell opes, love,
 To imbibe prolific showers,
All, all my bosom's hope, love,
 Expect thy vigorous powers;
My dreams are full of pleasure,
 Naught else my heart employs,
Come kiss me without measure,
 Thou source of all my joys!

CAUTION TO LADIES.

A contributor wishes to remonstrate against the practice of a very nice young lady friend of his, who treats her quim as if it was a baby's arse. He says, "A nice cunt is a delicious thing to suck, but damn the violet powder, which dries up all the natural juiciness!"

ROUGE ET NOIR.

A nigger in fair St. Domingo,
Being blasé, and worn, said "By Jingo,
Blast all women and boys,
I'll try some new joys,"
So he went out and fucked a flamingo.

THE PEARL,

A Journal of Faceliae and Voluptuous Reading.

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LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

(Continued)

Shortly a bell sounded, and through a side door entered a troupe of the most beautiful young girls the world could produce.

The effect on me was electric, so much beauty congregated together I could not imagine. So bewitchingly graceful did they appear as they gleefully tripped into the room, exhibiting the most lascivious attitudes. So true to a fault were their figures, so charming was the clear transparent whiteness of their necks and faces, slightly tinted with the rose's hue, shaded by masses of rich black, auburn, or chestnut hair, which waved in the light like rays of molten gold, falling in ringlets over their beautifully rounded shoulders, whilst their eyes, half hid in the long silken lashes, beaming and sparkling with licentiousness, made them look like houris descended from the Moslem's paradise, rather than anything of mortal mould. And what served to heighten the enchantment their appearance cast over me was their dress.

Some entered dressed in pants and cymar, a la Turque, displaying to the utmost advantage their large busts and beautifully rounded hips.

Others (the majority) dressed in Turkish pants of fine blue or pink gauze, with a short petticoat hanging halfway to the knee, made of the same material, and which, instead of hiding any part of their bodies, only added to their beauty, and heightened every charm.

Their beautiful breasts could be plainly seen, even the rosy-tipped nipples could be distinguished as they rose and fell in undulating palpitations against their slight covering.

The shape of the legs and thighs could be seen; nay, even the masses of curling hair that overhung their delicious, luscious little cunts, even the lips of which I could see – all, all was visible.

I stood thus entranced, gazing on the fairy-like beings that were grouped around me, without a thought but of their extreme loveliness, till I was aroused from my state of dreamy delight by one of the gentlemen present asking me to give my arm to one of the ladies, and take her for my partner at the supper table. And that if after supper I should see any other lady who I might prefer to my first choice, I should be at full liberty to take her.

All that I could do in answer was to gaze around on them with a half-bewildered look, till a beautiful creature came up to me, and with a smile, putting her arm in mine, her lustrous dark eyes beaming with the very spirit of luxuriousness, asked if I would not accept her as my companion for the night.

I answered her by putting my arm around her taper waist, and drawing her into a close embrace, imprinted on her lips a dozen burning kisses, which she returned with equal ardour.

Leading the way to the table we seated ourselves on a sofa (there being no chairs, but a sofa for each couple); the repast commenced.

No sooner had we taken our seats than an unseen band of music struck up, playing the most beautiful and seductive airs; and as the dessert came on, a large curtain, which was stretched across at one end of the room, suddenly drew up, exhibiting a beautiful little stage, on which appeared four girls dancing some of the most licentious dances, throwing themselves into the most tempting postures, pirouetting till their gauze skirts stood entirely level with their navels, showing their cunts, even drawing apart the vermilion lips of those mossy temples of love by the extension of their legs, allowing us to catch a glimpse of the luscious interior which the open legs half disclosed.

After sitting at the dessert an hour or more, drinking the most exciting and heating wines with one another, on a given signal the girls withdrew to prepare for the ball, leaving us to do the same, which consisted merely in our stripping stark naked, retaining only our pumps.

I must here beg the reader's indulgence to state what I should have said before – that is, that the members of the society which held their revels in this house all

belonged to the first families in the kingdom. That when any gentleman was initiated he must bring with him and present to the society some female relative, either a sister or cousin, mistress, or some beautiful female friend, so that in enjoying the relatives of other members he could have no advantage over them or their honour.

The young lady who had made herself my partner, I learned, was Mademoiselle de C-, daughter of Count C-, and sister to one of the gentlemen present. Here, on the pretence of being on a visit to each other's houses, they met once a week, and gave loose to the most unbounded licentiousness. All modesty formally banished the house, and the most lascivious abandon being substituted in its place.

After stripping we entered the ballroom, which, like the *salle a manger*, was painted with nude figures, and instead of seats, it was furnished at the sides and ends with richly made couches stuffed with the softest down, and having spring bottoms, sheets of the finest lace, and coverlets of silk and satin, but no curtains to them, as nothing was allowed to be done in secret.

If a gentleman and his partner were tired of dancing, they could retire to a couch and play at the game of love.

On brackets against the wall, a little raised above the couches, were shelves supporting decanters of wine, trays of comfits, and other stimulating refreshments.

We had not long to wait for our partners ere they came dancing into the room, as naked as we were, except a wide scarf of light blue or pink gauze, which each had thrown over her shoulders.

If I was pleased with my partner at supper I was much more so now that I could have a fair view of her when perfectly naked. Her skin rivalled alabaster in whiteness, her beautiful full breasts sustained themselves firm and round as two globes; her well rounded shoulders tapered down into a small waist, a small foot, with an ankle expanding upwards into a fine calf, her thighs full, large and proportionately made, swelling up into a pair of large hips, while the two half-globes of her backside were equally massive and firm. Her hair, which she had combed out, hung down to her knees, while her cunt was surrounded and overshadowed by a mass of jet black hair which grew upon and around her belly as high as her navel, hanging down between her thighs some way, forming a perfect veil or covering over the dear little slit, contrasting most beautifully with the snowy whiteness of her belly and thighs.

On entering the room she ran up to me with extended arms, but I caught her, and held her out at arm's length, surveying and devouring with my eyes her every charm and beauty, and then clasping her in a long embrace, we writhed about in each other's

arms, rubbing our bellies together, till Mr. Pego began to snort and prance about between her thighs, seeking for an entrance into some hospitable retreat in which to hide his impudence.

So great was the excitement raised in me by feeling her soft white belly rubbing against mine, as well as the springy mossy covering of her fount of love pressing against my rampant machine, that I would have sent him in to explore the dark little cavern concealed between her thighs, as we stood in the centre of the room, had she not prevented me.

Hardly knowing how to contain my still increasing passion, I slid between her arms, and dropped on my knees on the floor, parting with my fingers the glossy ringlets that hid a pair of rosy pouting lips, most lusciously tempting, and implanted my burning kisses on that amorous spot.

There was no time for further dalliance as the music began, and she led me away to join in the dance.

After the first cotillion I led her to a couch, and reclining on it drew her down by my side, and would soon have brought matters to a crisis had she not prevented me again, by saying that we should be obliged to enter the lists, and go through our first manual exercise on a state couch in the centre of the room, surrounded by the whole company.

Shortly after I heard the tinkle of a small bell, and immediately entered four men, wheeling in a couch of carved rosewood, covered with sheets of the finest linen, overspread with one of Brussels lace.

The committee, one of whom was my partner's brother, advanced to me and led me to the couch, while three of the ladies present took Mademoiselle de C-, and placing her on her back turned a small screw at one side of it, which, acting on springs, raised that part on which rested her beautiful buttocks, elevating them at least one foot higher than her head or feet, forming a sort of bow, and throwing up that portion of her belly and thighs which was most contiguous to the dear little cleft in the bottom of her belly.

So soon as they had arranged everything the three girls stepped back a little, and the men placed me on the top of her who was to share my sweet labour. She extended her thighs to the utmost to receive me.

After I was placed comfortably on her the gentlemen fastened us down on the couch by means of belts of india rubber, which extended across the bed, and held us firmly on it.

I soon perceived the necessity of this, as at the least motion I made (there were such powerful springs fixed in the body of the couch) the springing caused by it would have thrown me off my partner if not off the couch.

The sweet little creature, who was lying under me, now threw her legs across my back, and clasping me in her arms, showed that she was ready for the delicious combat.

Upon these signs the girls who had placed her on the couch advanced, and one with the tips of her fingers held open the lips of her cunt, while another took hold of my stiff-stander, and pointing his head at the entrance, directed him to the opening before him. But so highly were my passions wrought up, and such a magnificent erection had I acquired, so swelled up was its large red head, and so lusciously tight and small was the entrance to the grotto of love, that it would not enter.

After two or three trials, each of which failed, the one who had hold of my driving machine, forced my backside up from off Mademoiselle de C-, and slipping her head between my thighs, took my prick into her mouth, and palating it with her tongue, wet it well with saliva, and letting it out of her mouth, again presented it at the entrance of the fiery furnace which was gaping to receive it. Effecting a safe lodgement for the head, with one vigorous thrust I buried myself in her to the very haft.

So fierce was the concussion produced by the meeting of our bodies that my magnificent stones fairly cracked against her delicious backside. With such force did I come down on her that the springs in the bed were forced low down, and rebounding sent us some three feet into the air. The bed was so constructed that the springs could force the bed up from the body on which it rested.

I now felt that I was master of the field, and taking advantage of my position, gave my partner such a series of thrusts and drives – the springing of the bed driving her to meet me – our bodies would come together with such a force as to make all tremble.

The spectators around us were continually calling out to us and commenting upon our performance with such exclamations as the following: "O God, what a magnificent thrust." "How splendidly he drives it home to her." "See how deliciously their bodies meet together." "What a splendid prick, what beautifully large stones, how exquisitely do they flop against her buttocks," &c.

"Ah, Mademoiselle de C-, how I envy you those glorious cods and that luxurious prick, with which you are now gorging that greedy little maw of yours," exclaimed a lively young creature as she left her gallant's arm to approach the bed and get a fairer view of the fierce driving machine which so excited her imagination.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she said, as stooping down she caught a full view of the whole machinery in motion. "See how the proud courser steams and smokes as he reins back his head to the starting place, and then how he makes everything foam again as he dashes onward in his mad career, towards the goal of victory!" and in her excitement she took my stones in her hand, and gently squeezed them, and brought me at once to the crisis.

Making one last lunge forward, I lay quivering and gasping on my fair partner's bosom, drenching her inmost parts with a perfect shower of the elixir of love.

My partner, who had been no ways backward in sustaining my fierce lunges and had returned them with thrusts and upheavings fully as amorous as my own, feeling the heat of the burning liquid I was ejecting in her, gave way at the same time, and dissolving her very soul into a flood of sperm, opened the gates of love's reservoir, and let flow such a stream of pearly essence as never came from woman before.

After we had recovered ourselves from the delirium in which our senses were lost for a few moments, the belts which held us together were loosened.

I arose, and raised Mademoiselle de C—; as I stood her on the floor large drops of spendings fell pattering between her feet, attesting to the vigour and warmth with which we had entered into the pleasure of love.

I now received the congratulations of the male part, as to the manner in which I had gone through the performance, and done such credit to their sex.

My mistress also received the encomiums of the females, all of whom envied her of her good luck in having me for a companion.

Then taking the dear girl to one of the side couches, we reclined for a short time, taking wine and refreshments to invigorate ourselves for further enjoyments.

Casting my eyes around the room I observed that every couch was occupied by a couple, all of them playing the same game we had just gone through with.

My fair partner and myself arose and promenaded round the room, observing the different modes and manners of friggings which some of them adopted.

At the sight of so many beautiful women in action all at once, I thought it only right my mistress should complete the set, and leading her back to the couch, I again gave her such a delicious fuck that she could not get up for half-an-hour afterwards.

Shortly after the company had recovered from the transports into which they were plunged, two servants entered the room, bearing in on trays small cups of

spiced chocolate, prepared in such a way as to give the drinker strength to enter the lists of love ten or a dozen times.

Fucking was now proclaimed the order of the night. Never in the world was there so much delicious frigging done at one time by an equal number of persons.* Never were there so many beautiful cunts to be seen so gorged and stuffed, and so well fucked by so many noble pricks. Never did woman receive such a shower of sperm as drenched them from all quarters.

The debauch was growing to its height, the chocolate began to operate fiercely on the men. The Women writhed and twined themselves about the floor, fucking, screaming and shouting in ecstasy.

The most licentious words now issued from the mouths of those females, who, on the morrow, would meet you in their salons with a demure look and virtuous countenance.

The excitement was steadily increasing. The women became perfect Bacchantes, they drank freely of the most exciting and exhilarating wines.

Suddenly they stripped the beds from off the couches, and spread them on the floor, forming one large bed, upon which they could all lay down. The uproar increased. Here might be seen two women contending (amicably) for one man.

Again, two men contending for one woman, till each found a place for their inflamed pricks, one in her cunt, and the other in her bottom or mouth at the same time.

The females shouted, ran after the men, throwing themselves on the bed, dragging the men on the top of them.

My loving mistress partook of the universal excitement with the rest. She was, if possible, more furious than any of her sex, mad with the extraordinary lubricity aroused within her amorous frame, twining herself in my arms, rubbing all parts of her body against mine, smothering me with kisses, nay, even pinching and biting me with force, so highly were her erotic propensities aroused, and continually calling on me by every endearing name, to frig, fuck, or give her satisfaction with my tongue.

Placing herself in the most lascivious positions, throwing up her legs and outstretching her arms, she would invite me, in the most licentious terms, to enter the amorous lists, expatiating on each and every separate beauty of her person, declaring the superior firmness of her plump bubbies, which she would press and squeeze, then on the white and velvet softness of her belly, describing all the luscious charms of her cunt, the luxurious heat contained within its juicy folds. Then turning on her

belly, would display the two full and plump moons of her backside, inviting me to enter from that quarter. Then throwing her legs back, lay with the feet resting on her buttocks.

While in this position a thought struck me, and I determined to put it in execution.

Throwing myself on my back, my feet towards her head, my bare arse against hers, my prick stiff and erect as a rod of ivory tipped with red, I told my inamorata to lower her legs on my body. As she did so I had my battering ram right to the point, and she impaled herself on its head. This was a rather novel mode of fucking, but none more so than the manner in which some of the others were frigging.

The orgies of these Bacchantes having reached its height, partially subsided for a few minutes, when the president of the club, calling for order, put to the vote whether the lights in the room should be put out or not.

Having witnessed all that had passed, this seemed a strange proceeding, and on asking my fair partner to solve the riddle, she replied that at a certain hour at each meeting the party, both male and female, stripped themselves of every ornament. The women are not even allowed to retain combs in their hair. The men then retiring to another apartment for a moment or two, the women would put out all the lights in the room, taking care, however, to leave one burning in a small side closet, when on the ringing of a bell the men would again enter the room, in which were their mistresses, and mixing indiscriminately with them, would recommence the soft pleasures of love at once.

Neither the ladies nor their lovers were allowed to open their mouths even for a whisper, for fear of being known to each other, and that for the same reasons everyone was obliged to lay aside every ornament, no matter what it might be, so that a brother and sister, in case they were together, could not recognize one another by any particular bracelet, ring or other ornament.

After the vote had been taken we did as I have just stated. On our re-entering the room, which was totally dark, the door was locked from the outside by an attendant, and stumbling forward through the darkness, we met the women, who threw themselves into our arms, and we were soon tumbling pell mell on the floor.

I got hold of a plump little fairy, and groping my way to one corner, of the large bed, I placed her in a favourable position, and finding my way in the dark as well as in daylight, I revelled in charms the most voluptuous.

Oh, ye Gods! how tight did her cunt clasp my prick. What a luscious suction was created by the juicy folds of her cylinder as my piston-rod shoved in and out.

How gloriously she met all my thrusts by the most energetic heaves. Oh, how her fiery kisses were lavished on my cheeks and lips, as I pressed her to my bosom. And now the crisis came on, and we swam in a sea of pleasure.

I lay by her side, and broke the rules by telling her in a whisper who I was. I questioned her about her adventures in the dark.

She went on to tell me that at one of the meetings, on the lights being suddenly restored, she found herself lying in the arms of her half-brother, and that she had frequently met with her cousin also.

She said that she had known brothers and sisters, and many a pair of cousins, who had been caught in each other's arms, and that on the lights being restored, so far from quitting one another they pursued the chase till the game was run down, and enjoyed themselves as they would, had they been strangers.

She said that in order to obtain the full enjoyment of the pleasures of love, it was necessary to do away with all modesty and restraint, that man was made for woman, and woman for man. That, for her part, she considered it made no difference who the actors were, so the fucking was well done and enjoyed.

All her actions and movements pronounced my partner one of the most licentious of women. She played with all parts of my body; laying her head on my thighs, she would handle my stones, put the head of my prick between other lips than those nature formed to receive it, and tickling the head of it with her tongue she tried to awaken it to renewed vigour; trying every means to arouse its dormant energies, she succeeded, and casting herself into my arms, lay on her back upon me.

My pego was in a beautiful state of erection, his head rooting up between the snowy thighs of my fair burden, and furiously butting the door, demanding an entrance into the secret chamber of love. With the tips of her fingers she opened the valves that closed the rosy-tinted aperture of her cavernous recess, and inserting the head I gave rein to my courser, and for the seventh time that night did I drown myself in bliss.

So well pleased was I with my companion that despite the attraction of the many beauties who were groping about over the room, enjoying themselves first with one man, then with another, and any of whom I might have had, that I laid myself in her arms, my cheek resting on a very large round globe of flesh, her arms clasping me close to it, while her legs were crossed with mine.

In this position I fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke the lights were blazing with great splendor, and I found the girl in whose arms I had fallen asleep engaged in a vigorous combat with a man who lay close by me.

Continuing the debauch till the approach of day, we all dressed, each one going separately, and by different routes to their residences.

I reached home, and hastening to my apartment, completely worn out from the violent exercise I had undergone, I fell into a sleep from which it was three o'clock in the afternoon before I awoke.

CHAPTER III.

I attended all the orgies of the club – of which I had been made a member – where new debauches were committed every week.

At each meeting my partiality for the delicious creature I had lain with last, on my initiative night, increased to such a degree that I determined to have and retain her to myself if possible.

Celestine was the daughter of the Marquis de R—. In the club she was known by the soubriquet of La Rose D'Amour, by which name I shall continue to call her.

She combined all the graces and charms peculiar to the softer sex.

She had a temptingly small foot, giving tokens of the excellent smallness of the delicious slit, which nature had placed between a pair of ripe fleshy thighs, backed by a pair of fair buttocks, beautifully rising up, swelling out into bold relief from the adjacent parts. A belly white and soft as a bed of snow, a waist slender as a nymph, a neck like a swan, small mouth, inlaid with two rows of ivory, lips rosy and pouting, cheeks soft as the velvet down of an overripe peach, languishing dark eyes, sparkling and beaming with a lascivious fire, shaded by long silken lashes, while her auburn hair fell in a profusion of ringlets over her neck and shoulders, half concealing a pair of large globes rivalling alabaster in whiteness, tipped with nipples hard and red as rose buds, in fact she was "perfection personified."

The day following my last visit to the club, I received a letter from St. Petersburg, announcing my father's death, desiring me immediately to set out for that place for the purpose of removing his remains to France.

Now, I had never seen enough of my father to have any great fondness for him; what little filial affection I had was soon drowned by the ideas I had of enjoyment

now I was to succeed at once to his vast fortune, so that I did not like to give up my pleasures, especially that of forgoing my meetings with La Rose D'Amour.

On receiving the letter I at once proceeded to the Hotel de R—, and on enquiring for Celestine was shown into the drawing-room.

The servant returned to usher me into her mistress's boudoir, where, opening the door, I passed in, and found her reclining on a sofa, in a bewitching dishabille. Her neck was uncovered, the bosom of her wrapper open, half displaying her pretty bubbies. One foot resting on the sofa, the other on an embroidered footstool, the dress lying on the knee, displaying a finely rounded calf. After locking the door I read her the letter I had received, and telling her I could not part from her, implored her to leave home and accompany me on my journey, telling her that on our return to France, I would fit up my chateau in Brittany with all the luxury of an Eastern Harem, where we might reside amid all the pleasures that love could induce, and all the luxury that wealth could purchase.

After a few short murmurs she consented, and I left her to make the necessary preparations for our departure on the morrow.

As she was to accompany me in male attire, acting as a page, I was obliged to have recourse to my faithful valet, to procure proper dresses, &c.

By eight o'clock in the evening we had everything prepared, and as we were to start at daylight, Celestine, under pretence of going to a ball, came and passed the night with me in my chamber at my uncle's.

At daylight we set off with all the speed that four good horses could give us.

My companion made a very handsome-looking boy, and was the cause of our having some very amusing adventures on our journey.

At a small town on the frontier, at which we stopped, on showing my passport to Monsieur le Maire, he insisted on our staying at his house for the night, which I at last complied with.

He was an old man about sixty, grey-haired and bald. After arriving at his house, he sent a servant to inform his wife that there were strangers in the hall below, and desiring her presence.

In a few minutes, to our agreeable surprise, there entered the room a very charming, rosy-cheeked, vivacious-looking young woman, about twenty-two years of age.

In the course of the evening I observed by the almost scornful manner in which she regarded her husband that the union with him had been a "marriage of convenience," and furthermore, from the glances I perceived passing between her and Celestine, I knew she wanted but the opportunity to give her husband the slip, so I determined, if the chance offered, to repay M. le Maire's hospitality by making an addition to his bald pate in the shape of a pair of horns.

On retiring for the night, my mistress informed me that she had an engagement with our host's wife. That she intended to drug a glass of wine for her husband on going to bed, which would ensure her freedom for at least ten hours, and that as soon as her husband was fast asleep she would go to her room.

Telling Celestine to undress and get into my bed, I went into the room prepared for her, and stripping myself perfectly naked, awaited in darkness the coming of the charming hostess.

After waiting for an hour I heard a light step advancing towards the room, the door opened, and she entered, and whispering Rudolph, the name Celestine had taken, advanced to the bed. Slipping the bolts in the door, I caught her in my arms, and found she was as naked as myself. In kissing her she knew immediately by my whiskers that I was not the person she expected to meet, and fearing she had made a mistake in the room, she gave a slight scream, and struggled violently to free herself.

But I retained a firm hold of her naked waist, and drawing her to the bed, explained everything to her. How that my page Rudolph was my "chere amie," accompanying me in this disguise.

After calming her fears I lighted a taper that stood on the table and kissed everything, especially a dear hairy little cleft at the bottom of her belly, I found her to exceed the expectations I had formed at the supper table. She could not resist my handling her person, but freely gave herself up to my touches.

The game was getting too exciting to stand dallying very long, so turning her on her back, I plunged my weapon into a bath of hot juicy flesh, and gave her a luxurious feast of the fruit of which she had had before but a very slight taste.

Five times that night did I put her through the manual exercise of love, and five times did she die away in the most ecstatic enjoyments, the pleasures of which she declared she had only known in imagination.

It was with sincere regret that Madame le Maire parted from me at dawn of day, to join her sleeping husband, to whose brows had just been added a pair of horns. They were short to be sure, but there appeared every prospect of their branching out into large antlers.

Before leaving me she made me promise to stop on my return.

After breakfast in the morning I returned my host my sincere thanks for his hospitality, assuring him that the entertainment I had received in his house was far beyond my expectations.

I ordered my carriage, and followed by my page, took the road to Vienna.

(To be continued.)

SALLY'S MISTAKE.

Sally, the servant-maid of Mr. A—, was accustomed to walk in her sleep. She one night came into her master's room, went into his bed, laid down and slept between him and his wife.

In the morning Mr. A— got up according to his usual custom, a little after five o'clock, after having performed (as he thought) the part of an affectionate husband, not suspecting that there was anybody in bed with him but his wife.

He had not got downstairs before Mrs. A— awoke, and accosted Sally, whom she mistook for her husband, in the following terms: "My dear Mr. A—, indeed I am not surprised that we have no children, since you are so lazy. Come closer, my dear, pray my dear, come. I am sure I am young and vigorous and perform my part as well as any woman in the kingdom."

Here Mrs. A— paused a few minutes, waiting for an answer, but receiving none from the imagined husband (who lay all the time in a cold sweat, fearing a discovery, for she thought Mrs. A— was her gallant the shopman, who laid with her every night, as she was afraid to sleep by herself; but they never spoke to each other during their amorous interviews for fear of being overheard).

"Fellow, do you think me worthy of an answer; I'll be revenged – I'll never get into bed with you again!"

Here her breast swelled so with anger that she could not utter another word.

Fortunately it was not yet light, so Sally jumped out of the bed and ran up to her gallant; to whom she imparted the whole affair.

This was the first time they had ever broken silence during their amours, and they were overheard by another maid who slept in the next room. She watched for the shopman's coming out of Sally's chamber, and made him go into hers to gratify those desires which I leave the reader to guess.

They all arose at their usual time, and Mrs. A— being informed that breakfast was ready, went downstairs into the parlour, and had just seated herself when Mr. A— entered the room, and accosted her in the following words:

Mr. A.— "Well, my dear, what do you think of me now?"

Mrs. A.— "That you are as incapable as a eunuch."

Mr. A.— "Nay, my dear, I thought you seemed so much pleased with our gambols this morning that we should have been very great friends all the day, but, alas, I find there is no satisfying a woman!"

Mrs. A.— "I'll tell you, fellow, I'll have a divorce. Not even answer me, scoundrel. Did I not make a man of you? Had it not been for me, you would have had to carry your cod-piece to a beggar woman ere this — whilst I know by your unnatural abstinence you have a gay woman in keeping — some painted little bitch or flaghopper. Not a civil answer when I offer you my love? You shall repent it, sir, you old whoremonger, thus to neglect your virtuous wife" (clapping her hands in fury).

Mr. A.— "My dear, I did. As I love my money, will you have it cut off and preserved like a snake in a bottle — or do you want it twice before breakfast?"

Mrs. A.— "Your money is my money, and so ought your — to be, but you take it elsewhere, you old adulterer!"

Mr. A. — "Nay, nay, my dear. but I believe you're too loving, my jewel, as soon as breakfast is over I'll lock the door and we will—"

Mrs. A.— "Now, indeed, my dear, you speak like a man of mettle, and I forgive all that is past."

When breakfast was over he performed his promise. Madam was pleased, and harmony once more reigned in their loving abode. Sally also was equally happy in having escaped from her dangerous predicament, her fellow servant in having gotten a gallant, and the shopman two fine girls to play and toy with at his pleasure.

Moral. — "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

PLEASURES AFAR.
DISCOVERY OF THE LONGITUDE.

A merchant of Genoa leaving wife at home;
Kiss'd a little whore, in the town of Rome;
"You, my dear;" said he, "tried full many a nation,
Then say who had the longest tool of generation?"

Said the merry girl, "Oh, that's soon decided,
You, who cross the sea, are the best provided;
What a length of tail, though the seas you roam,
Your spouses never fail, to bear you babes at home!"

MISS COOTE'S CONFESSION,
OR THE VOLUPTUOUS EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD MAID;
In a series of Letters to a Lady Friend.

LETTER X.

My dear Nellie,—

I have found a curious letter from a lady amongst grandfather's papers, so begin this letter with a copy of it.

Dear Sir Eyre,—

We live in an age so dissolute that if young girls are not kept under some sort of restraint and punished when they deserve it, we shall see bye-and-bye nothing but women of the town, parading the streets and public places, and, God knows, there are already but too many of them!

When fair means have been used, proper corrections free from cruelty should be administered.

What punishment, and at the same time more efficacious, than birch discipline?

Physicians strongly recommend to punish children with birch for faults which appear to proceed from a heavy or indolent disposition, as nothing tends more to promote the circulation of the blood than a good rod made of new birch, and well applied to the posteriors.

I may add my own opinion that the rod is equally good in its effects on quick, excitable temperaments. With such children the sense of shame and exposure (if corrected before other children) adds greatly to the humiliation caused by the smarting strokes on their bare flesh and makes a lasting impression on their imaginative sensibilities.

The parent who uses the rod with discretion is infinitely more respected and revered by his children than a more indulgent one.

Birch breaks no bones, and therefore can do no great harm; the harm it does is very trifling when put in comparison with the evils which it can prevent.

I know it is pretty well used among what are called genteel people, but in that class, where it is chiefly wanted; the children are entirely left to their depraved habits, and from want of proper corrections become too often the shame of their parents.

Is it not better to chastise when she is yet young (for bad habits are generally contracted from the age of twelve to fifteen), than to see her, when grown up, taken to a house of correction for offences which a good whipping given with a birch rod might have prevented?

She is ruined body and soul by being thrown amongst the vilest possible human beings.

There are children so obstinate and of a nature so perverse that nothing but severe corrections will amend them.

I know a young widow of fashion who has three nieces and two nephews, who live with her. They are all above twelve years old, except her own daughter, who is nearly seven.

One of the girls is tolerable, but the other two as well as the two boys are exceedingly mischievous. She is indeed a strict disciplinarian, and always punishes their faults with the birch, and though she is yet quite young (not above four and twenty), she manages the children as well as any experienced schoolmistress could.

The other day the second eldest girl, who is about fourteen, told her brother she could tell him how children were made. And indeed instructed him so well that the boy, who is thirteen, a few days after took very improper liberties with a pretty young girl of fifteen, who acts in the house as a waiting-maid to the widow.

The girl complained to her mistress, who having found out that her niece was as guilty, if not more so than the boy, sent the girl immediately for a fresh broom, wishing to give them what is called a thorough whipping.

She made two large slashing rods, with the greenest and strongest twigs she could pick out of the broom, and beginning with her niece, she pinned her shift to her shoulders and tied her hands in front to prevent her from making a rear guard of her hands. She then whipped her posteriors and thighs as hard as she could, and continued whipping her without intermission, as long as she could hold the rod.

Having rested a few minutes she seized the boy, pulled his breeches down to his heels, and with the other rod she flogged him for ten minutes, and with such vigour of arm as made the young libertine kick and plunge like a colt, screaming in agony all the while.

For my part I think she acted in that instance very properly and such a correction may be hereafter of great service to these children, for it is better not to whip a child at all than not to make him feel well the stings of the birch.

I called last week on a friend of mine, an eminent mantua-maker in the city, whom I found in a violent passion.

On enquiring the cause, she told me that one of her apprentices had stolen a large silver spoon, and just as she was going to send her maid to gaol on suspicion she received a letter from an honest Jew, to whom the culprit had sold it, intimating he had suspected his customer, and followed the girl to her house, and offering to return the article.

"Now," said she to me, "I generally correct my apprentices with the birch, but I have just bought this horsewhip (showing me a large heavy carter's whip) to flog the hussey with. I will strip her and horsewhip her, till every bit of her skin is marked with it."

"Pray don't use that murderous thing," I expostulated in reply, "you might be punished for it; people have not yet forgotten Mother Brownrigg's case, who whipped her apprentices to death for the fun and cruelty of the thing."

It was with the utmost difficulty I could prevail upon her to substitute a good birch rod for that cruel whip. However, on my persistently representing to her the cruelty of chastising a girl with a horsewhip (although I am sorry to say I have actually seen it done in many families, where those in authority were inconsiderate and hasty in their tempers, and would use the first thing that came to hand), she consented to do the whipping with a good birch.

Domestic discipline, to be most effective, ought always to be carried out calmly, and all show of temper in inflicting punishment ought especially to be avoided, as likely to conduce to a want of respect in the delinquents.

A cart full of birch brooms, just cut from the trees, happening to pass by at that moment, she sent the servant to purchase a couple of them.

We both went upstairs to the back garret where the girl was confined. She appeared to me about fifteen, exceedingly pretty, with a beautiful white and delicate skin.

At the desire of my friend I stripped her of her clothes except her shift, and then the girl was ordered to seat herself on the floor, where the two brooms were thrown down in front of her, and select the finest pieces of birch herself, and tie them up into a rod, her mistress all the while pointing out particularly fine bits as most suitable for

her thievish bottom, &c., and putting the girl into the greatest possible shame and confusion, the presence of a stranger like myself evidently adding immensely to her mortification.

When the rod was finished she tied her to one of the posts of the bed, and began to whip the young pilferer's posteriors and thighs with all her strength.

"Oh! you hussey!" she would exclaim, "will you ever steal anything again? Will you? Will you? Will you? I will teach you to be honest! I'll whip it into your system."

"Oh, God! Oh, gracious heaven! Oh, mistress! Oh, mistress!" screamed the girl, wriggling and twisting like a little devil on feeling the smarting cuts of the new birch. "Do forgive me, I will never steal any more for the rest of my life! Oh! Oh! Indeed I won't!"

But the mistress, foaming with rage, kept on flogging her with unremitting fury, till the rod was worn out, and she had to drop it from sheer exhaustion.

Then she called the servant, and ordered her to wash the girl's weals and bruises with some strong brine.

She means to give her every Saturday during a month just such another whipping. I think she is quite right to do so, as such corrections will deter the girl in all probability from ever stealing again.

When we left she was ordered by her mistress to amuse herself during the week by making four more good useful rods from the brooms which were left with her.

I have myself three daughters grown up, the eldest is about fourteen; she was addicted to telling lies, but I have whipped that quite out of her; my second daughter I have also entirely cured of some very dirty habits; but the youngest, who is about twelve, is not only idle and obstinate but exceedingly mischievous. I have made no impression upon her as yet, but am determined she shall feel the stings of the birch every day, if necessary, till she amends.

Believe me, dear Sir Eyre,
Yours faithfully,
MARY WILSON.

Now for my own adventure promised in the last. You will remember that in giving some account of my establishment, I mentioned Charlie the page, brother to my favourite servant Jane.

Well, he was such a nice boy as to be a universal favourite in the house, just sixteen, beardless as a girl, with a soft voice and very willing and agreeable, in fact he was such a good-looking youth as to make quite an impression upon me, but I resolutely kept the secret buried in my own bosom.

In my second letter I told all about my regard for Jane, and it was often my practice, especially when I awoke too early of a bright summer's morning, to get up in my nightdress and slip unseen into Jane's chamber, to satisfy my restlessness by a luscious embrace in the anus of my favourite.

But one morning as I approached the door, which was slightly ajar, I heard a suppressed sigh, and cautiously peeping in, to my infinite astonishment saw Master Charlie with nothing but his shirt on, and that drawn up almost under his arms, on the top of his sister Jane, who was equally nude. His lips were pressed to hers in the ardour of coition, and her legs were thrown over his loins.

My first impulse was to withdraw as silently as I had come, but the luscious sight rooted me to the spot, and like Moses at the burning bush, I felt constrained to witness the wonderful sight. There was his youthful shaft, almost as big as that of Mr. Aubrey mentioned in my last; it looked as hard and smooth as ivory, and I was forced to fix my attention on its rapid pushing and withdrawing motion, which she seemed to encourage and meet by the heaving of her bottom to every rapid shove.

The door was close to the foot of the bed, and as they were quite unconscious of my presence, I knelt down to avoid being seen, and enjoy the voluptuous sight to the end.

I felt awfully agitated and all of a tremble, it was so new to me and unexpected, brother and sister. Ah! how they seemed to love and enjoy each other; they cling to each other in ecstasy, and the lips of her vagina seemed literally to cling to his shaft, holding on and protruding in a most luscious manner at each withdrawing motion, but it soon came to an end, as both died away in a mutual flood of bliss, whilst a warm gush from my own cunny bedewed my thighs with an overflow of what was as yet a truly maiden emission.

Hot, flushed and confused I silently withdrew from the scene unobserved, fully determined to punish Mr. Charlie for his incestuous intercourse with his sister, and if possible secure him for my own enjoyment.

The temptation was irresistible; the more I thought and strove to banish it from my thoughts, the more would my blood boil and throb through my veins at the thoughts of what I had seen, and must experience for myself. It was no use; I could not struggle against the fascination of the thing.

It was a Sunday morning. Middle. Fosse would go to Moorfields to her father confessor, and attend an afternoon lecture; so as soon as I had done luncheon I told Jane and the other two servants they might go out for the afternoon and return by half-past six or seven, as I would dispense with dinner if Margaret the cook would have something nice for supper, and Charlie could answer my bell if anything was wanted.

As soon as the house was clear, and I knew the cook liked the society of her pots and pans too much to think of leaving the precincts of the kitchen, I rang for my page, and ordered him to bring a lemon, some iced water, sugar, &c., and seeing that he had dressed himself with scrupulous care in case I summoned him, I said, "Charlie, I'm glad to see you are particular about your appearance, although there is no one at home."

CHARLIE, with great modesty.— "But you, Miss, are my mistress, and I always wish to show you the greatest possible respect even when you are quite alone."

ROSA.— "Indeed, sir, you profess great respect for me, and seem afraid hardly to lift your eyes, as if I was too awful to look at, but I have my doubts about your goodness; will you please fetch me a rather long packet you will find wrapped in paper on the library table."

He soon returned with the parcel, and I proceeded to open it as he stood before me, awaiting his dismissal or further orders. The paper was removed, and I flourished before his face (which rather flushed at the sight) a good long rod of fresh green birch, tied up with scarlet ribbons. "Do you know what this is for, sir?" I asked the astonished boy.

CHARLIE, in some little confusion.— "Ah! Oh! I don't know — unless it's what's used for whipping young ladies at school."

ROSA.— "And why not boys, you stupid?"

CHARLIE.— "Ah! Miss Rosa, you're making fun of me, they use canes and straps to boys — but — but—."

ROSA.— "Out with what you are going to say, I'm the only one that can hear it."

CHARLIE.— "Why — why — (turning quite scarlet), the thought came into my head that you might be going to whip me."

ROSA, with a smile.— "Well, that shows that at least you must know you have been doing something very bad; what is it?"

CHARLIE, in confusion.— "Oh! it was only a silly thought, and I didn't mean, I knew I deserved it."

ROSA.— "That's a clever answer, Master Charlie. Now, answer me, am I your only mistress?"

He cast down his eyes at his poser, but managed to stammer out, "Why, of course you are, Miss, as I am in your service alone."

ROSA.— "Now you bad boy; I prepared this rod on purpose for you; can't you guess what I saw early this morning in Jane's room?"

Charlie seemed as if shot; he fell on his knees before me, in the deepest shame and distress, covering his face with his hands, as he exclaimed, "Oh, God! how wicked of me, I ought, to have known I should be sure to be caught. Oh! be merciful, Miss Rosa, don't expose us, it shall never happen again. Punish us anyhow rather than let anyone know of it."

ROSA.— "It's awful, but I'm inclined to keep your secret, and be merciful. Do you know that you are guilty of incest, and liable to be hung for it, both of you?"

CHARLIE, sobbing and crying.— "What, for that? I only went to kiss her last night, and then laid down by her side; somehow our kisses and the heat of our bodies led from one liberty to another, till – till – I stopped all night, and you found me there this morning."

ROSA.— "You shall both smart for this. I will whip you well myself to cure such obscenity, but if ever it happens again, remember you shall swing for it. Now, sir, off with your coat and vest, and let down your breeches with your behind toward me."

He was terribly shame-faced over doing as I ordered him, but too frightened of the consequences to remonstrate, and turning his back to me, he soon stood in his shirt, with his breeches well pulled down.

"Now, sir," I said, "draw up that chair and kneel upon it, with your face over the back, then just pull up your shirt so as to properly offer your uncovered rump to the rod. Mind you bear it like a man, and keep as I order you, or I will yet send for a constable to take you to gaol."

CHARLIE, in a broken voice.— "Oh! Miss, I won't even call out if I can help it; punish me as much as you like, only don't betray us."

ROSA.— "Well sir, you'll find my hand rather heavy, but you must smart well for your awful crime," giving a couple of good stinging strokes which made their red marks, and suffused the white flesh of his pretty bum with a rosy tint all over.

"Will you? Will you? you bad boy, commit such incestuous wickedness with your sister again? There – there, I can't cut half hard enough to express my horror of the thing!" exclaimed I, striking every blow with great deliberation and force, till his skin was covered with bleeding weals, and I managed, as I walked round his posteriors in the exercise of the rod, to see that his face was a deep scarlet, but his lips were firmly closed; the sight of his bottom just beginning to trickle with blood so excited me that my arms seemed to be strengthened at every cut, to give a heavier stroke next time.

"Ah! Oh! Oh! I will never do it again. Ah–pr–r–re! I can't keep my mouth shut any longer. It's awful! Oh! Oh! How it burns into my flesh!" as he was compelled to writhe and wriggle under my fearful cuts.

This went on for about twenty minutes; now and then I had to slacken a little for want of breath, but his sighs and suppressed cries urged me on; it was a most delicious sensation to me; the idea of flogging a pretty youth fired my blood so much more than if the victim had been a girl; the rod seemed to bind me in voluptuous sympathy with the boy, although I was in perfect ecstasy at the sight of his sufferings. At last I sank back on a sofa quite exhausted with my exertions, and presently found him kneeling in front of me, kissing my hand, which still held the birch, exclaiming, "Ah! Miss Rosa, how you have pickled me; but, oh! I'm sure to do something bad again to make you whip me another time, it's so beautiful I can't describe what I feel, but all the pain was at last drowned in the most lovely emotions."

ROSA, in a faint voice.— "Oh! Charlie, how wicked of you, there, you shan't kiss my hand, my foot is good enough for you to beg pardon of."

CHARLIE, in rapture.— "My God! Miss Rosa, may I kiss that dainty little trotter of yours?" seizing one of my feet, and pressing his lips to my slightly exposed calf.

His touch was like a spark to a train of powder, I sank quite back on the sofa in a listless state, leaving my leg at his mercy, and seemed unable to repel his liberties; I felt his roving hand on the flesh of my thighs under the drawers, but the nearer he approached to the sacred spot the less able was I to resist; his hands went higher and higher, the heat of unsatisfied desire consumed me. At last with an effort I whispered, "Oh! oh! for shame, Charlie, what are you doing? come let my leg go, I want to tell you something. Ah! the punishing of you has been the undoing of me, ah! I am indeed afraid of you," hiding my face in my hands just as he raised his beautiful scarlet visage close to mine, and one of my feet also just touched something

projecting in front under his shirt. "Oh! Oh! what's that in front of you Charlie," I gasped.

"Oh, dear Miss, it's what Jane calls 'the boy,' and gives such pleasure that Aaron's rod could not equal its magic power," he said softly.

ROSA, hysterically.— "Oh! Oh! Charlie, will you be good and true to me, my life, my honour are in your power, you will never use my confusion, the secret that my impulsive nature cannot restrain. Ah! you naughty boy, it was the sight of your performance with your sister fired my imagination so that I determined to score your bottom well for you, but, alas, the sight has been too much for the sensuality of my disposition—."

I could not continue what I had to say, but the dear boy covered my face and bosom with kisses, his searching hands finding out and taking possession of all my secret charms, while I could not restrain my own hands from being equally free, and repaid his hot burning kisses with interest.

Our lips were too busy to give utterance to words; in short I surrendered everything to the dear boy, and we swam in the delights of love; of course I experienced the painful tension and laceration of my hymen, but all was soon forgotten in the flood of bliss which ensued.

His efforts exhausted him, and I had further recourse to the rod to procure myself a repetition of our joys, and lastly when I feared the dear youth might perhaps be seriously injured if I exacted from him more than nature could sustain, I prevailed upon him to use the birch on my own bottom, so as to keep my voluptuous sensations from abating.

Ah! the rod is delicious if skillfully applied after the delights of coition. The dear boy wanted to renew his attack, but I would not permit it, promising he should come to my room at night for another feast of love, but insisting upon his being rested for the present.

I enjoyed a most voluptuous liaison with my page for three or four years, till I was constrained to part with him on account of his manly appearance. By my advice and assistance he married well, entered into business, and became a thriving man. From time to time, as long as he lived, we secretly enjoyed the sweets of each other's society.

You have often wanted to know why I never married; the truth is, two things combined to prevent it. The first being my love of independence, and aversion to being subject to anyone, however I might love him; this I might perhaps have brought myself to give up, but the second reason was insurmountable. I could not

get a new maidenhead, and positively gave up all idea of marriage without that article, so essential to all spinsters who enter the hymeneal state.

Poor Charlie died in the prime of his life, at thirty-five, but before his decease gave me a packet of papers relating to his amorous adventures, by which I find he was not very faithful to me, even when in my service, but "*de mortuous nil nisi bonum*" is my motto, I only know I loved him when I had him.

Perhaps someday I may put his memoirs into some shape for your perusal, but this letter is the finis of these selections from my own experience.

Believe me,
Your affectionate friend,
ROSA BELINDA COOTE.

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART IV.

I now come to a most important epoch of my life, which at once sealed my matrimonial fate.

We were to leave town the next day, and were taking a morning walk in Kensington Gardens with Lady St. Jerome, when who should suddenly meet Her Ladyship, and demand an introduction to her charming young friends (meaning myself and Alice), but a tall handsome-looking old fellow of thirty, with the most wicked pair of dark eyes I had ever seen.

Lady St. Jerome appeared to have a most sinister smile upon her face, as turning to us she said, "My dears, allow me to present you to the Earl of Crim-Con, the most gallant gentleman of the day, but be careful how you accept his attentions." Then seeing a rather savage look cross his countenance— "Pardon me, my Lord, if in introducing you to Lady Beatrice Pokingham and Miss Alice Marchmont, I caution them to beware of such a dangerous lover; they are under my protection at the moment, and I should fail in my duty if I did not."

The angry flush was but momentary, being instantly replaced by a most agreeable smile, as he replied, "Thanks, thanks, my dear cousin, but your piety always makes you so hard on my little foibles. Will nothing ever make you believe I have honourable intentions; you know how often I have asked you to try and find me a nice little darling wifey-pifey, who would lead me with her little finger, and keep me out of mischief."

"You might have found a good wife long ago, you miserable hypocrite," retorted Her Ladyship, "you know that a certain place is said to be paved with good intentions, and that is where all yours will go to, my Lord, I fear, but I only just cautioned my young innocent friends here."

"Ah, hem, I think I know that warm place you allude to, just between the thighs, is it not my Lady?"

Lady St. Jerome blushed up to her eyes as she exclaimed, in an apparently angry tone, "Now, this is really unbearable, that Your Lordship should at once commence

with your obscene inuendoes; my dears, I am so ashamed of having introduced you to such a horrible specimen of modern society."

"A truce, I will really be on my best behaviour, and try not to offend the most delicate ideas again," he said with great seeming earnestness, "but really cousin, I do want to be married and kept out of harm. Now I suppose these two young ladies are eligible parties, do you think either of them would have a worn-out roue like me?"

"Really, my Lord, you are incorrigible to go on so and talk like that before two young ladies at once," expostulated our cicerone.

"Ha, you don't believe me, cousin, but, by God, I am not jesting, you shall see presently, just wait a moment," he said, then taking out his pocket-book, pencilled something on two slips of paper which he held in his hand, with the ends slightly projecting. "Now, cousin, just draw one and see which it is to be."

"Only for the fun of the thing, to see what you mean"; then she pulled one of the slips from his hand, exclaiming with a laugh as she looked at it, "Beatrice, you are to be Lady Crim-Con if you will take such a scapegrace for better or worse."

HIS LORDSHIP.— "I really mean it, if you will have me dear lady; may I call you Beatrice? What a happy name, especially if you would make me happy."

It is impossible to write how I felt at that moment; I knew that he was rich, with a great title, and despite his bad reputation, that was a most tempting bait to a comparatively portionless girl.

Somehow he took my arm, and Lady St. Jerome, with Alice, walking in front, seemed to go any way but direct home, in order to give His Lordship every facility to urge upon me his sudden courtship. I can't tell you how it happened, but before we reached the house, I had promised to have him, and in less than a month we were married.

I need not trouble about the wedding ceremony, but at once give some account of the first night I had with my spouse. When I first mentioned him, I spoke of an old man of thirty; that is exactly what he was, and although still a handsome fellow, one would have guessed him to be fifty at least.

His youthful vigour had been expended long ago, by constant and enervating debauchery, and now instead of being able to enter the lists of love in a genuine manner, he had a perfect plethora of disgusting leches, which he required to be enacted before he could experience sensual excitement.

Our first night was passed at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, as we were on our way for a continental tout.

During our short courtship I had never allowed him the slightest liberty, as my common sense told me that such a man would discard the most beautiful girl if he could but take advantage of her before marriage.

Well, then, the ceremony at St. George's, Hanover Square, where the nuptial knot was tied, was scarcely over, and we had just taken our seats in the carriage to return to Lady St. Jerome's house, from which I was married, when he gave me a rude kiss, and thrusting his hands up my clothes, seized upon my cunt in a very rough manner, as he laughingly told me not to pretend to be prudish, as "he knew I was a little whore, and had had Lothair and lots of other fellows, in fact that was the reason he had married me, and meant I should be a damned little bitch to him, and do everything he required, which a virtuous girl might object to; besides," he added, "I always looked out for an orphan who had no blasted parents to complain to. There, don't cry like a fool," as he saw the tears of mortification run down my crimson face, "you have only to pander to my curious tastes a bit, and we shall be happy enough."

I felt his advice the best I could take at the moment; his evident knowledge of my intrigues gave him such an advantage that I dried up my tears and resolved to make the best of a bad bargain, as I returned his kiss as lovingly as possible, and begged him "not to be a bad boy before other people, and he would find me everything he could wish."

I must have been very nearly screwed that night before I retired to bed to await His Lordship's coming. I got in between the sheets perfectly naked in accordance with his orders, and commenced frigging myself at once, the many bumpers of champagne he had made me drink in his company, to various obscene toasts, which he constantly proposed, such as—

"A stiff prick for randy cunt." "Here's to a girl who would rather be buggered, than not fucked at all," and one in particular, which awfully excited my ideas, viz.: "Here's to the girl who likes to frig herself before you till she spends, then suck your prick to a stand, and prefers to have you in her tight wrinkled bum-hole rather than anywhere else."

Presently he entered the room, with a hiccup; as he pulled the bed-clothes off me, he exclaimed, "You're a damned pretty little bitch, Beatrice, and being nearly drunk, my dear, you see my cock happens to stand for once, we will make the best of it. I had the whites of a dozen raw eggs in some milk this morning, and just now a cup of chocolate with half-a-dozen drops of the tincture of cantharides to make me randy for once."

His coat, trousers, and everything were thrown off in a trice, till he was as naked as myself, whilst his eyes had an almost demoniac kind of glare, so unnaturally brilliant did they look just then.

Springing on the bed, "Ha," he exclaimed in a husky voice, "my little beauty has been frigging herself and spending. Suck my prick or I'll kill you, you little bitch!" he said savagely, as he reversed himself over me, and plunged his head between my thighs, where he at once commenced to suck my quim most deliciously, whilst I nestled his rather long prick (it was not very thick), between my bobbies, pressing them together with my hands so as to make him fuck me there, whilst I was so excited that I readily kissed and took his balls in my mouth.

He was so furious in his gamahuching that he continually made me feel his teeth quite sharply, as he bit the clitoris and nymphre, growling out, "Spend, spend, why don't you come, you little bitch?" getting more outrageous and cruel every moment, till his bites made me shriek with agony as I writhed about, and deluged his mouth with quite a profusion of my creamy emission.

"A devilish good spend that," he murmured between my thighs, "but I have made your poor cunny bleed a little!" as he seemed to enjoy licking up the sanguineous mixture.

"Now suck my prick," he said with renewed fierceness, turning round and presenting it full in my face. "You're a cheating little bitch, and I mean to have you dog fashion."

I took that long prick in my hands, frigging the shaft as hard as I could, whilst I just titillated the ruby head with my tongue, till I felt it was tremendously distended and as hard as iron.

"Jump up quick, on your hands and knees, you little whore," as he gave me a couple of tremendously smarting smacks on my buttocks, loud enough to have been heard a long way off, only our bedroom was at the end of a corridor; the whole of the rooms in that part of the hotel having been taken *en suite* for us.

Turning up my rump as desired, I thought it was only a fancy of his for entering my cunt that way, but he suddenly spit on the head of his long stiff affair; and presented it to my astonished bum-hole, as he exclaimed with a chuckle of delight, "I'm going to fancy you're a boy, and take the only maidenhead you have left, your cunt will do another time, but it must be a virginity on a wedding night!"

"Ah, no, no, no, you shan't do that to me!" I cried out in fright.

"Nonsense, you little randy bitch, shove your arse out, and let me get in, or I'll serve you out dreadfully, and pitch you out of the window into the sea, and say you committed suicide through overexcitement!"

My fright increased, I was really afraid he would murder me, so I resigned myself to my fate, and clenched my teeth as I felt the head of his prick like a hundred little pins forcing its way within my tightly contracted vent hole. At last he got in, then withdrawing his hands from my mount where he had been tearing and pulling the hair to increase my pain, he placed both arms round my neck, and beginning slowly, fucked my bottom most voluptuously, till with a scream of delight I spent again in perfect ecstasy as I felt the delicious warmth of his spendings shooting up my fundament.

Being so overexcited by the means he had taken to prepare himself for our *noces*, he retained his stiffness, and never gave up possession of my bottom till we had come together a third time.

As soon as he withdrew his long limp cock, now reeking with a mixture of spendings and soil, he at once secured me to the bedposts with some silken cords before I could get away, or was well aware of his purpose.

"Now, my pretty boy, I have got you nicely, and will whip another cockstand out of you as soon as I have sponged off all the effects of our late enculade," he said, bringing some cold water and a sponge in a basin; he laved and cooled my heated parts, till I began to feel quite grateful to him. At last he sponged himself, and wiping himself and me with a fine soft towel, proceeded to select his instruments of flagellation from a small long leather case, which I had supposed only held a gun.

He showed them to me delightedly, then selecting a fine switch of horse hair mounted on a cane handle, he began to whip me with it between my thighs, and on the lips of my cunt in a most exciting manner, till I was so carried away with emotion that I begged he would fuck me properly to allay the longing irritation of my burning cunt.

"My prick isn't stiff enough yet, but I'll suck your spendings for you, my beautiful randy little tit," he cried out, falling on his knees and twisting my body round so that he could get at my cunt. How delightful the thrusts of his tongue were to me in my excited state. I wriggled about in ecstasy, and getting one foot on his prick gently rolled it on his thigh under my sole, till I felt it was getting enormously stiff again, and at the same moment almost fainted away from excess of emotion, as I delighted my lecherous husband by another copious spend.

I thought he was going to fuck me properly now, his engine was so rampant, but instead of that he turned my back to him once more, and selecting a fine light birch

rod, made of three or four twigs only, elegantly tied up with blue and crimson velvet ribbons, he commenced to flagellate my tender bottom; how his light switch seemed to cut and weal the flesh at every stroke; it was in vain that I cried for mercy as the tears of real agony rolled down my cheeks; he only seemed the more delighted, and jeered me upon the effects of every cut, telling me first how rosy my bottom looked, then, "now you bitch, it's getting fine, and red, and raw, it's bleeding deliciously!" till at last the rod was used up, the splinters lying all about the floor and bed, then throwing it aside he again assaulted my poor bottom-hole, apparently more and more delighted as he gave me pain, in again forcing his entrance as roughly as possible; however, when he was fairly in I soon forgot everything under the influence of his ecstatic moves, till I could remember no more, and suppose I fainted; he must have released my bonds and allowed me to sink on the bed, for when I awoke the sun was streaming in at the window, and His Lordship was snoring by my side.

His treatment on my wedding night was comparatively mild to what he afterwards made me go through, but his penchant for getting pleasure out of me soon seemed to wear off, although now and then he would fit me with a dildo and make me bugger him behind, whilst I frigged him with my hands in front till he spent.

Another of his amusements, and which seemed to afford him particular delight, was to show me all his collection of bawdy books, drawings, and photographs, till he could see I was awfully excited, and then he would jeer me about being married to a used-up old fellow, like himself, didn't I wish I could have Lothair now, &c.

One day having amused himself this way with me for some time he made me lie down on a sofa, and tied a bandage over my eyes, fastened my hands and feet so that I could not move, then throwing my clothes all up he tickled and frigged me with his fingers till I was quite beside myself with unsatisfied desire and begged him to fuck me, or at least to fetch his dildo and give me some kind of satisfaction.

"It really is a damned shame to tease you so, my little whore," he laughed, "so I will get the dildo out of my cabinet in the next room."

He was scarcely gone many seconds before he returned, and I felt his fingers opening the lips of my cunt, as I thought to insert the dildo, but instead of that it was his prick, and throwing his arms around me he seemed to be more vigorous than ever, his cock swelling and filling my longing gap in a manner I had never felt it before. I spent in an ecstasy of bliss, as I murmured my thanks in endearing terms for the pleasure he had afforded me by such a delicious proof of his manliness.

Presently a strange hand seemed to be feeling his prick, and thrusting a pair of fingers into my cunt alongside of his still vigorous engine.

"Ah! Oh!! Oh!! Who is that?" I screamed from under my skirts, which were thrown over my face.

"Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! She pretends to think I've been fucking her when she must have known it was James all the time!" I heard him laugh, as at the same moment all the obstructions were removed from my face so that I could really see it was the young butler on the top of me, with his prick still in full possession, and just beginning to run a second course.

"Kiss her, put your tongue in her mouth, my boy! Fuck! Fuck away! or it will be the worse for your arse!" exclaimed His Lordship, who was handling his balls with one hand, and slapping his rump furiously with the other. "See how she pretends to be ashamed; it's quite delightful Lady Beatrice, to see you can still blush."

I screamed and protested against the outrage, but James's delicious motions soon made me forget everything, and recalled to my mind the orgie we had with the servants at Crecy House, and in imagination I was again in the arms of the wondrously developed Charlie.

We spent a second time, but he kept his place and continued the love combat with unabated vigour, and His Lordship seeing that I was quite carried away by my feelings, and responding to his man's attack with all my naturally voluptuous ardour, released both my hands and feet so that I might thoroughly enjoy myself.

"Hold tight James," he cried out, "she's so high spirited, you'll get unseated, but the little devil needn't think she's to have this treat all to herself!"

Saying which he mounted on the sofa behind the young butler, and I could see his long prick was now as stiff as possible, and he seemed to have a rather easy task in getting into his man's bottom, no doubt having often been there before, but wanted some extra excitement on this occasion, so he sacrificed me to his catamite, in order to bring himself to the necessary pitch by seeing all our lascivious movements.

You may be sure that after this James and I were upon the best of terms, His Lordship introducing him to our bedroom at night, and joining us in every kind of wantonness; he even once contrived to get his long thin prick into my cunt alongside of James's as I was riding a St. George; it gave me the most intense pleasure, and immensely delighted them both by the novel sensation, besides the idea of having achieved an apparent impossibility.

After this Crim-Con seemed to get quite blase and indifferent to everything we did, and even insisted on sleeping by himself in another room, leaving us to ourselves. However, both myself and paramour were not so blind as to believe he

was quite used up, but consulting together we came to the conclusion that His Lordship had fallen in love with my young page, a youth of fifteen, who had only recently entered my service, and slept in a small room at the end of a long corridor in which both our bedrooms were situate.

He always locked himself in when going to bed, as he said, for fear I would not let him alone, so to determine the mystery one night we floured the whole length of the corridor, and in the morning were rewarded by seeing the marks of His Lordship's footsteps, both going and returning from the page's room.

We did not want to spoil his fun, only to enjoy the sight of it, and reap a little extra excitement if possible from the scene, so next day we examined the ground, and found that a small room next to that occupied by the page exactly suited our purpose, and being furnished as an extra bedroom for visitors we had only to make some good peepholes to enable us to sit or kneel on the bed and see everything.

(To be continued.)

THE ARITHMETICIAN. – A FACT.

Come tell me, dear Charlotte, my goddess, I cried;
What numbers have tasted thy charms?
Too fickle enslaver! thou ownest a pride,
In admitting a host to thine arms!
Yet blooming in all the luxuriance of youth
The hills of thy bosom belie thee,
Then come my enchantress, confess me the truth,
Let not prudery idly deny me!

O never, she cried, let us reckon the "number,"
But rather the "length" of our loves!
Ah, give me full measure! and if it be under,
I reckon by couples my "doves,"
With my finger I spann'd every member of pleasure,
Together I spann'd the amount,
Till the pricks put together, were twelve miles in measure
And then I gave o'er the account!

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LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

(Continued)

In a fortnight more we reached St. Petersburg, where, after preparing everything for my return, I determined to devote a day or two to pleasure.

At a ball given at the Imperial Palace, to which I was invited, I became acquainted with the Countess Z—, one of the most accomplished beauties at Court, and the reigning belle of St. Petersburg.

The Countess Caroline was a widow of twenty-three! She had been married at twenty, and about a month after her marriage her husband had been killed in a duel with an Englishman.

The Countess had a gait and look proud and haughty as a Juno, her oval face and majestic figure excited my highest admiration, and I determined if possible to make her mine.

Entering into a conversation with her, I found that she was pleased with my company, and much more with my person.

Accomplished as she was, Caroline Z— had the vice peculiar to all Russians, of drinking large quantities of brandy. In fact, she drank so much that knowing she lived in a large palace, with no one but her serfs, I formed the resolution of making her mine that same night.

Plying her with brandy till late in the morning, she became so much excited as not to be able to control herself. I kept close by her side throughout the night, till the ball broke up. I humbly asked permission to be her escort home.

Engaging her in a laughing conversation, I put the question to her as we descended the palace stairs, which the giddy young creature, nearly intoxicated with brandy, at once accepted.

I handed her into the carriage, and bidding the driver go fast, in a moment we were at her palace.

On alighting she invited me in – an invitation which I promptly accepted, and led me up a flight of large stairs into her own dressing-room. So much was she affected by the brandy she had drunk that she hardly knew what she was doing.

Laying off her bonnet and shawl she rang the bell, and two waiting-maids entered. Asking to be excused for a few minutes, she retired to her boudoir, followed by her attendants, and in a short time reappeared in a different dress, a loose flowing gown of rich cashmere.

Calling for lunch and brandy, she dismissed the attendants who brought it in. They retired in apparent amazement at the sight of a man being admitted into her dressing-room, and especially at that hour.

I now watched my opportunity, and pouring a few drops of liquid from a small vial I always carried about me, into a glass of brandy, I presented it to her, and she drank it off.

It ran like liquid fire through her veins, her eyes sparkled with licentiousness, her heart heaved and palpitated with the fierce desires which were consuming her.

Advancing my seat beside her own, I poured into her ears a tale of burning love. I put my arm around her waist, and finding she made no resistance, pressed her to my bosom, and planting numberless kisses on her lips, sucked the breath from her.

In a minute more she delivered herself up to me body and soul, she threw her arms around my neck, and repaid the kisses I had just given, with interest.

I raised up with her in my arms, and carried her into the boudoir, in which stood a bed in a recess. I undressed her till she stood in her shift, and then taking off my own clothes stood in my perfect nudity. Giving Caroline a soft kiss I drew the shift from off her, and had a fair view of all her secret charms.

Leading her to the bedside I gave her the fillip on her back, and soon was buried to the very utmost notch in the most lusciously tight cunt I had ever entered.

With what fire, what enthusiasm, with what fierce upheavings did she meet and receive the piercing thrusts of my love dart.

The excitement thickens, the combat grows hotter and hotter. Heavens! what pleasure! what joy! what ecstasy! Oh, how my lively partner kept time to all my fierce desires! In what a sea of delight was I plunged! What an indescribable luxurious heat reigned in the luscious folds of her cunt! Ye gods! how often did I dart my stiffened arrow through the rich, juicy flesh of her deliciously sensitive quiver! I felt the crisis approach, our mouths met; we devoured each other's tongues; her rosy lips, how sweet and warm! What intense voluptuousness in those amorous bites, that burning struggle of our tongues, that sought, moistened, entangled, drew back, and darted together again!

I gave her the coup de grace, and so great was the flood that issued from the reservoirs of love that the precious pearly fluid flowed down her thighs, as I spurted into the deepest recess of her cunt the burning sperm.

Caroline had not all the briskness and vivacity of La Rose d' Amour, her movements were languishing but more voluptuous. I turned her over and over, I touched and handled every part. I kissed her again; everything did I devour with my fiery kisses, especially the gaping lips of her cunt, which were wet and moist with the liquid stream from the fountain of pleasure which I had poured into her.

The spark kindled, the flame blazed. We writhed and twined, over and over, in each other's arms, and the sixth time had my indefatigable courser bounded to the goal of victory without tiring. The storm grew higher, the sperm fell in torrents, but could not put out the blazing fire that raged within us.

We awoke in the morning refreshed from the fatigues of the night. Again did I survey all the charms of my lovely bedfellow. She stroked my limber instrument till it grew into a stately rod. I toyed with her enticing firm globes of alabaster, each tipped with a rosebud most lusciously tempting, which I moulded and pressed in my hand, and sucking the nipples received fresh fire.

I turned her on her back, she spread her thighs, and guiding the dart which pierced her to the very vitals, we again drank of the sweets obtained in the fountain of Venus.

Swearing eternal constancy and love I left my charming Caroline, and hastened home.

I told Celestine all that had occurred, not omitting to expatiate pretty freely on the pleasure I had enjoyed while revelling in the virgin charms of Caroline Z—.

This somewhat piqued my French charmer, but on opening to her my views she consented to the arrangement proposed. I told her my intention was to fit up the chateau in all the magnificence of Barbaric pearl and gold, and to take, nay, in fact, steal off all the handsomest women that excited my desires very strongly, and carry them to the chateau, which I would have guarded by trusty followers, in fact, to make it a fortified seraglio.

I told her that she should reign as undisputed mistress of the place, and that, greedy as she was, she should never want for the peculiar flesh which she was always willing and ready to devour. I also told her to have everything in complete readiness to start at a moment's notice, while I went to see the beautiful Russian in whose arms I had passed the night.

Calling in the evening, a servant led me immediately to Caroline. I found her in a splendid bathing-room, reclining in a bath of milk and perfumed waters.

Placing a cushion on the marble edge of the bath, I made my proposition to her of leaving Russia and going to France with me. I pictured to her imagination what should be the magnificent splendour of our abode, in which love alone should be admitted.

I described to her all the endless variety of enjoyments in which we could indulge, passing our days and nights in one uninterrupted round of pleasure.

So highly did I excite her imagination by the glowing description of the amorous life we should pass that she at once agreed to accompany us. I say us, for I had told her all of my having Celestine with me, and of my intentions of possessing every woman who might take my fancy.

She entered at once into the spirit of my proposition, and made me promise to bring Celestine to her house on the following evening, and all three spend the night together.

After spending the day in driving about the environs of St. Petersburg, Celestine (in her male attire) and I alighted at the house of the Countess, and we were at once shown into the dressing-room of which I have before told.

Caroline was reclining on a sofa in all the charming coquetry of a *neglige dishabille* when we entered. Instead of rising to receive us she merely tapped a silver bell which lay beside her, and two girls entered, who, taking Celestine into the boudoir, remained for a full half-hour.

What was my astonishment when she re-entered to behold her in a dress, the exact counterpart of the one Caroline had on, who as soon as she came in got up and embraced her, praising her beauty, admiring her figure, calling her sister, and paying her every attention she could think of.

On asking my beautiful Russian how she had got the dress for Celestine, she replied that from the description I had given her she had the dress made in that short time, as she could not think of showing off her own charms to the best advantage, Celestine being concealed by her male attire, saying which she opened a casket, and placed on the brow of Celestine a coronet of diamonds of the first water, on her neck a necklace of pearls, and in the bosom of her dress a large rose formed of brilliants, asking her to receive them as a present from a sister.

Celestine drew from her finger a very large brilliant, and presented it to Caroline as a token of friendship, excusing her present poverty for not being able to make a more handsome return for her elegant present.

Supper being laid in the room in which we then were, we sat down to a feast for the gods, expressly prepared for the occasion by the voluptuous Caroline. The dishes were all highly seasoned, while the wines were of the most heating and exciting kind.

After the dessert had been brought in I laid my plans again before my two mistresses. Caroline said she would need but a week to make her preparations, as the most of her immense fortune consisted in money and jewels, which she would place in my hands to be disposed of as I thought proper, telling me to make arrangements for her leaving very secretly, for if either of her brothers should know of her intentions they would most assuredly detain her by force if in no other manner.

Having drunk enough wine to excite their desires pretty strongly, my two beauties commenced tussling me about, rolling me on the floor, and tumbling on top of me, their dresses in most admirable disorder; a pin becoming loose would expose the half of a breast whiter than snow; the flying up of a petticoat would display a well-turned calf, a knee, or a firm, fleshy thigh.

But this dalliance, acting as a provocative on their already excited lusts, could not be put up with very long. They burned for some more substantial good than that afforded by kissing and pinching, which were fine auxiliaries for increasing an appetite they could not satisfy.

Jumping up I ran into the boudoir, followed by the dear creatures, whose eyes flashed with the fires of libertinism, while their breasts rose and fell with quick heavings.

I hid under the bed, from whence they pulled me, and stripping me naked; glued their moist lips over every part of me, my erect Jacob staff coming in for more than its share.

They stripped to their skin, and calling on me as umpire to decide on the relative beauties of their charms, as they stood before a large pier glass, handling their snowy strawberry-tipped bobbies, sleeking down the glossy curling whiskers that surrounded two pairs of the most temptingly pouting lips that ever adorned women. Where both were perfect models of voluptuous beauty and grace, although different in their kinds, I could not decide, but admired more and more the charms of which I was the happy possessor.

I seized on the rosy nipples of the heaving snowy hillocks, which disdaining the use of corsets, rested on their bosoms like globes of alabaster. I sucked them, I squeezed their soft round bellies against mine, I kissed everything and everywhere. I laid my kisses on the hairy mounts that overhang the delicious grottos underneath; the lips which close the mouth of the flesh slits next receive their share; I am on fire! I burn! The bed receives us! I wish to push matters home at once; but no, they would bring me to the very point before I could enter.

Celestine has seized on my prick; she cannot get it into her cunt, so, determined not to lose it altogether, she takes it in her mouth, she sucks its glowing heap, she rolls her tongue over the top of it. I am mad-delirious. No longer to be restrained I throw myself on to Caroline, who receives me with open legs and arms. I dart my fiery rod into her furnace, which consumes it. A few maddening thrusts, drove home with such force that I touch her to the very quick – a cry of thrilling pleasure escapes us at the same time, and all is over.

But so intense were our passions that we hardly perceived it till I felt her again moving up to me. How delicious! What voluptuous warmth pervaded her whole body. How exquisitely did the springing cheeks of her backside respond to all my motions. The little devil Celestine is playing with two large balls that keep knocking against the buttocks of my antagonist.

It is too much; I drive it home, and lie gasping and quivering on Caroline's breast, who cries out, "Oh heavens! further in! I come – I spend! Oh – oh, God, I die! Oh, dear, what plea-pleas-pleas-ure!"

She had fainted. The delicious wriggings of her backside, the contraction of her cunt, sucked the last drop from me.

When she recovered from the delirium in which her senses were plunged, she lay with her eyes languishingly beaming, her lips apart, with the tip of her rosy

tongue slightly protruded between two rows of pearl – the very picture of voluptuous pleasure.

So plentifully had I bestowed in her the liquid treasure of love's reservoir, and so delightfully had she intermingled with mine the essence of her own dear self, that when I withdrew from her the pearly stream flowed out and ran over her thighs.

I had a short respite, receiving renewed vigour from the caresses of Celestine, whose greedy little maw was gaping wide to receive the half-erect machine which she was working at, trying to make it stand, so as to win her purpose.

Her whole body glowed with an intense heat, what voluptuous warmth reigned in every part! She burns, she imparts to me the fire which is consuming her very vitals. My ever willing and ready courser comes up to the stand, with head erect, impatient for the word.

I give him the reins, and he plunges forward in his impetuous career; on, on he speeds, nothing retards him. On, on, he rushes, nor stops till the race is run. He falters, he stops, his head droops, he pours out his very life blood, sprinkling the whole course which he has run with the precious liquid. It is finished; another faint struggle; a few convulsive jerks and it is all over. I lay panting on the heaving bosom of Celestine.

After having for the eighth time renewed my embraces with my two loves, we fell asleep, only to wake to new pleasures.

At the end of the week Caroline, having completed her business, placed in my hands upwards of three millions of francs and jewels to the value of one million more, and the following day we left St. Petersburg.

Having at my request provided themselves with a full wardrobe of male attire we started for France, where I longed to be, to put into operation all my schemes of pleasure, which I was determined should rival, if not excel, anything of the kind ever seen or heard of in the East.

On passing the frontier of France, I directed my route to the chateau, where, after depositing my lovely mistresses, I kept on to Paris.

On entering the capital I drove to the most fashionable upholsterer, telling him what I wanted done, gave him carte blanche in respect to the expense to be incurred. Telling the man to make everything of the very richest material money could purchase, I advanced him a cheque for one hundred thousand francs, with the privilege of drawing on my banker for more in case of need. Giving orders to have everything fixed in one month, I started to seek out some of the members of the Club

from which I had stolen Celestine. My first visit was to the hotel of the Count de C—, for the purpose of seeing Mademoiselle de C—, or Rosalie, as I shall call her, who having been my partner in the initiative act on the night of my admittance to the club, I felt a considerable partiality towards her, and determined to transplant her to the chateau as soon as everything was fitted up in it. On entering the hotel I was told that the Count and his lady were out, enquiring for Rosalie, I was shown into the music room, where I found her seated at a harp. On the servant disappearing she ran up to me, and threw herself into my arms. I led her to a sofa, and seating her on my knee, unfolded to her my intentions, stating what I had done and what I intended to do. Telling her how Celestine had accompanied me to Russia; how I had made a conquest of the charming Caroline; how I had brought them both to France, and left them at the chateau. I urged her by all the powers of persuasion I could employ to go with me to the chateau, where her life would be one continued round of luxurious pleasure.

She gave her consent to accompany me as soon as I had everything prepared for her reception.

During our conversation I was pressing and moulding her breasts, and as the dialogue gained interest my hand became more bold, and roamed everywhere.

When I had finished talking I found that in my absentmindedness I had lain her down on the sofa, and was preparing to put her attentions of love to the proof, when an infernal servant opened the door to announce a visitor.

Ach, cursed luck! thought I, as we settled ourselves, to be thus interrupted at such a time. But on seeing the lady enter my grief was changed to joy, for she was certainly the most voluptuous and beautiful creature my eyes ever looked on. With what dignity, what grace she crossed the room. What graceful ease reigned in every motion. A well-turned ankle; a pretty little foot, that noiselessly tripped across the floor, gave me a very good opinion of what was to be found above the garter.

Rosalie introduced the lady to me as Laura, daughter of the Count de B—. Seeing there was no further opportunity of paying my compliments privately to Rosalie, I took my leave to make other calls.

I spent some six or eight days in Paris, leaving orders with jewelers and silversmiths for every variety of fancy articles, not forgetting to have my banker write to his agent in London, to procure me a swift sailing yacht of the largest size, fitted up in the richest manner, without regard to cost, and to be manned with a crew ready and willing to do any service I might name. She was ordered to be sent to the chateau on the coast of Brittany, where a small creek, putting in from the open sea, made an excellent harbour for a vessel.

Having finished my business, I hastened down to the chateau, taking with me a first-rate architect and a number of workmen.

In a short time I had converted a large saloon on the second floor into a magnificent hall. Its sides and ends were covered with flowers and evergreens, making a perpetual summer. On each side stood a row of statues of nude figures, which I had purchased in Paris. At either end played a beautiful fountain, while in the centre was a large marble basin, in which played a third fountain. The figure that cast up the water was a statue of a female lying down, so arranged that she seemed to be floating on her back in the water, the *jet d'eau* burst from her cunt, and ascended nearly to the ceiling, making a shower bath to anyone who would be seated on the figure.

The side windows opened on to a balcony, which overlooked the sea.

On the opposite side of the corridor I had converted the whole suite of apartments into one large room, which as soon as the upholsterer arrived was to be furnished with fifty beds.

The suite of apartments on the same floor of the adjoining wing I had converted into one large bathing room. In this room was a marble bath, in which fifty people could bathe at the same time. A small fish pond stood in the garden. It turned into a small lake of about one hundred yards in diameter.

(To be continued.)

FRANK FANE – A BALLAD.

The master said to the Schoolboy,
 As it fell on a day,
"All the rest are to go,
 Frank Fane is to stay.
I set you all free
 From the birch and the cane,
Not a boy shall be swished,
 Not a boy, but Frank Fane."

Said the Merry Master,
 "Frank Fane is to stay,
To be flogged with a flogging,
 As good as your play.
Frank Fane is to stay,
 To be whipped in the hall,
To be whipped, till his whipping
 Atones for you all.

Any boy that enjoys
 A fine flogging to see,
I give leave to stay here,
 With Frank Fane and me:
They will see his white bottom,
 When they see it again,
I don't think they'd fancy
 It belongs to Frank Fane."

While the rest went a playing,
 In the hall there were four,
Frank Fane and his Master,
 And two fellows more.
There were three there for pleasure,
 And one there for pain;
How they giggled and grinned,
 At the funk of Frank Fane!

"Now loosen your braces,
 And lower your breeks,
And show your companions
 Your bare nether cheeks.
Make haste to the closet,

And bring a good rod,
Or I'll cut you to ribands,
You shuffler, by God!"

"O master! dear Master!
Have pity for once!"
"What, pity for a truant,
A thief and a dunce!
For once, and at once,
You shall smart for all three,
A three-fold example
Your bottom shall be."

Now his comrades they took him,
Each grasping a hand,
And gaily accomplished
The Master's command.
They swayed down his body,
Rolled up his shirt-tail,
And poised up his buttocks,
That a stroke mightn't fail.

Then they tied down his legs,
That the skin might draw tight,
That each lash might draw blood
To the Master's delight;
Then they twitched at his hair,
And chucked up his chin,
And cried out, "Good Master!
It's time to begin."

Now Arthur's and Redgy's
Own bottoms were sore,
But they knew that Frank Fane's
Would be terrible more.
And each was too glad
To forget his own grief,
In seeing Frank's flesh
In the state of raw beef.

Said Arthur to Redgy,
"We've often been stripped,
All three of us together,
And jollily whipped;

But now we're both masters,
And, crickey! it's fun,
To see Frank Fane catching
Three floggings in one."

The first was three dozen,
Laid in with a will,
"Just enough," quoth the Master,
"For a boy in the bill."
Then he sat down and rested
His arm for awhile
And looked at his work,
With a grim kind of smile.

Then he gave a fresh sentence—
"So much for the Dunce!
Now five dozen for the Truant,
But not all at once.
This rod is all splintered,
Go fetch me two more;
No, two's poor allowance,
So, Redgy, bring four!"

"There'll be two for the Truant,
And two for the Thief,
And if that does not bring
That fat bottom to grief—
Then Keate was a fumbler,
And Busby a fool,
And I'm not a Master
Of Whippingham School!"

Then the right trusty Master
Went at him like mad,
And loud were the prayers
And shrieks of the lad.
Said Arthur, "You coward!"
Said Redgy, "Keep cool!
Your bottom's a credit
To Whippingham School!"

But the Master is pausing!
Is it mercy or fear?
Ah! no, it's to toss off

A mug of strong beer.
And refreshed with his tippie,
He's at him again,
He never seems tired
Of swishing Frank Fane!

He pauses once more. — "Boys!"
He cries, "Hold him tight,
I remember I've got
A short letter to write.
If the creature's rebellious,
Let him taste this sweet cane,
I'll be back in ten minutes
To finish Frank Fane."

So the cane on his shoulders
Went rat-a-tap-tap,
And in turns they examined
His bum like a map;
Such outlines! Such islands!
Such mountains of weals
And such pretty red rivers
Running down t'wards the heels!

Here's the Master returning,
A cigar 'tween his lips,
Hurrah! for the Master
Who smokes while he whips!
He knows how to tackle
Two pleasures at once—
The taste of the baccy
The smart of the Dunce.

So he puffed like a demon!
And fiercely cut in,
Till you hardly could pick out
An inch of whole skin.
Then he took a new country,
And he striped the white thighs,
Till the old hall re-echoed
A tempest of cries.

O! firm was his muscle!
And supple his wrist,

And he handled the Rod,
 With a terrible twist,
But muscles grow weary,
 And arms lose their powers,
There's an end for all nice things,
 For floggings – like flowers.

Shrieks Frank Fane, "I'm dying!"
 Says Redgy, "You a'nt,
And if you go off
 In a bit of a faint,
We'll soon thrash you back
 Into living again,
You've not done with swishing
 Just yet – Master Fane!"

Now the whipping is over,
 And the culprit is free,
I don't think he'll sit down,
 This evening for tea!
And when in a fortnight
 He's turned down once more,
I fancy he'll find
 His bottom still sore.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D.1797.

CHAPTER 1.

When I was sixteen years old I was a pupil teacher at the N. School. I had a bedroom to myself, but I always chose one of the elder girls to sleep with me. My favourite, Susey P—, was about my own age, and of a warm friendly disposition. We soon became very intimate, and promised to tell each other all our secrets.

We were both exceedingly curious to know all about the secret pleasures of love, and often talked over the subject at night, all the time fondling and playing with each other's cunts.

"Did you ever hear any name for this little chink, May?"

"Yes, dear, cunt. One of the girls wrote it the other day on her slate. She said that was what the boys called it."

"And what do they call their own things?"

"Pricks."

"Why do they call them pricks?"

"I suppose it is because they prick our cunts."

"Would you like to have your cunt pricked?"

"Yes, I think, I would like it now, for my cunt feels so very hot."

"So it is, and mine is just the same. O May! if my cunt could be turned into a prick what fun we would have."

She then got over me, and rubbed her cunt against mine, while I held the cheeks of her bottom and pressed her in between my thighs.

"May, did you ever notice the lump between the legs of Mr. T–, the resident tutor?"

"Yes, dear, that's his prick, every man has that, though some have it larger than others."

"O yes, I know that, but have you seen it swell out when he talks to us girls, and leans over us to make us hold our pens right?"

"Perhaps he is then thinking of our cunts."

"I am sure of it, and especially of yours, for you are his favourite. If he were here now I know what he would like to do."

"What?"

"Just to get on top of you, and shove his prick into your cunt, and fuck you."

I only laughed, and we soon fell asleep.

On Sunday, a short time after, having a headache, I remained at home. I was not aware that anyone was in the house, until happening to pass Mr. T–'s room, he suddenly sprang out, caught me in his arms, drew me in, and closed the door.

"Oh Mr. T–. Please let me go."

"Dearest May, let me tell you how dearly I love you." And while he half smothered me with kisses, he gently drew me towards the bed.

"No, I won't sit down – let me up – don't attempt to put your hands under my clothes."

But he forced his hand up, and I felt his eager fingers exploring all my secrets there.

"Mr. T–, take your hand – I cannot allow such liberties – let me up, or I'll scream."

"Don't, my pet, for there is no one to hear."

"Do let me up, and take your hand – oh my! how dare you lift my clothes."

He held me down, and soon, in spite of my struggles, he uncovered all my belly and thighs, and my cunt lay bare and exposed to view.

It was the first time it had been seen by man, and I felt horribly ashamed. But a peculiar sensation of pleasure quickly turned the idea of exposure into a source of delight.

His face flushed, and his eyes sparkled as he looked down, and exclaimed, "What a lovely cunt you have, May; this rising mound is covered with such a profusion of rich brown hair, and the swelling lips, how deliciously they pout, while the glowing red chink between is most luxurious and inviting. I must kiss it. Oh! how sweetly it smells."

He stooped and warmly kissed my cunt.

Then opening the lips he sucked the clitoris and pushed his tongue into the hot recess.

The touch of his mouth made my cunt thrill, and when I felt his tongue moving around the clitoris, and penetrating the sensitive folds inside, I could not help opening my thighs and raising myself a little, so as to afford him a freer access to that pleasurable spot.

When he stood up I saw that his trousers were down, and that his prick was sticking out pointed towards me, and nodding its great red head as if in proud defiance.

Holding it in his hand, he said, "Look at this poor fellow, May, he craves your kind indulgence, and only asks to hide his blushing head for a moment in this sweet nest; won't you take him in your hand?"

"O, for shame! Mr. T—. Put that horrid thing away. I won't look at it, or touch it. I won't let you put it in." And I covered my cunt with my hand. He pulled my hand away, and placing it on his prick, forced my fingers round it. It felt deliciously smooth and soft, but at the same time firm and stiff.

"Mr. T—, let me up. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going to fuck you May; to put my prick into your cunt and fuck you."

"I will never let you. It would harm me, and hurt me."

"No, my love, it will neither hurt you nor harm you. Let me put it in, do, my sweet pet."

He pushed the head of his prick in between the lips of my cunt, and moving it up and down the furrow, said, "There, that does not hurt you, I am sure." He then placed it at the inner opening, and with a sudden push forced it in.

"Oh! Mr. T-. Take it out. Oh! it is hurting me. You said you would not hurt me."

But he only pushed harder, then something gave away inside, and I felt the whole prick rush up into my belly. It had a startling effect at first, and almost took away my breath, but when he went on to work his tool in and out, and I felt it rubbing with a most delicious friction against the throbbing folds of my cunt, the feeling became one of overpowering delight. I twisted about and heaved to meet his thrusts.

"There, darling, now don't you like that?"

"Yes, I like it now, that's very nice."

"Now say its name."

I whispered, "Prick."

"Say it out."

"Prick."

"And yours?"

"Cunt."

"And doing this?"

"Fucking."

"Go on, say what it is you like."

"I like to feel your prick fucking my cunt."

"Oh, go on, it's just coming."

"Prick – cunt – fucking – belly – bottom."

Then, drawing his prick suddenly out of my cunt, he poured a torrent of hot seed over my belly, and up to my very breasts. After this Mr. T- and I lost no opportunity

of performing the sweet rites of Venus, and he soon initiated me into all the various ways and modes of enjoyment. I found that I could fully trust him, as he was very discreet, and particularly careful to avoid doing me harm.

Susey and I too became more and more confidential. I acknowledged to her that I had been fucked, but did not name Mr.T—.

One night I prevailed on her to give me full particulars of some love scenes between her elder sister Jane and her intended, Mr. John C—.

"They used to take me out to walk with them. They generally went to a wood, where they had a favourite resting place, well sheltered among the trees. But when there they always sent me away to gather blackberries or flowers.

"I often saw him kiss her, and sometimes when no one was looking, push his hand up under her petticoats. This aroused my curiosity, and I resolved to watch them.

"So the next time when I went off with my basket, I made a circuit, and entered the wood behind them. I crept through the trees until I could both hear and see them plainly.

"He was lying on his back, his trousers all open, and a long fleshy thing with a purple head was standing up. She was stooping over it moving it up and down with her hand. Then she kissed it, and took it in her mouth and sucked it.

"'How nicely you suck my prick, Jane. Kneel up now, I want to see your beautiful bottom and cunt at the same time.'

"As she did so he threw up her clothes over her back, uncovering the two round cheeks of her bottom, and the thick lips of her cunt jutting out like a huge hairy mouth between.

"'My darling, you have a splendid backside, the sight of it would bring to life the prick of a dying man. Keep as you are, I'll fuck you this time from behind, in what is called dog fashion.'

"He then got up, and knelt between her legs, and drawing apart the white cheeks of her bottom, pushed his prick into her cunt.

"Then holding her hips, he worked his article rapidly in and out, telling her to push back her bottom to meet each thrust of his prick.

"She panted and pushed, while he grunted out, 'Do you feel it Jane? Do you feel my prick?'"

"Yes, dear John, I do feel your prick, ever so far up my cunt – that's right – drive it in hard. Fuck – fuck – fuck."

"Then they fell together on the grass, and I ran away."

"How did your cunt feel, Susey, when you saw his prick, and watched them fucking?"

"Oh, it used to get very hot, and then I would rub it and squeeze it as hard as I could."

"Did you often see them doing it, Susey?"

"Yes, many a time, and in every kind of way. Would you believe it, I saw him once fuck her in her bottom, and she did not mind it a bit."

"Did they ever find you out, Susey?"

"They did. I'll tell you how. One day I crept up very close to them, she was standing with her back against a tree, holding up her clothes. He was kneeling between her legs kissing her cunt. He looked up and she said:

"Well, to please you – there – watch."

"And a stream of amber fluid spurted out with a hissing noise from between the hairy lips of her cunt. She had scarcely done before he kissed it again, and sipped up the drops that hung about the hairs.

"Now, John, it's my turn to see you spouting."

"Well, if you hold my prick I'll try."

"She held it while he pissed, rubbing it all the time, as if she was milking a cow's teat, and when he had done, she kissed and sucked it.

"Your prick is in grand order to-day. Look how stiff it is."

"She bent it down, and let it go, when it sprang up erect as before.

"Lie on your back, John, and I'll get over you, I know it is a way you like."

"So he lay down, his fine prick standing up in full erection.

"Now tuck up, and turn your bottom to my face.'

"She did so, and straddling over him with her great white bum jutting out, she stuffed his prick, neck and shoulders, into her gaping cunt.

"Then she bounded up and down like a jockey riding. When she rose up I could see the prick standing up, all red and inflamed. Then heaving down, the prick rushed up into her cunt, and her bottom came flap against his belly.

"This scene excited me greatly. I envied Jane. She seemed to enjoy it so thoroughly. And not thinking what I was doing, I forced my middle finger right up my cunt, the sudden pain made me cry. 'Oh!' They started, and quickly drawing aside the branches, saw me, my clothes up, and my finger in my cunt.

"Holloa, Susey! is that you?" cried John.

"You wicked little minx,' said Jane, 'how dare you steal upon us in that manner?'

"I said nothing, but covering my face with my hands, began to cry.

"Don't scold her, perhaps she could not help it. Come here, Susey, sit down and dry your tears. Now promise you will never speak of anything you may have seen.'

"I sat down, and earnestly promised all that they desired.

"John, passing his hand up under my clothes, and pinching the lips of my cunt, said: 'You have already given me a glimpse of this little nook, Susey. I want a closer and fuller view. Lean back. Open your legs. There. There. Hasn't she a nice innocent looking little cunt, Jane? I think the cunt of a young girl before the hair grows over it is particularly pleasant to look upon, and to kiss too,' he said, as he held up my bottom with his hands, and buried his face between my legs.

"I felt his whiskers brushing my thighs, and his soft tongue pushing into my cunt.

"Yes,' replied Jane, 'you may pet and kiss Susey's little plaything as much as you like, but remember that is all.'

"Tell me, Susey, what did you see?'

"I saw you pushing something into Jane.'

"He drew out his prick, and putting my hand on it, asked, 'Was this what you saw?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you know what it is called?'

"'Yes, I heard Jane call it prick.'

"'And what's this little slit?'

"'My cunt.'

"'Would you like to see the prick going into Jane's cunt again, and fucking it?'

"'Oh, yes, I would very much.'

"'Well, Jane, my love, let us have another turn before we go, my prick is awfully excited.'

"He laid her back, and opening her legs, made me look at her cunt. I had often seen it before when she was bathing, but had never looked into it until now. I was surprised at its depth and extent. He put my hand on it, and said: 'See these fine thick lips, how they swell out. That's the sort of cunt a man loves to fuck. And this deep chink, how red and hot it is. Put your fingers in.'

"Three fingers entered easily. The soft warm folds inside closed on my fingers, and seemed to suck them in.

"Just like your own cunt, May. Oh! how hot it is! and how it throbs! And mine is throbbing too. Let us have a mutual suck before I proceed with my story."

I readily agreed, for my cunt felt all in a flame. We threw off our shifts, and lay naked on the bed. She got over me, and lifting up my thighs, sucked eagerly at my cunt, and twining her arms round my hips, tickled my bottom.

My tongue was equally busy about her sweet orifice, and as she felt it penetrating the heated parts inside, she wriggled about, and pressed her bottom on my face.

We were soon partially relieved by a copious discharge from our founts of pleasure.

Susey then resumed her exciting narrative:

"John knelt between Jane's thighs, and made me direct his prick into her open cunt. I held it by the root as it passed quickly up. He told me to stir his balls and pinch his bottom.

"Meanwhile, I watched the operation with the greatest interest and delight.

"As the prick went in, the lips enclosed it with a kind of eager suction, and when it came out they seemed to follow it, as if loath to part with such a pleasant morsel.

"John put his hands under her, and raised her up. As he warmed to the work, his great muscular bottom heaved backward and forward with increasing rapidity, making his prick plunge in and out of her hot receptacle.

"'Are you pinching him, Susey? Pinch hard.'

"I pinched his bottom, and tickled the hole there with my finger.

"'Push it in, Susey, oh, that is so nice. Tell us what you see, dear.'

"'I see your bottom heaving backward and forward and your prick rushing in and out between the thick hairy lips of Jane's cunt.'

"'What else do you see, Susey?'

"'I see the bag below your prick, and feel two round things in it.'

"'Stir them, Susey. What else do you see?'

"'I see the round hole of your bottom.'

"'Move your finger inside, Susey. Oh! Oh!!' he cried, as he drove his prick with great force into her cunt, and banged his balls against her bottom, while she clasped him in her arms."

All this time Susey had been frigging my cunt with her fingers, and now she sprang on top of me, and pounded her cunt against mine, until our cunts again overflowed with love's sweet juice, and we lay back to rest.

The next time I went to Mr. T—, after the usual preliminaries of petting, sucking, &c., he said he wished to try a new mode of enjoyment which he had seen in a picture. So he first set up a large mirror before us, and then sitting on the edge of a sofa, he lifted me up backwards, and placed my bottom on his belly. Then putting his hand under my thigh, he raised my knee up to his breast. So that, in the glass, we

had a most exciting view of my open cunt, and his upstanding prick nestling its rubicund head between the hairy lips.

I rested my foot on his knee, and then pressing down, watched it slowly disappearing in the pouting gap. As I rose up, the sweet instrument of pleasure again appeared, all red and shining with the moisture of my cunt, and when I pressed down it hastily returned, leaving nothing outside but the balls in close contact with the hairy lips.

Mr. T— smiled, as he saw his tool absorbed in the crimson recess of my greedy cunt, and said:

"How beautifully plump and pouting your cunt is; my sweet May. With what delicious pressure it sucks in my bounding prick, while the soft cheeks of your bottom rub sweetly against my belly. But let us not hurry, it is so pleasant to talk together while my prick is soaking in your cunt. I want you to tell me something about your friend Susey. Does she know much of these matters?"

"Indeed, she does, everything in fact."

"Do you speak out the names? Prick, &c.?"

"Yes, she talks freely of pricks and cunts, and of fucking too."

"Was she ever fucked, do you think?"

"I think not, but she has often seen it done."

"How was she able to manage that?;"

I told him how she had seen her sister fucked by her intended before their marriage.

"Do you often pet each other's cunts?"

"Yes, nearly every night."

"How?"

"When we are stripping for bed, she often asks me to lean back; and then she kisses and pets my cunt, and I do the same for her."

"Has she a nice cunt?"

"It is a nice little cunt, much tighter than mine; the lips are very plump, and well covered with light red hair. The skin round it is white, and smooth as satin, and the inside a bright pink."

"Why, May, you have quite excited me. Would you be awfully jealous if you saw me fucking her?"

"No, I would not be such a fool."

"May, you are the dearest girl, and have the sweetest cunt in the world. But I must take out my prick now. Hold it in your hand. There – see – how it spouts."

Before leaving I consented to let him hide in my wardrobe the following evening, that he might hear and see how we got on together.

When the time came I detained Susey in the schoolroom, until I was sure that Mr. T– was safely ensconced in his hiding place. Then we went to our room, and having carefully fastened the door, commenced undressing as usual right opposite my wardrobe. I stopped her as she was putting on her nightdress, and said:

"Susey, the night is warm, let us have some sport before we go to bed. And first give me a good peep at your nice little cunt."

I stretched open her thighs, as she leaned back on the bed, that Mr. T– might have a better view.

I opened the soft pouting lips, and said:

"Your cunt is very red to-night, have you much feeling in it?"

"Yes, it is all aglow. Oh! pinch the clitoris – rub your finger – there – you may push it in if you like."

The door of the press opened a little further.

"Susey, my pet, I want to see you make water. I'll hold the pot between your legs, and you can do your pee into it."

I did so, and soon the hot piss came gurgling out. I heard a stir in the press behind me.

"Now, May, it is my turn to see you perform, and I will hold the pot for you."

I spread my thighs and fired away.

"Lean back May, and let us tip cunts, for want of something better."

She got in between my thighs, and pushed hard against my cunt. Mr. T— must have had a grand view of her peach-like bottom, as she heaved it up and down.

The door of the press opened further, and I could see the head of a prick sticking out.

"Tell me, May, once again, how you felt the first time you were fucked?"

"Well, you know, he pushed me back on the bed, pulled up my clothes, and in spite of all my efforts, laid bare my cunt. Then he forced himself in between my thighs, and with his naked prick standing up. He made me take it in my hand and rub it up and down. He praised my cunt, and sucked it, which I thought very nice, though I wondered at his doing it."

"I don't," said Susey. "I love to suck your cunt, darling May, but go on, tell me more."

"He said he wanted to fuck me. I said he shouldn't, but he forced the head of his prick into the mouth of my cunt. Then giving a great heave he drove it up. It smarted me a good deal at first, but when it got in altogether, and he commenced to work it in and out, the pleasure was so great that I could not help telling him, when he asked me, that I liked his fucking very much, and that his prick felt very nice in my cunt."

Here Susey commenced bounding between my thighs. "Oh! May! how I long for a prick. How I do wish that Mr.— was here. I could almost ask him to fuck me, my cunt is so burning hot."

The press door opened, and Mr. T— stepped out perfectly naked. In a moment he was behind Susey, poking his prick against her cunt.

"Here I am then, ready and delighted to gratify each of my sweet pets."

Susey started, but when she looked back and saw Mr. T—, and felt the head of his prick in her cunt, she hid her blushing face in my neck, and resigned herself to his amorous attack.

I laughed and held her buttocks open while he drove his prick into her maiden cunt.

It did not hurt her much, as she had enlarged the opening when frigging it with her finger.

After a few strokes I asked her how she liked the feel of a prick in her cunt.

"Oh May," she replied, "why do you ask me. You know well yourself how a prick feels."

I slipped my hand between them, and felt her hot clitoris clinging to his prick, as it plunged in and out. While at every push she got behind, her belly and breasts heaved against mine.

Mr. T— was too much excited by all that he had seen and heard to be able to prolong his fuck, so he had to draw out his prick to avoid harm.

I held it in my hand, as he rubbed it in the furrow between the cheeks of her bottom, and I soon felt the emitting spasm, as it poured a stream of hot sperm over her back.

Susey seemed disappointed, however, and asked why he took it out.

"Just because I would not injure you."

Then he explained how that unless the seed was injected on the mouth of the womb, which lay at the end of the passage, there was no danger of any woman being put in the family way. And though the pleasure of both parties is lessened by the withdrawal of the prick at the moment of highest enjoyment, yet a man must be a selfish brute if on that account he would run the risk of doing such a grievous wrong to any girl whom he respected and loved.

He now placed his pendant tool in Susey's hand, and said if she would pet it a little that it would soon be in working order again.

She raised it up, and regarding it with interest, drew back the soft movable skin, and uncovered its rosy head.

"Kiss it Susey," I said bending her down.

She kissed the end of his prick, as she gently worked it up and down. Then as it gradually stiffened she let its head pass into her mouth, while her roving hands wandered over his bottom and balls.

Then he laid her back that he might inspect and kiss her pretty love chink.

"Is not this soft red hair very nice?" I said, passing my hand over her swelling mound.

"Yes it is exceedingly nice and exciting," and he buried his mouth in the pouting slit, while I caressed his prick and balls.

Rising up, he presented his prick, which had now regained its former size and strength, and asked, "Which of you will take it in?"

Susey said, "Fuck May, Mr. T—. I would so like to put your prick into her cunt, and see you fuck her."

He leaned over me as I lay back on the bed, and Susey, looking up between his legs, popped his tool into my cunt, and held his balls as he pushed it up.

Then, at his request, she laid down beside me, with her thighs up, and her pretty little cunt open before him. He leaned over and kissed it, at the same time softly working his prick in and out of my cunt, and not being so hot as before, he was able to prolong the pleasant exercise. After a minute or two he stopped and said, "I must take it out now, as I feel it coming. Hold it in your hand Susey, and you will soon see what a man's seed is like."

She held it over my belly, while he pressed his balls against my cunt. And the white seed, like fluid starch, spouted in spurts from his excited tool.

"Oh! isn't it funny," she said, stooping down, and touching with her lips the tip of his prick, when a fresh spurt darted into her mouth.

"Oh! there is very little taste. Will it do me any harm in my mouth?"

"None whatever, not even if you swallowed it all, indeed, it is considered most invigorating."

He told us afterwards how greatly he enjoyed seeing us playing together, and especially doing our pee, for, he added, nothing excites a man so much as seeing a woman doing her pee, the water streaming out of her hairy chink is most suggestive of love's delights.

We spent many nights after this when we sported and fucked in every possible way. His great delight was to have one of us sucking his prick and tickling his bottom, while he sucked and frigged the cunt of the other. He loved to make us spend in his mouth, at the same time that we swallowed his seed.

We let him fuck us in our bottoms too.

He said this gave him great pleasure, for our bottom-holes were smaller and tighter than our cunts. We did not like it so well, but we were so fond of him we

could not refuse. Mr. T— often lent us pictures that were a great source of amusement. Among others, a set of scenes between a handsome white girl and a negro. In the first he is sitting on a chair, playing the banjo, his trousers open, and his great black tool sticking out. She has her eyes fixed on it, while she holds up her dress, and points to a most voluptuous cunt between a pair of widely extended fat thighs, as much as to say, "Look here, here is a place that will soon take the stiffness out of your prick."

In the next behold him on his knees, between her thighs, holding open the thick furry lips of her cunt, while with his tongue he licks round the clitoris, and the red chink below it, muttering, "Oh, sweet cunt! how I love to taste you, to suck you, and to fuck you."

In the next she is seen stooping forward, with the full orb of her snowy bottom naked before him. With one hand he pats those delicious prominencies. With the other he direct his prick, now larger than ever, into her cunt.

It seems to quiver with delight, as the organ of bliss penetrated its soft folds.

Now Sambo, work your active bottom; drive home you noble tool, and make this willing fair one feel the vast pleasure that can be given by the sturdy prick of the despised negro.

(To be continued.)

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART V.

(Continued.)

After retiring to bed at night (James and myself had been in the drawing-room all evening going through the most exciting and lascivious ideas, to amuse His Lordship, who contented himself by leisurely watching our love gambols, smoking his cigar, and evidently keeping himself in reserve for something bye-and-bye), instead of settling ourselves between the sheets we adjoined to the spare room, next to that in which Reuben, the page, slept.

We were too soon for His Lordship, as on applying our eyes to the peepholes, the boy's room was yet in the most profound darkness, so as the night was warm, and there was no necessity for covering, we reclined upon the bed to await the coming of Crim-Con; meanwhile we amused ourselves by kissing and toying with each other's parts, till my handsome butler, notwithstanding the previous hard work of the evening, was in a most rampant, impatient state, and would fain have cooled his ardour within my longing cunt but that would have spoilt all, as our transport would have been certain to be overheard by the page, and thus prevent all our anticipated sight-seeing.

Just as I was whispering to him to keep quiet, we heard a match struck in the next room, and applying ourselves to the holes, were much astonished to find Reuben was not alone, there was the butler's assistant, a rather tall fair youth of sixteen, for whom we had never reckoned in our calculations; he had always such a cold, reserved respectful manner, even to James, that we never for a moment gave him a thought as likely to be mixed up with His Lordship's amusements.

Reuben lighted a couple of the candles, then turning to his companion, who was lying on the bed frigging slowly his standing prick, as if keeping it in a state ready for use, said, "Will, it's time His Lordship was here now, what a good job I broke away from you just now, or you would have spent and spoilt all; he likes to see us looking ready and randy, but if he thinks we have been fucking or frigging by ourselves he would damn us, and bolt off in a rage."

Reuben and Will were both quite naked, and there was a great contrast between the youths, for while the latter was rather slim, tall and fair, the former was a regular

Adonis in figure, beautifully plump rosy face, dark hair, and dark fiery impetuous eyes; his prick was also in a fine state of erection, and neither of them had more than a suspicion of downy hair around the roots of their pricks.

"What a fine fellow you look Rube, no wonder His Lordship seduced you; besides, you are a dear unselfish chap for introducing me into the fun, won't I fuck you gloriously when he is here to see us. I love you warmer, hotter than ever I could the prettiest girl in the world! And then, too, think of how well it pays!"

Here the two boys lay down on the bed fondling each other's pricks, and kissing mouth to mouth, sucking tongues, and twining about in the most amorous manner, till I fully expected every moment to see them spend, but they stopped suddenly, a step was heard outside, the door creaked on its hinges, and His Lordship appeared with a large table lamp in his hand.

"Hold, hold hard, you randy rascals!" he exclaimed, "I believe you've been and had your fun already. If you have, you buggers—," he hissed between his teeth, in a frightfully suggestive manner, which seemed almost to terrify the boys, who paled slightly for a moment, and then both of their faces flushed crimson.

Rube was the first to answer. "Oh no, my Lord, we have been too careful, only Will was just telling me his love, and how gloriously you should see him fuck me."

"Bravo! So he shall my dear, and I will suck your darling pego, and find out if you have been deceiving me."

He placed his lamp on a small table at the foot of the bed, so that the room was now excellently well lighted, then seating himself on the bed he opened his dressing-gown, showing his long limp prick, and taking the pair of them on his lap, they sat on his naked thighs; whilst he kissed them, thrusting his tongue into their mouths, or handled and compared their two charming pricks.

This was only a little preliminary toying, then presently asking Rube if the cold cream was under the pillow, he threw aside his only vestige of a garment, and stretched himself on his back on the bed.

"Now my plump little beauty," he said, addressing the page, "kneel over my breast, and give me your prick to suck, and now Will, mount behind him, and I will put your tool to his arsehole."

James's assistant was too ready to need a repetition of the welcome order, he was there in a moment, his hard cock quite eight inches long, battering against the tight dark wrinkled nether hole of his love.

His Lordship was so eager for work that he scarcely had taken Rube's seven inches between his lips before his fingers were busy with the lubricant on Will's prick and the page's bottom, directing the former's delighted tool so cleverly to the mark that almost immediately he completed his insertion up to the roots of the hair, and was revelling in the delicious sensations and pressures to which his love treated him.

His Lordship sucked excitedly at the morsel in his mouth, and we could just hear him mumbling out, in a half-choked voice, "Beautiful! Fuck! Go on quick. Spend, spend! Ah-r-r-," as we could see Rube's dark eyes full of fire, and his prick stiffen and shoot its juice into Crim-Con's mouth, till the drops of thick creamy spend fairly oozed from his lips, as he still sucked and smacked his lips with great gusto; besides, we could see his own prick rising into quite a manly state.

Will fucked into his love's bottom with fury, and seemed to spend almost at the same time, and so exhaustively that he must have fallen backwards had he not clung round Rube's neck.

We were not idle whilst this exciting scene was enacted under our eyes. James instinctively wetted the head of his prick and my bum-hole with spittle, and soon drove his great machine through the narrowest gate of Paradise. Its movements were indeed heavenly, blissful. I never before felt such an acme of pleasure, the sight before me, the soul stirring movements behind, and our mutual emissions almost made me groan in an agony of delight.

A perfect frenzy of lust seemed to take possession of my body, I could see His Lordship's prick was now finely erect, and the two boys were alternately kissing and sucking him.

Whispering my paramour to follow me, I quickly rushed from our concealment into the room where they were. As the door was not locked and before they could recover from their surprise, I threw myself on my back, on His Lordship's belly, almost taking the breath out of him by my sudden weight on his stomach, regardless of his "Damned Hellish Bitch" and other exclamations of displeasure. I fixed his stiff prick in my bottom-hole in triumph, nipping and squeezing, and wriggling my bum about on him as James with his tool in an awfully excited and distended state took possession of my hot raging cunt.

The boys seemed to quite understand my ideas, as they each of them knelt and presented their pricks for me to fondle, whilst Crim-Con, still cursing and swearing at me for a "Damned Hellish Bitch, &c." groaned under our weight, but I could feel he was thoroughly enjoying it, as his prick stiffened more and more every moment, under the delightful movements and pressures to which I treated him; besides, the

membrane between his prick and James's was so slight that it was almost like two cocks rubbing together in my cunt.

I frigged the boys till their eyes almost started from their heads from excess of emotion, they spent over the firm round globes of my bosom, but I still kept them stiff, alternately kissing the head of one or the other prick whilst Crim-Con's hands tickled their balls, and frigged their arseholes till we made them nearly mad.

I had never felt my husband's long thin prick so well before, and James's affair was so distended by the excess of lustful excitement that I was gorged to repletion, and yet felt that I wanted more, more, more! Had I been cunt allover I should have wanted every hole well filled by a good stiff one. What a delicious moment. Ah! ah! if I could but die like that! I seemed transported to another world, my senses were leaving me, I was indeed in Paradise!

I remember no more of this extraordinary scene, but James told me next day they were frightened, I went off into such a death-like faint, they had to carry me to my room, and use restoratives till I gradually breathed a little, and sank into a restless kind of sleep, that I had bitten both the boys' pricks till they were sore and bleeding. "As for His Lordship," he added, "I am afraid he is as good as dead, he was so exhausted Dr. Spendlove had to be fetched, and he fears the worst."

This was too true, His Lordship only lived forty-eight hours, whilst I have never been well since. The extraordinary excess of lubricity that night seemed to have quite undermined my constitution, and I have gradually declined from that time. I was advised to be very careful how I indulged in venereal pleasures in future, but in spite of my weak, nervous, excitable nature, I have found it impossible to quite abandon those pleasures which seem to me to give the only real foretaste of the future Paradise; regardless of declining strength, whenever the opportunity offered I have indulged in the delights of love myself, or in seeing others do it.

The executors settled everything, whilst the incoming earl, to show his appreciation of their services in furthering his interest, made most lavish provision for James and the two youths, as he afterwards told me that he considered they helped him to the title and estates a good five or ten years before he could reasonably expect to have come into them.

"And do you not think, my Lord," I asked him when he told me this, "that I also deserve your thanks, where is your gratitude to little Beatrice?"

He looked at me in a curious kind of way. He was a handsome young fellow of eight and twenty, but married to death by a fair fat wife, who besides having a fortune of her own, had already blessed him with nine children, and a prospect of blessing him with many more.

"I can't make you out Robert," I went on to say, "you're so different to your poor brother, and so content with the same thing every day; every look, every smile you have is for that splendid wife of yours. He was for flirting with and having every pretty woman he came across; what sort of a heart can you have, you have never seemed to pity me for my loss?"

He was so handsome, and I so disliked the new Lady Crim-Con, that I resolved to seduce him, and gratify both pique and passion at the same time.

"What are you driving at, Beatrice dear, I'm sure you puzzle me?"

"Ah! you know how delicate and how lonely I am, and never even to give a brotherly kiss of sympathy. I know Her Ladyship hates me, but I shall be gone to Hastings in a few days," I said, bursting out into sobs as if my heart would break, the tears from my downcast eyes dropping upon one of his hands which he had placed in a deprecating kind of way on my lap as he sat by my side.

He kissed me tenderly on the forehead, more like a father, as he said, "I'm sure I only wish I knew how to cheer you up, my ear.

"My dear," that sounded quite a little affectionate and as if the ice was breaking, so throwing my arms round his neck, I kissed him passionately in return for his fatherly salute, sobbing out in a low broken voice, "Oh, Robert, you do not know what it is to be left dull, miserable, and all alone in the cold, cold world, can you not spare me a little, only a little of those loving smiles your wife must be quite surfeited with?"

He gave a soft sigh, and I felt an arm steal round my waist, as he very tenderly drew me close to him, and did not seem at all loath to receive my kisses, which were getting yet more impassioned.

"If you do give me a kiss, what will Her Ladyship lose?" I whispered.

A perceptible tremulousness seemed to vibrate through his form as our lips at last met in a long, loving kiss. It was quite plain I had at last excited his amorous sensuality, which had previously been so dormant in his respectable married bosom.

"Now, I love you Robert, dear, and you needn't mention such an indifferent thing to Lady Cecilia," I whispered, when at last our lips parted.

"A slice from a cut loaf is never missed, you know Beatrice," he said, as he smilingly held me at arm's length, and gazed into my blushing face, and continued, "besides, I can easily make it up to her, so she will lose nothing."

"Your loaf is pretty well sliced dear," I replied, "considering how many children you have to eat bread and butter, Robert."

Again he drew me to him, and we exchanged the most lascivious kisses as I sat on his lap. This billing and cooing being so effective that I very soon felt his prick stiffening quite perceptibly under my bottom. His face flushed, and an extraordinary fire beamed in his usually quiet eyes; we understood each other at once. Without a word he inclined my unresisting form backwards on the couch, and as I closed my eyes, I felt him raising my clothes, his hands stole up my thighs till he gained the seat of joy. My legs mechanically opened to give him every facility, in a moment he took advantage of my tacit invitation, and I felt the nose of a fine battering ram at the entrance of my widowed cunt.

The desire for a really good fuck had been consuming me for some days, and I could not resist the impulse, however immodest it might seem to him, of putting my hand upon his glorious engine of love, and directing it into love's harbour myself. It was in, I was gorged to repletion, spending, sighing with delight, almost before he could make a move.

Opening my eyes, I could see he was delighted at my ecstasy.

"Ah, you darling man, my darling Robert, you don't know what it is for a young widow to be deprived of the natural solace of her sex. Now, push on my boy, and let us be thoroughly happy, let us mix our very souls in love's emission, and then tell me if you can spare one a few crumbs of your cut loaf now and then."

A very few thrusts brought down my love juice again, and I also felt him shoot a tremendously warm flood of his essence into my longing cunt. Our lips were joined in fierce loving, tongue-sucking kisses, whilst I threw my legs over his buttocks, and heaved up my bottom to meet his manly action with the most libidinous abandon.

Her Ladyship was out with the carriage, and we were quite safe for a couple of hours at least; still, considering his family duties, I made him keep a shot or two in reserve for the night, as he contented himself by kneeling down and worshipping at the shrine of love, where he had just been paying his tribute to Venus, exclaiming in ecstasy, as he examined or kissed the various charms, "What a love of a cunt! How small and tight! What a charming chevelure, &c.!"

A day or two after this, to our mutual delight, Lady Cecilia was summoned into the country, to attend on her mother's sick bed.

My room was next to theirs, so at night it was a very simple thing for him to slip into bed with me. I found he knew very little about ornamental fucking, himself and wife had strictly adhered to the plain family style, which had produced such fruitful

results. My ridicule of his ignorance made him quite ashamed of his want of knowledge, especially when I introduced him to the delights of bum-fucking, and he faithfully promised me that when Her Ladyship returned, he would insist upon his marital rights over every part of her person, and so steer clear of babies in future, and that if I only made a good peephole I might see all his fun with Lady Cecilia.

Delighted with my conquest, I determined to persuade him to degrade his wife in every possible way, that I might enjoy the sight of it. So I initiated him into every possible style of enjoyment, till I had the satisfaction of knowing that the hitherto respectable husband was completely changed into a lustful libertine.

(To be continued.)

Two things which generally come together – "Short sight and short cock."

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LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

*Or the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of Pleasure.
Translated from the French.*

(Continued)

In the course of a few weeks a vessel arrived in the creek, laden with furniture for the chateau, and the upholsterer presented himself to me. I took him through the building, showing him in what style I wished such and such rooms furnished.

The room of fountains was simply furnished with cushions of rich satin and silk, and musical instruments, as I intended, it merely for smoking, singing, and dancing.

The other long room opposite was furnished with bedsteads of finest rosewood, inlaid with gold, silver, pearl, and even precious stones. Each bed had springs placed in it, and was stuffed with the finest down. The sheets were cambric of the finest texture, coverlets of silks and satins, beautifully worked, while over all was a spread of Brussels or point lace.

The curtains were of crimson velvet, set off with white silk. In the alcove of each bed was placed a mirror, set in frames of silver.

The floor was covered with the richest carpets; the walls were hung with silk, on which were worked the loves of Cupid and Psyche, Rape of Europa, Leda ravished by Jupiter in the shape of a swan, Diana issuing from the bath, a procession of naked female Bacchanalians carrying the Jolly Gods in Triumph on their shoulders, and other devices.

Instead of chairs and sofas there were cushions placed in the room, worked with pearls and precious stones, bordered with fringe of pure bullion.

Each bed stood on a raised dais of mahogany. The carpets were of the richest texture, so soft and thick that the foot sank ankle deep in them. At one end of the chamber was the state bed; it was partitioned off from the other parts of the room by a curtain of blue velvet.

This apartment was furnished as a Turkish tent, the drapery (of green velvet) depended from a centre-piece of gold stars, and was drawn down to the sides so as to form a perfect tent.

The bed stood in the centre of the place, it was made of beautifully carved cedar from Lebanon; the posts, head and foot boards were ornamented with designs of birds, fishes, men and women, &c., of pure gold and silver, set with precious stones. Curtains of richly wrought velvet, looped up with chains of gold, completed the *coup d'oeil*.

I had placed no ornament in this apartment, so it was designed as an initiatory bed for all the beauties I could bring to the place. And although licentious pictures, statues, &c. may have an exhilarating effect upon men at times, they also, by their beauty, attract the attention from the dear creatures we might be enjoying.

Adjoining this large bedchamber furnished one as a dressing-room. The walls and ceiling were inlaid with large plate mirrors, making the room one complete looking-glass. At the sides, overhead, no matter where they might look, whosoever entered it could see nothing but their reflections.

Here were placed stands and toilette table, of chased gold and silver, ivory, and pearl; all the perfumes of the East, all the cosmetics that could enhance the beauty, and give youth and fullness to those who inhabited the place, were here in profusion.

Adjoining the room of glasses was a drawing-room which looked out on the garden. The doors and windows opened on to a balcony running the full length of that side of the castle. To this room I paid more attention than to any other. The floor was covered with a carpet of purple velvet, stuffed with down. The rarest productions of the old masters adorned the walls, mirrors, framed in gold, depending from the beaks of birds wrought in silver, hung between the paintings. In each corner of the room stood a statue of one of the graces, in the bodies of which were set music boxes, made to discourse the sweetest music. On stands of alabaster were large vases, *chefs d'oeuvre* of Dresden manufacture, containing sweet smelling flowers; while the richest spices and perfumes of Araby, burning in censers entirely concealed in niches in the wall, diffused through the room odours that enchanted the senses.

Here it was that I received my mistresses after all the rooms were furnished.

During the time the workmen were busy arranging the rooms and furniture, I had kept them in a distant wing of the chateau, refusing to see them till everything was finished. I had secured the services of a dozen or more lusty fellows and wenches, to serve as servants and guards to those I might wish to detain.

One of the men I made the servant of the bedchamber – so called, as he was the only male I allowed in this part of the castle. Him I sent to bring to me La Rose d'Amour and the voluptuous Russian, with Rose, Manette and Marie.

When they entered I was reclining on a pile of cushions, dressed in a loose robe of rich cashmere, with a Turkish cap on my head, ready prepared for a bath, to which I intended to take them.

So soon as the door was closed on them they ran up, and falling on me, devoured me with embraces and kisses. Oh, how they caught fire at the touch of me, and burned for that which I had kept them from more than a month, whilst I could scarcely restrain myself from throwing them on the floor and darting the liquid flame of love into them at once. But I restrained myself.

I took them into the garden of flowers, and showed them all my improvements there, the beautiful little lake surrounded with shrubs and trees, over the whole surface of which was a net of fine wire, which confined a quantity of rare birds.

Again we entered the chateau, and passed through to the bedchamber, where I showed them the fifty beds, telling them I intended to travel till I had procured fifty of the handsomest women in the world to lay in them.

From this we passed on to the bathing-room, and throwing off all covering, plunged into the perfumed waters.

After laying and wantoning in the bath for some time, I pulled the tassel of a bell, and four of the wenches I before mentioned entered to serve as waiting-maids.

We emerged from the water, and they dried our bodies and hair, and giving us loose gowns, we wrapped ourselves in them, and I led my beauties to the dressing-room.

I cannot depict their astonishment on entering this apartment of mirrors. Taking their gowns, I threw them out of the door and closed it. I told them to dress in the rich clothes which lay before them.

How great was their astonishment to see themselves reflected a thousand times in the walls and ceiling! The toilet stands seemed to be in every part of the room, and it was some time ere they could get over the confusion they were in, but with the

help of one another they got dressed. The dresses I had provided for them were those used by the Turks – wide, loose pants and vests of satin, and short skirts, instead of the unhandy long shift.

After having dressed ourselves, I took them to the room of fountains, where we had a rich lunch. Here I opened to them my views, telling them that after one more trip to Paris, as soon as the yacht arrived which I had ordered, I intended to sail for Constantinople, where I would buy some of the most beautiful girls I could find, and also that I intended to purchase some mutes and eunuchs for my own harem, as I could not trust the females I might buy and bring with me the same as I could the ones that were now around me.

I told them I intended to take one or two of them with me in the vessel when I went, and that to be perfectly fair and impartial they should draw to see who should be the lucky ones; and also that I intended to have two of them sleep with me that night, and they must draw for that at the same time.

I had determined beforehand that I would sleep with Celestine and Caroline, and also that I would take them with me on my voyage, so I arranged the drawing that it came out as I wished.

At an early hour I led the way to the bedroom, followed by the five girls. It took us but a moment to put ourselves in a state of nakedness.

Oh, with what joy, what transports, I hugged their warm naked bodies to mine! How delightfully the soft, smooth, white skin of their bellies felt as they twined about in my arms! With what fervour did they fasten their moist, pouting lips to mine, devouring me with kisses, while their lustrous eyes sparkled and flashed with lustful fires.

I draw the voluptuous Celestine to the bed. My passions are raised to the highest pitch. My prick is swelled almost to bursting, its vermilion head stands erect against my belly, not to be bent without danger of breaking.

Celestine is on her back, her thighs apart, showing the lips of her luscious cunt slightly open, anxiously awaiting the attack.

I precipitate myself upon her; I pierce her to the very quick. She screams with mingled pain and pleasure.

The enormous head of my prick distends the folds and lips of her cunt to their utmost stretch. The storm increases, everything trembles, the lightnings flash, the rain pours, it comes in torrents! I spend! I die! My God, what pleasure! Oh, heavens, have mercy!

We rolled, we screamed, we bit, we yelled like demons from the excess of our pleasure. Her cunt is a small lake of sperm, my prick swims in it, lolling its length. I draw it out, and the pearly liquid gushes forth, flooding her thighs and the sheets with the rich mingled essence of our bodies.

Ah, my charming Celestine, what an excess of exquisite pleasure did I experience whilst in your arms that night. Thrice did I, goaded by my fierce lusts, bedew the cunts of my two noble mistresses with a deluge of the precious liquid, bountifully supplied by the stream of pleasure from love's reservoir.

I recovered myself a little, and paid a visit to Rose, Manette, and Marie, to each of whom I did justice, always advancing to the attack with head erect and flying colours. Nor did I leave one of them without having well oiled their precious little maws with the dear liquid that women are ever looking for.

On the following morning I started for Paris, accompanied by Caroline, dressed as a page, to finish my preparation for starting to Constantinople.

After stopping at my hotel, I sallied out with my female page to call on Rosalie de C., whom I was lucky enough to find alone.

Having embraced her, I introduced Caroline to her, asking when she would be ready to go with me to the chateau; she replied that she would be ready in two days.

I then enquired after her friend, the lovely Laura B—. I told Rosalie that I was determined to possess her friend Laura by some means or other, and that she must render me her assistance in securing her, and as I could think of no other plan, I proposed to Rosalie that she should go and get her friend to take an airing with her in the Bois de Boulogne, and that in a sequestered place I would come up with them, alight from my carriage, and invite her and Laura to get out and take a walk, and that I would then throw a shawl over Laura's head, force her into my own carriage, take herself and Caroline, and set out with all possible speed for the castle.

Everything happened as I had arranged.

On coming up with Rosalie in the wood she accepted my invitation to walk.

I opened the door of the carriage, and as Laura passed out first, just as she reached the ground, Rosalie from behind threw a large shawl over her head, and drew the corners close around her neck, so that her voice could not be heard. I caught her up in my arms and carried her into my own carriage. Rosalie and Caroline entered immediately, and I dashed off with my fair prize at the top speed of four fine horses.

On the road to the chateau I stopped at no houses but those of persons whom I had brought over to my own interest.

Arrived at the place we stopped at for the night, I hurried with my companions into a large room prepared for us by a courier that I had sent in advance.

Immediately after my arrival supper was served. Dismissing all the attendants, I turned the key in the door, and for the first time since I had forced her into my carriage, I spoke to Laura.

I told her of my unconquerable love for her, of the feelings that were aroused in my heart towards her the first time that I saw her at Rosalie's house, and that I then formed the determination of carrying her off to the chateau. That I was determined no one else should be possessed of so much beauty, nor revel in such charms as she possessed.

I laid open to Laura all my plans. I informed her how I had fitted up the old castle, and for what purpose, telling her that she would there find Celestine C—, one of her old companions, and that Rosalie was another who willingly accompanied me. I introduced her to Caroline Z—, telling her rank, how I made a conquest of her, and her having linked her fortune with mine, and followed me to France.

I dwelt at some length on the life of luxurious ease and pleasure we should lead at the chateau, expatiating on the endless joys and ecstasies of her living with me in all the unrestrained liberty of sexual intercourse.

Rosalie and Caroline also spoke to her of the life of pleasure they led with me, describing to her, as well as they could, the extreme luxury of lying in a man's arms and being well fucked; and used all their powers of persuasion to induce her to go with them and me peaceably to the chateau.

Laura, from being at first very sulky, neither eating nor speaking to any of us, became somewhat mollified, so that she partook of the supper, and answered questions put to her by my two mistresses.

After the supper was removed I called for wine, and while we sat talking and drinking I took care to make the discourse run principally upon one subject alone — that of love and its natural consequences, the intercourse of the two sexes.

Caroline and Rosalie were very useful auxiliaries, talking with the utmost abandon, stripping and dancing about over the floor as the wine began to fly to their heads, uncovering their breasts, showing their bobbies, occasionally flirting up their petticoats, exhibiting a fine calf or knee, with other tricks, all of which tended to confuse the senses of the charming little Laura, who watched their movements all the

while. I constantly plied her with wine till she became somewhat excited and a little free, making remarks on the two girls who were tussling on the floor.

I rang the bell, and ordered a bottle of white brandy, which, as soon as it was brought in, I uncorked, and pouring out glasses of it, invited my Russian to drink. She took up the glass, as did Rosalie, both declaring that Laura must drink with them. After some hesitation she took up the glass, and placing it to her lips, sipped a little of the liquor, and put it down.

Caroline and Rosalie, for the purpose of inducing the charming Laura to drink freely of the brandy, drank glass after glass of it, till Laura, from sipping, began to toss off her glass as well as either of us.

When I gave them the sign to retire for the night, Laura had become so intoxicated that she required the assistance of the other two to enable her to retire without staggering in her gait.

After they had got into their bedchamber, I stripped myself perfectly naked, and Caroline having left the door slightly ajar, I stepped into the room; hiding myself behind a bed curtain I observed the manoeuvres of my two lovely pimps.

They first undressed themselves stark naked, then did the same for the inebriated Laura. And then she stood in all her naked beauty before me, exhibiting charms to my ardent gaze, more lovely, if possible, than any I had heretofore ever enjoyed.

After my mistress had stripped Laura of her clothes, they viewed and admired her naked beauties, praising them above that of the Venus de Medicis, throwing her down on the floor, turning her over and over, squeezing her breasts, pinching her backside, opening her thighs, even the lips of the dear little niche between them. They praise its beauty, admire the lascivious plumpness of its lips, and even go so far as to lay their kisses upon it. The conversation running in praise, the while, on the pleasures she would mutually enjoy with the men who should be so lucky as to tear up the virgin defences which guarded the entrance to so delicious a little cunt.

I could now see Caroline insert the tip of her finger into the dear slit with which she was playing, and commence tickling her, while Rosalie threw her arms around her neck, and drawing her to a close embrace, kissed her, putting her tongue into Laura's mouth, which, with the frigging she was receiving from Caroline, caused her to experience the most delightful sensations, if I might judge from the exclamations and the wriggings of her backside, as she squirmed about on the floor.

Perceiving, by the motions of Laura, that she would soon, for the first time, slightly experience the ecstatic joys which women can only procure the full enjoyment of when in the arms of a man. Seeing this I slipped out from my hiding

place, and went and took the place of Caroline between her thighs (unperceived by Laura, whose face was hid in the bosom of Rosalie), and inserting my finger into her cream jug, I soon brought down a copious libation of the precious liquid with which my hand was plentifully bedewed, so freely did the liquid jet out once the sluice was opened.

Crossing her thighs over my body she almost squeezed the breath from me, exclaiming in broken accents:

"Oh, now it comes! Again – Oh, God! I faint. I die!"

Loosening her holds, she stretched herself out with, as usual, a gentle shudder, as the ecstasy caused her to faint away.

While Laura lay in her trance of pleasure I laid myself down in her arms, placing my cheek on her bosom, my lips touching hers, my hand still covering that dear slit, and my finger still retaining possession of its inner folds.

As I perceived Laura beginning to recover from her ecstasy, I drew her to my bosom and recommenced my titillations. I asked her if she was still angry with me for carrying her away, telling her that as soon as we arrived at the chateau she should enjoy all the reality of the unreal mockery she had just tasted through the agency of my fingers.

If her modesty and virtue were not entirely conquered, the motion of my finger reproduced in her the delicious sensations of pleasure from which she had just recovered, and which for the second time she was about to enjoy. She could make me no answer, but to throw her arms round my neck and glue her lips to mine.

My desires were excited to the highest pitch. I depicted to her the pleasure she would experience when, after arriving at the chateau, I should deflower her of her virginity, and triumphantly carry off her maidenhead on the head of this, "dear Laura," I said, as I took one of her hands and clasped it round my prick. "Then," said I, "you will know all the joys and pleasures of a real fuck."

"You will then," I continued, "experience all the sweet confusion, far different from what you now feel, of stretching wide apart your thighs to receive man between them, to feel his warm naked body joined to yours, the delicious preparatory toying with your breasts, the hot kisses lavished on them and on your lips, his roving tongue to force its way between your rosy lips in search of yours, the delicious meeting of them, their rolling about and tickling each other as mine now does yours," at the same time thrusting my tongue to meet hers.

"And then to feel him take his prick, and with the tips of his fingers part the lips of the flesh sheath into which he intends to shove it, putting the head of it between the lips, and gently shoving it in at first, stretching the poor little thing to its utmost extent, till, not without some pain to you, the head is effectually lodged in it. Then, after laying a kiss on your lips, he commences the attack by gently but firmly and steadily shoving into you, increasing his shoves harder and harder, till he thrusts with all his force, causing you to sigh and cry out, he thrusts hard, he gains a little at every move, he forces the barriers, he tears and roots up all your virginal defences, you cry out for mercy but receive none. His passions are aroused into madness, fire flashes from his eyes, concentrating all his energies for one tremendous thrust, he lunges forward, carries everything before him, and enters the fort by storm, reeking with the blood of his fair enemy, who with a scream of agony yields up her maidenhead to the conqueror, who, having put his victim *hors de combat*, proceeds to reap the reward of his hard fought and bloody battle.

"Now he draws himself out to the head, and slowly enters again. Again he draws out, and again enters, till the friction caused by the luscious tightness of the rich flesh which clasps tightly his foaming pego causes such delicious sensations that he is no longer master of himself.

"He lunges with fierceness into her, the crisis of pleasure approaches; he feels it coming, he drives it home to her – deeper, deeper. At last it comes – he spends.

"My God, the pleasure! His exclamations of Oh! ah! the deep drawn sighs, the short jerks of his backside, the quick motions of his rump, proclaim that the acme of pleasure has seized him, and that he is spurting into her the precious fluid which oils and cools the burning itchings of the dear little cunt, which has undergone the one painful trial to which all your sex is liable."

During my description Caroline had taken my pego in her hands, and had been playing with and rubbing it all the time. I still kept my finger in Laura, and perceiving by the twitching of her rump that she was about to spend.

"I – oh, dear – I – now – feel it. There, I come now, I spend. Ah, oh, oh, h–ha!" and I died away on her bosom, to awake and find that Laura had wet my hand with a most plentiful effusion of nectar ravished from her by my fingers; while I had squirted over her belly and thighs a flood of sperm.

Laura, without any murmurings, gave herself up to me and the seductive friggings of my fingers without any reserve, and not till nature was perfectly exhausted did we fall asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning, when Laura awoke and found herself lying in my arms, she sprang from my side, and snatching a coverlet from the bed, wrapped herself in it, and sat down in one corner, sobbing and weeping as though her heart would break.

I attempted to console her, but she would not listen to me, and having dressed myself I went into another room, while Caroline and Rosalie tried to bring her to herself again, and they succeeded so far as to bring her out to breakfast, which was shortly afterwards served.

At the table they rallied Laura for her coyness in the morning, after having spent so delightful a night with me, jesting her about my having procured for her with my finger the exquisite pleasure which had thrown her into such delicious swoons. Telling her how, when the fit was coming on her she would throw her arms round me, squeeze my hand between her thighs, wriggle her plump little buttocks, &c.

After having drank a few glasses of wine she had completely recovered her spirits.

I went out of the room to order the carriage, and on my return I found her tussling with the other girls, they trying to throw her down for the purpose of giving her a taste of the pleasure she had enjoyed so frequently through my agency during the night.

When I entered the two called me to come and help them, while Laura begged me to rescue her from the hands of her tormentors.

Whilst they were thus calling on me the landlord entered to announce the carriage, when taking Laura by the arm, I led her out, followed by the others. We entered the carriage and drove off.

It was late in the night when we arrived at the chateau, on the third day of our being on the road. I retired to bed and fell asleep, with all the girls sleeping around me, determined to touch none of them, reserving all the powers within me for the purpose of doing full justice to the maidenhead of the lovely Laura.

(To be continued.)

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TALE OR MAY'S ACCOUNT OF HER INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF LOVE.

From an unsophisticated Manuscript found amongst the old lady's papers, after her death, supposed to have been written about A.D.1797.

CHAPTER II.

When vacation came, and the school broke up, I returned home to my father, who was a widower. And Susey went to keep house for her bachelor uncle in Scotland.

We promised to keep up a regular correspondence, and to write a full account to each other of everything interesting.

I felt very lonely after Susey had gone, and missed Mr. T— more than I could tell.

My cunt demanded a large share of my attention. I did not know what to do with it. In vain I looked at it in the glass, combed it, I petted it, I frigged it with my finger, I poked it with a candle until I spent, but it was a poor substitute, I panted for that reality.

About this time I noticed Tom, the gardener's son, a lad of eighteen. He was always eager to work in my garden, and never seemed so happy as when I commended him.

One morning I was sitting in the summer-house when he returned from his breakfast.

Not seeing me he came to a corner near the summer-house, and, taking out his prick, began to make water. I could see it through the leaves as he held it in his hand. It was a large, strong-looking prick, and I feasted my eyes on its fair proportions. He seemed in no hurry to put it up, but looked at it as he drew back the skin, making its red head swell and bound in his hand. Then, with difficulty, he forced it into its usual hiding place, and went to his work.

The sight of this prick set my cunt on fire, and I resolved to get possession of it if I could.

I returned to my room, and taking off my drawers, carefully washed and dressed my cunt.

Then going back to the garden I called Tom, and told him to set up the ladder against the pear tree by the wall, as I wanted to see if the fruit was ripe. He held the ladder as I climbed up. He was just below me, and as I moved my legs about, reaching to the pears, he must have had a full view of all I had between them.

I glanced down to observe the effect. His face was flushed, and he was gazing up with all his eyes.

"Take care, Miss, or your will fall."

"No fear, Tom," I replied, stretching out to one side, when my foot slipped, and I came sliding down, just over him, so that his head passed up between my thighs.

He caught me in his arms, and as he held me for a moment I felt him kiss my cunt.

"Oh, Miss, are you hurt?"

"Not much, only a little stunned. Carry me into the summer-house."

He took me in his arms, his hand still resting on my naked bottom, and laid me on a seat.

"Shall I call anyone, Miss? You seem very faint."

"No Tom. I shall be all right in a few mintues; it is only my knee."

I lay on my back with one leg up. He was kneeling on the ground at my side. I saw him peeping up under my dress.

"Is it here, Miss?" Putting his hand on my knee, "May I rub it?"

"Yes Tom, thank you, that makes it better."

He rubbed my knee, he touched my thigh above the stocking, he moved his hand gradually higher and higher, until at last he slightly touched the hair on my cunt. He looked up at my face. I lay with my eyes closed.

He grew bolder, he pressed the lips, he felt the chink between, he rubbed the clitoris.

"Tom, where are you putting your hand?" I said in a languid tone.

"Oh Miss, I can't help it. You are so beautiful."

He convulsively grasped my cunt, and pushed his fingers into its glowing slit.

"Tom, I cannot allow this, let me up."

"Darling Miss May, don't be angry."

He forced his head under my clothes, and rapturously kissed my cunt.

I trembled with delight as I felt the touch of his lips, and the soft probing of his tongue, yet for appearance' sake, I cried, "For shame, Tom, let me up, you are making me very angry."

I raised myself on my elbow, and saw that his prick was out and standing in fine condition.

"Tom, how dare you expose yourself in that manner. Go away."

"Miss May, I can't help it, indeed I can't."

He still kept his hand on my cunt, opening and closing the lips, and pinching the clitoris.

He drew me across the wide seat, and getting in between my thighs, pushed the head of his prick against the lips of my cunt.

"Sweet Miss May, do let me put it in, oh do."

"No Tom, I won't allow it. Let me up now, perhaps I may some other time."

He pushed again, the head entered, it passed up, the whole prick was in, it filled my cunt.

My hungry cunt, with what eagerness it sucked in a morsel so delicious! Oh! there is nothing to be compared to a standing prick for gratifying a girl who knows and understands the supreme delights of fucking.

So I lay back and let him work away.

"Tom, what are you doing?"

"I am only – fucking – fucking your cunt – Miss May. Oh! how good you are – ain't that nice!" he said, as he drove up his prick with most thrilling effect.

"It is, dear Tom, press up to my heart."

"Do you like my fucking you, Miss?"

"Yes, Tom, you have a very nice prick, but take care or you may do me harm."

The dear fellow understood me, and just before he spent drew out his prick. I took it in my hand, and held it while it poured forth a torrent of love's juice.

I need not say that after this many happy love scenes were enacted in the summer-house.

Tom proved very docile and prudent. He had a wonderful prick, always ready for its work, and eager for a fuck. He knew well how to use it with effect, and I soon found that he was no tyro in the art of love.

He told me many curious things; among others, that papa was in the habit of fucking our milk-maid Sarah in the hayloft. It was she herself told him, for he had been the first to open her maiden channel.

He offered to place me in a position where I could safely witness all that passed between them.

"Meet me early to-morrow morning. For it is after Sarah brings in the milk, and while Robert the groom is at his breakfast, that the master comes out."

So the next morning Tom conducted me to the hay-loft. He covered himself and me lightly with the hay.

We had not long to wait, for we soon heard papa talking in a low voice to Sarah as they came up the ladder.

They came down near us.

Papa then said: "Take him out, Sarah, I have been longing for a fuck all night."

She unbuttoned his trousers and drew out his prick. It was in good order, with a fine large ruby head.

The sight of my father's prick had a curious effect on me. At first I did not like to look at it, but at length the amorous feeling overpowered every other; and I almost

envied Sarah as she held it admiringly in her hand, slowly moving it up and down. Then she took out his balls, and putting her hand underneath pushed it on to his bottom.

He had meanwhile pulled up her coats, and uncovered a fine thick-lipped cunt, which pouted in fleshy luxuriance.

"What a splendid affair you have, Sarah! It is the most lascivious cunt I ever looked at. Now tell me, who fucked you last?"

"La, sir, why do you ask me that?"

"Just because it excites me more to hear you tell. You know I don't care who fucks you, provided you hide nothing from me, and keep yourself from harm. Did not Robert fuck you last evening? Your face was so red when I met you after leaving him."

"Well, to tell the truth, sir, he did."

"Tell me how it happened."

"I went into the stable to borrow a lantern, he caught me in his arms and kissed me. Then he forced me back on a heap of straw, pushed his hand under my petticoats, and got hold of my cunt. I scolded him, and boxed his ears. He did not mind, but squeezing in between my thighs, he thrust his big tool into my cunt, and fucked me like mad."

"Has he a big tool, Sarah?"

"Yes, it is very big and strong, but he does not use it as nicely as you do, he is always in too great a hurry."

Papa now got over her, she held his prick, and with his hand directed it into her cunt. He pushed it slowly up until his balls pressed her bottom. She grasped his buttocks, and vigorously heaved up to meet every thrust he gave, saying at every heave, "Dear sir, oh, how nice – push it in – drive it home – that's the way – how your prick fills my cunt – fuck me fast – fuck me hard."

I was leaning forward on the hay, and Tom over me, his prick and balls resting on my naked bottom; but as soon as papa commenced fucking Sarah, he lodged his prick in my cunt.

He then timed his strokes, so that each time papa pushed I felt Tom's prick driving up my cunt, and his hair tickling my bum.

I spread my thighs and raised my bottom, Tom suddenly drew out his prick, and holding open the cheeks of my bottom, popped it in there. As it was well moistened with the juice of my cunt, it slipped in easily. I dared not speak, so had to let him have his own way.

He pushed it home, and bending his arms round my hip he frigged my cunt. After a few strokes, which were far from disagreeable, he administered a warm and soothing enema, just as papa with a grunt of satisfaction poured his libation at the shrine of Sarah's cunt.

He then got up and went away, after telling her to remain until he was out of the yard.

He had not gone many minutes when Robert popped up his head.

"Holloa, Sarah, so master has been just oiling your notch. I heard him fucking you, and all you said too. And now I'll have my revenge."

He seized her in his arms, threw her on the hay, and pitched her clothes over her head.

She struggled and kicked her legs about in the air, but Robert held her down while he gloated over her wriggling bum and inflamed cunt. It looked very red and open, while the rich juices of her previous fuck trickled down her bottom.

"So you say master fucks better than I do, and that I am always in too great a hurry. Well, I will be slow enough now."

He took out his prick, and held it in his hand, while he opened the lips of her cunt.

It was the largest prick I ever saw, and had a tremendous head. I was curious to see how she could take it in. He pushed it against her cunt. She plunged about.

"Be quiet," he shouted, giving her a slap on the bottom. "Keep your arse quiet, I say, and mind your fucking."

He forced the head in, and, to my surprise, it passed easily in. The huge prick must have filled her belly. He grasped the cheeks of her bottom on each side, and held her up, as he plunged his great prick with wonderful force in and out of her smoking gap.

I had seen many a fuck, but never a fuck like this. I admired the wonderful size and strength of Robert's prick, and could not repress a longing for a taste of its prowess.

Tom too was greatly excited by the scene, and fucked me in his best style. But it was the idea of Robert's prick that filled my mind.

The next afternoon, drawn by an irresistible attraction, I went into the stable.

"Robert, I have come to look after my mare, I think she wants to be clipped," and I stepped up.

"Take care, Miss," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder, "she is very restive just now."

"Oh, I am not afraid," and I began to pat her.

He made some kind of noise that caused her, I think, to plunge and kick.

"I told you so, Miss," he said, passing his hand down over my bosom, and drawing me towards him. "It is a mercy you were not killed." And he pressed me in his arms.

"Robert, let me go – where are you drawing me – you will make me fall. Oh! what do you mean – don't push your knees there – don't attempt to raise my dress. Robert, what are you about – I won't let you – take it away – you must not do it – Oh! oh!! – you are hurting me – Oh, my! what are you pushing in – yes, I do feel it – hold me in your arms – yes, I like that – you may fuck me, Robert, as hard as you like."

The monstrous prick was in my cunt. I felt it everywhere. He grasped my buttocks. He lifted me up. As he arose I clasped my arms round his neck, and crossed my legs over his back. He carried me around the stable, with his prick still embedded in my cunt. It seemed to penetrate to my very heart. Every nerve within me thrilled with rapture, as he shot into my vitals a stream of gushing sperm.

It was the first time I had ever received into my cunt the seed of man, and the feeling was intensely delicious.

"What have you done, Robert? Perhaps you have ruined me for life."

"Not at all, Miss, look here," and he showed me a large syringe, "and there happens to be warm water in this bucket. Let me syringe your cunt at once, it will remove all danger."

I lay back with my thighs widely extended, while he poured such a flood of water into my cunt as must have washed out every trace.

Robert then wiped and kissed it, after which he knelt by my side, and presented before me his prick once more in splendid condition.

"What a great fellow you have, Robert," I said as I chafed it in my hand, and uncovered its rosy head. I kissed it, and with difficulty took part of it in my mouth.

"Oh, Miss May, you are very good, and you have the sweetest cunt I ever fucked, may I put it in again?"

"Not this time, Robert, I would rather pet this fine fellow, while you are tickling my cunt."

So keeping its glowing head in my mouth, with one hand I frigged the shaft, and with the other stirred his balls and touched his bottom, while he was equally busy about my seat of pleasure, deliciously frigging with his fingers each sensitive orifice.

And just as I felt my cunt flooded with love's effusion, he shot into my mouth such a torrent of seed that I could not swallow it fast enough, and it squirted out on each side of my mouth. It was pungent and pleasant to the taste.

Before I left him he swore on his oath never to speak of what had just happened, and he proved loyal and true.

I had now two esquires both able and willing to gratify me at any time, or in any way. And although I soon found out more of papa's secret amours, yet I myself exercised the greatest care and circumspection.

A few days after this adventure papa told me that as he considered I must be very lonely so much by myself, he had asked a young lady named Kate L— to come and stay with us for some time.

In due course she arrived. She was a nice, pleasing girl, with dark hair and eyes, and three years older than I was. I found her amiable and obliging, and ready to enter into my plans and share in my amusements.

Papa paid her particular attention, and I observed she did not seem at all averse.

They were often alone together, and I guessed something was going on, but she never told me anything.

Her bedroom was separated from mine by a bathroom, into which both our rooms opened.

One night, when we went upstairs, I sat for some time with her, and after bidding her good night, I passed through the bathroom, leaving the doors slightly opened. When I had undressed I put out my candle, and sat by the fire to warm my feet before going to bed.

I had not sat long when my curiosity was excited by hearing whispering in Kate's room.

I crept softly to the open door and listened.

"Oh, sir, why have you come into my bed?"

"Because I am so fond of you, my darling."

"If you were really fond of me you would not come to me in this way – don't – I pray you leave me – oh, my! – how can you be so nasty – take your hand off me – I don't like it – no, it is not nice – let my hands go – I won't hold it – I won't move it up and down – don't separate my thighs with your knee – what are you getting over me for? What are you pushing into me?"

"My prick, darling Kate. There, don't struggle, my pet, let it in, don't be frightened, I won't harm you in any way. Open your thighs, that's the sweet girl. Now I'll push it in as gently as possible. There, it is in, it is all the way up."

Then the bed began to creak, and the clothes to rustle.

"Put your arms around me, my love. Heave up your dainty little bottom. That's right. Do you know what doing this is called?"

"No sir."

"It is called fucking. Isn't fucking very pleasant?"

"Yes, it is now. Do I heave up right?"

"My darling, you heave as if you had been fucking all your life. Pinch my bottom. May I pinch yours?"

"Yes, as hard as you like."

"Now place your hand here. Hold my prick. Hold it tight. Oh! there it comes."

And rolling off her he lay panting at her side.

I felt greatly excited, and crept into the room, close up to the bed. I heard them kissing.

"Did I hurt you, my love?"

"You did a little at first, but when your prick was well in, and you commenced fucking, there was no feeling but pleasure. Would you like me to pet your prick now?"

"I would, darling, rub it up and down, this way, put your other hand on the balls, move your fingers further back, still further, there."

"Have you much feeling there?"

"Yes, there is great feeling behind the balls; don't you feel the root of the prick extending back to the little hole? That's a dear girl, the touch of your finger there is delicious. Push it in a little, my sweet pet. Kate, did you ever look at May's cunt?"

"Yes, I have seen it when she was in the bath; it looks well covered with hair."

"I am sure if you made free with her you would have great fun together, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, she has a very randy disposition. Promise to try tomorrow night, and tell me next day all that you have succeeded in finding out."

She promised to carry out his wishes.

"But now that you have worked up my prick we must have another fuck. Lie over me this time."

I heard her getting over him.

"Now it's in, heave away my love. You must do all the fucking yourself."

She panted as she worked her nimble bottom up and down over him.

"Do you like it this way, my love?"

"Yes, as a variety, but I like better to have you lying over me, and pushing in your prick."

He now prepared to leave, and I started for my own room, and was soon fast asleep.

I had several amorous dreams that night. I thought that Robert was fucking me in the loft, when papa came behind, pulled him off, and thrust his own prick into my cunt, and fucked me most delightfully. In my dream I felt no surprise at papa's fucking me; on the contrary, the idea seemed to add greatly to my enjoyment.

The next evening Kate offered to sleep with me. I could not repress a smile as I consented.

When we were undressing Kate said: "I would like to see you quite naked, May. You know we girls need not be ashamed of one another, and I will set the example."

She threw off her shift and stood before me, then pointing to my cunt she remarked that I had a great deal of hair there.

I replied that her dark hair was prettier, for it set off the whiteness of her skin.

She put her hand on my cunt, and asked me to let her feel it, "and you may feel mine if you like."

She touched the clitoris, and passing her finger down the slit pushed it up the passage, and said:

"Dear May, you are very open, were you always as open as you are now?"

"No, I was not; but are not you very open too?"

She smiled as she said: "May, if you will give me your full confidence I will promise you mine."

"Agreed," said I.

"Did you ever see what a man has here?"

"I did, did you?"

"Yes, do you know what it is called?"

"I have heard it called a prick, is that it?"

"It is. Had you ever a prick in here?"

"I have Kate, haven't you?"

"Yes, dear. Now tell me how it happened, and I'll tell you about myself afterwards."

I related my adventure with Mr. T—, and how he was, so fond of kissing and sucking my cunt.

"Would you like me to kiss it?"

"I would, dear Kate, and I'll kiss yours too."

"Well, lean back, lift your legs, open your thighs as widely as you can. There, do you like that?"

Holding my buttocks with her hands she sucked my cunt with great ardour, rolling her tongue round and round, and thrusting it up the passage.

After enjoying it for a while I said, "It is my turn now, dear Kate, let me pet and kiss your sweet cunt, while you are giving me the account you promised."

I sat on a stool between her thighs, and with my mouth buried in her open cunt, listened to her narrative.

(To be continued.)

A SECRET REVEALED;

or

The True Reason Why Queen Esther Pleased the King More Than All the Other Virgins.

From an Original Essay by I. van Meyen.

Amsterdam, A.D. 1629.

Text. – Esther, Chap. II, v. 2 to 17 inclusive.

The Jewish Rabbis have a tradition that it was entirely owing to the training Mordecai gave to his cousin Hadassah (or Esther), in order to prepare the young girl to be his own wife, that she was enabled to bear off the palm from all the competing virgins, when the whim of the Court suddenly causes her to be impressed for the royal pleasures, as well as hundreds of other beautiful girls throughout the kingdom, which of course at once quashes all her cousin's plans for his own future enjoyment.

Robbed of his prospective bride, Mordecai had the brilliant idea of making Esther's advancement the stepping stone of his own fortunes. He knew that kings regarded their numerous concubines as so many toys only to be cast aside, and perhaps never even looked upon again, when they had once submitted to the Royal ravisher, and his natural shrewdness and great knowledge of human nature made him reflect how cloyed and disgusted even a king must get with the sameness of the pleasure,* which the taking of hundreds of maidenheads from unresisting virgins could only afford him.

Accordingly, as the tradition has it, he secretly sent her instructions to rehearse with the seven virgins, her companions (see v. 9), all the salacious ideas which he had himself instilled in her mind in view of his own future gratification, and also especially enjoined upon her the wisdom of putting aside all modesty when her turn came to enter the Royal presence, to submit to his embraces most joyfully, also to put on the greatest possible semblance of erotic desire and abandon, and finally when she found her sovereign completely used up, she was to entreat His Majesty to allow her maidens to enter his presence, and enact with her such scenes as would restore his prostrated energies in a very short time.

The old tradition is silent as to what took place when Ahasuerus was so delighted that he placed the crown upon Esther's head, and made her queen in the room of Vashti, divorced. But from many allusions contained in the writings of ancient Talmudists, who enlarged upon such an interesting subject, I have made out something as follows:

Mordecai had managed to convey to his cousin a small box of magic ointment, which he had procured from one of the magi (a forbidden sect in Persia in those days), the effect of which he assured her was most marvellous when applied to the parts of generation in either sex.

Thus provided, she was conducted by the chamberlain to the king's house, and ushered into his august presence, whilst the seven virgins, her companions, were left in an antechamber. Esther being simply naked, with an azure girdle ornamented with stars of gold round her loins, sandals of gold on her feet, a wide coral necklace around her splendid throat, whilst the raven tresses of her silken hair were ornamented by a profusion of splendid pearls. Thus she stood as she bowed her head before Ahasuerus, a thin veil of gauzy texture covering her from head to foot in such a way as to set off the splendour of her charms rather than hide them from the eye. Her virgins had no such pearls or necklets, but simple azure girdles, with silver stars and silver sandals.

The king was reclining upon a magnificent couch, as she knelt down to pay her homage to her sovereign lord and master. He was a handsome man of about forty, with a used-up "blase" expression of countenance.

"Come, pretty girl, and kiss my Royal prick; perchance thy luscious lips may raise some slight desire, which I may gratify, but alas, all virgin beauties cease to inflame my once amorous disposition. Dost know aught, fair child, thou thinkest would please me?"

"Most Royal Prince, whom all the earth obeys, let not thine heart be sad, because the fires of love have paled within thy bosom. I have a box of magic unguent will restore thy youthful vigour, and if my maiden companions may be permitted to attend me in your Royal presence, we will play such games, the sight of which shall rouse a perfect storm of passionate desire!"

"Good God! do I hear aright? haste fair maiden to begin, call thy virgins, and if thou pleaseth me thou art queen!"

Esther, kneeling down, ventured to open the front of the Royal robe, and taking his limp priapus reverently in her hand, drew back the foreskin, and imprinted a kiss upon its ruby head, at the same time using her tongue so skilfully that he experienced quite a pleasurable sensation from its touches round the entrance to the urethra.

"Rise, maiden, and call thy fellows."

"Most Royal Prince, ere I rise from my knees, give thy word of honour that whatever we do shall be pardoned in advance, or we may not feel free to touch thy Royal person."

"Thou shalt be queen, and I thy subject till break of day, do what thou wilt sweet maid!"

The other seven virgins being summoned, Esther first ordered them to strip the king perfectly naked, then she anointed the Royal priapus and fundus with the magic ointment, working her fingers so deftly, especially in the tight hole of the latter, that she soon perceived some signs of virility, as the lordly member began to throb and swell.

"Enough," cried Esther, "now the king shall see me ravish my seven virgins before he takes my own virginity," producing as she said this an imitation mandrake of tremendous size quite ten inches long, and thick in proportion, provided with straps, so that she could adjust it upon herself; thus furnished, she ordered four of her companions to seize one of their number, and hold the victim down upon a couch, with legs and arms well stretched out, then throwing herself upon the trembling girl, ruthlessly plunged her great machine through all the virgin obstacles.

The screams of pain, struggles, and sighs of the different victims as they were deflowered in turn so affected the king that he was almost mad with lust, and ready to throw himself upon the lascivious Esther, had not the girls, two at a time, taken in turn the trouble to play with and excite him more and more, at the same time restraining him as long as possible, till as Esther was in the act of sacrificing the seventh victim, he felt the crisis approaching, and springing away from their restraint, threw himself upon her bottom, clasping her tightly round her waist, as his bursting pego plunged at the door of her maidenhead from behind.

This had been expected, and his two attendants, acting upon previous instructions, at once went to his assistance, the fingers of one opening the moist lips of the haven of love, whilst her companion's hand guided the head of the restive courser, till it was fairly lodged just within that tight but luscious mouth.

Esther was now screaming in pain as well as her victim, but she was so excited, and longing to be made a woman herself, that her bottom pushed out to meet his thrust, and achieved her fate almost in a moment.

The king, finding himself buried to the hilt of his weapon, paused to enjoy the voluptuous pressures and delicious warmth of the tight-fitting sheath he had penetrated, wishing to prolong the exquisite sensations which thrilled through his frame.

The two girls who had guided him into the seat of bliss now kissed and played with the Royal appendages, handling his affair, drawing back the skin as far as possible, and working their fingers in his bottom-hole, till he could retain himself no longer, and again pushing furiously into Esther, deluged her longing gap with a

profusion of the seed Royal, almost screaming, "Oh, heavens! what pleasure! I melt! I die!" and then fell prone upon her back from excess of emotion.

"Esther, thou art my queen," were the first words he uttered as soon as he could speak.

The seven (no longer virgins) now washed the king and queen, and then themselves, after which all were refreshed and reinvigorated by stimulating wines and viands. Esther again excited her Royal spouse, till his pego was as a bar of iron; she made him enter the bottoms of all her maids, but without spending his Royal seed, till at last presenting her own lovely buttocks, she received the weapon of love in her anus, and kept him there till he rewarded her devotion by another copious emission.

Thus she became queen, and, as the king said when he presented her to the nobles of the Court, she surpassed in virtue and loveliness all the women of his realm.

THE MARRIAGE MORN.

Tune – The Merry Dance.

The marriage morn I can't forget,
My senses teem'd with *new delight*;
Time, cry'd I, haste the coming night,
And Hymen, give me sweet Lisette:
I whisper'd softly in her ear,
And said, "The God of Night draws near."
Oh, how she look'd! Oh, how she smil'd! Oh, how she sigh'd!
She sigh'd – then spent a joyful tear.

Now nuptial Night her curtain drew,
And Cupid's mandate was, "Commence
With ardour, break the virgin fence."
Then to bed sweet Lisette flew,
'Twas heav'n to view her when she lay,
And hear her cry, "Come to me, pray."
Oh, how I feel! Oh, how I pant! Oh, I shall die—
Shall die before the break of day!

Soon Manhood rose with furious gust,
And Mars, when he lewd Venus view'd,
Ne'er felt his pow'r so closely screw'd
Up to the standing post of Lust;
But when the stranger to her sight,
Sweet Lisette saw in rampant plight,
Oh, how she scream'd! Oh, how she scream'd! Oh, how she scream'd!
She scream'd – then grasp'd the dear delight!

Now lustful Nature eager grew,
And longer could not wanton toy;
So rushing up the path of joy,
Quick from the fount Love's liquor flew;
At morn, she cry'd, "Full three times three,
The vivid stream I've felt from thee;
Oh, how I'm eas'd! Oh, how I'm pleas'd! Oh, how I'm charm'd!
I'm charm'd with rapt'rous three times three!"

LADY POKINGHAM, OR THEY ALL DO IT;

*Giving an Account of her Luxurious Adventures, both before
and after her Marriage with Lord Crim-Con*

PART V.

(Continued.)

The Earl was as good as his promise. "My Robert," as I called him in our loving intercourse, was so well schooled that he was quite equal to the assertion of all his rights as a husband by the time Lady Cecilia returned home.

After dinner, on the evening of her arrival from the country, he found me sitting alone in the conservatory, and sitting down by my side, whispered in my ear how delighted he was at being able to have a last word of advice with me before retiring to rest with his, no doubt, rather expectant spouse.

"You have so drained me, last night and early this morning, dear Beatrice," he said, putting his arm round my waist, and meeting my ready lips in a long breathless kiss, and then continued, "Nothing but some extraordinary excitement will enable me to do justice to her expectations. I must fuck her at least three or four times after such a long absence; how shall I be equal to the occasion?"

"Have me first," I replied, "whilst she is seeing the children put to bed, there is plenty of time; it will give you zest for the fun to come, the idea of taking the virginity of her maiden bottom-hole will excite you enough, and the more she resists and gets indignant, the more you will enjoy it."

I had been gently stroking his prick outside his trousers; my touch was magical, it stiffened immediately, and when I let the impatient prisoner out of his confinement, I thought I had never before seen his priapus so distended and inflamed with lust as at that moment.

Rising up, I first stooped to give the engine of love a warm kiss, and keeping it in my hand, raised my clothes; and turning my bottom to his belly, spitted myself on the loving object, opening my legs and straddling over his lap, so as to get the very last fraction of its length into my heated cunt. We sat still for a moment or two, enjoying the mutual sensations of repletion and possession so delightful to each of the participators in a loving fuck, before commencing those soul-stirring movements which gradually work our heated desires to that state of frenzied madness which can

only be allayed by the divinely beneficent ecstasy of spending, and mingling the very essences of our nature.

The idea that I was robbing his hated wife of her just expectations added such piquancy to our loving conjunction that I literally moaned or whined with delight, as I twisted my head round in the act of emission, so as not to lose the luscious kiss which is such an extra pleasure in those supreme moments of our happiness.

He did not come at the same time, but stopped and rested a moment or two, then rising, and keeping me still impaled on his dear prick, without losing place even for a single second, he laid my body face downwards on a little table which stood handy, and then recommenced his delicious moves, with his hands under me in front, frigging and tickling my cunt, till I almost wrenched myself away from him by the violence of my convulsive contortions. Suddenly drawing quite out, with another plunge he drove the head of his tool into the smaller orifice, which is so delightfully near and convenient when in the position in which he had me.

"Ah! Oh—oh—oh—oh—o—o—o—oe!!" I screamed, swimming in lubricity as I felt him so gorging my bottom, whilst his busy fingers were adding to my erotic madness by the artistic way in which they groped within my spending cunt. "Oh, heavens, Robert, Robert! Do, do Come darling! There, ah—re, I feel it, how deliciously warm!" I murmured excitedly, as his flood of boiling seed inundated the gratified and sensitive sheath which enclosed him so tightly. After recovering from our transports, we conversed about how he should proceed with his wife, his prick all the while as stiff as a policeman's truncheon, till at last fearing Lady Cecilia might surprise us, I went into the drawing-room and played the piano whilst he smoked his cigarette amongst the flowers in the conservatory outside the window.

Her Ladyship pretending fatigue (we knew what she was in a hurry for), the family retired rather earlier than usual to rest, but I took care to be at my peephole before Cecilia and Robert entered their bedroom.

As it was a habit of his to go over the lower part of the house, and see everything safe for himself before going to bed, his lady came first and at once commenced to undress.

She was about the same age as her husband, a vastly fine, fair woman, rather above the medium height, light auburn hair, slightly golden in tint, deep blue eyes, set off by dark eyebrows and long dark lashes, a full mouth, richly pouting cherry lips, and a brilliant set of pearly teeth; then as she gradually unrobed herself, her various and luscious charms quite fired my lascivious blood, as one by one they stood revealed to my earnest gaze. What magnificent swelling breasts still round and firm, and then as she lifted her chemise over her head, and exposed the lovely whiteness of her belly (still without a wrinkle, as she had easy confinements and

never suckled her children, for fear of spoiling her figure), set off below by a bushy Mons Veneris, covered with light curly silken red hair, through which I could just perceive the outline of her slit.

Now she stood before a cheval glass, surveying herself at full length, I could see a blush cross her beautiful face, as she seemed almost ashamed to look at her own nakedness. Then a self-satisfied smile parted those cherry lips, and displayed the sparkling pearls of teeth, as she patted the shiny marble skin of her belly and bottom (evidently thinking of the effect of the sight upon Robert when he should enter the room), then she playfully parted the lips of her cunt and examined it closely in the glass. The titillation of her fingers brought another blush, and she seemed as if she could not resist the temptation to frig herself a little, moving a couple of digits in a restless kind of way backwards and forwards between the vermilion lips of love.

My blood was on fire, and much as I hated her, I would have liked to gamahuche her there and then. But suddenly the door opened, and Robert stood transfixed, as he exclaimed in surprise, "Surely, Cecilia, you have lost all modesty; why have you never exposed yourself to me like that before?"

"Oh, Robert dear, how you startle me, you came up so soon and I was only just looking at the love I know you are longing to caress as soon as the light is out."

"I really did not know you were such a charming figure, Cecilia, but now you are naked I will feast on the sight, but we won't put out the lights, my dear. I must now examine in detail every charm. By the way, I may tell you that during your absence I found some bad books of my late brother's and they so fired my imagination by the extraordinary descriptions of various modes of sexual enjoyments that I quite blushed to think of our innocent ignorance, and long to try some of them with you."

He had almost torn his clothes off whilst speaking, and I could see his prick as rampant as possible, in fact I believe it had never lost its stiffness since our excitable bout a short time before.

Throwing himself into her arms, they hugged and kissed, whilst she, taking hold of his pego, slowly backed towards the bed as she tried to bring its head to the mark.

"Not there, Cecilia, love, you have another maidenhead I mean to take to-night; our plain silly way of doing it only leads to getting a lot of children, and surely my quiver is full enough of them. I'll have no more, it's positive ruination, however rich a father may be. No, no, the French style in future, do you understand, I mean to get into your bottom," he said, as seriously as possible, yet with evident excitement.

"What a nasty idea! You shall never do that, Robert, to me!" she exclaimed, crimsoning with shame to the roots of her hair.

"But I must and will, Cecilia. Look at this book, here are all the different ways of 'doing it.' Why they suck each other, fuck – ah – you start at the vulgar word – but it's fuck – fuck – fuck – that's the name for it. They fuck in bottoms, under armpits, between the bobbies – another nasty name for titties – anywhere – everywhere – it's all the same to a man, all what they call C.U.N.T., a word I am sure you have seen somewhere in your lifetime written on shutters, doors, or even on the pavement – a deliciously vulgar word, Cecilia, but the universal toast of men when they meet in company (I could see he was trying to make her look at a little French book, called *La Science Pratique*, with its forty pretty little plates), how my blood has been fired by fancying all these delightful ideas remained to be enjoyed when you came home."

"Why Robert you are mad, I'll burn that horrible book, I won't learn their filthy ways!" snatching at the book.

"You're my wife, every bit of your body is mine to do as I please with it; don't drive me to extremities, Cecilia, or I may be rough, for I'm determined to put my prick in your arse, now at once!" trying to turn her over.

"Robert, Robert, for shame, Beatrice will hear your disgusting language. You shall never abuse me that way!" hiding her face in her hands and beginning to sob.

"But I will, and you may blubber like a child. Your tears only urge me on, if you resist I'll smack and beat you, till you are obedient!"

She struggled, but a woman's strength is soon exhausted, and at last he got her face down on the bed, with her bottom on the edge and her feet on the floor, then giving her a tremendously painful smack on her bum, he spread her legs wide apart, opened the cheeks of that glorious bottom, anointed the head of his bursting prick with spittle, also the tight-looking brown hole he was about to attack, and then pushed on to the assault of the virgin fortress. I could hear her moan with pain as the head gradually forced its way within the sphincter muscle.

"Ah – it's pricking – oh, oh – you'll rend me, Robert – oh, pray – Ah–r–r–re – Oh! Oh!"

At last he was in, and rested a moment or two, then slowly began his fucking motions.

Presently I could tell by the wriggling of her bottom that she enjoyed it. His hands were busy frigging her cunt in front. How excited they got, each seeming to spend at the same moment, but he kept his place, and the second finish was so

excitable that they screamed quite loudly in the frenzy of emission, whilst Cecilia actually fainted away with Robert fallen exhausted on her senseless body.

Presently he recovered sufficiently to be able to apply restoratives to his fainting wife, and as soon as he had brought her round, so that she could understand what he said, proceeded to tell her "that in future they would enjoy all the novel ideas he had found in that nice French book, no more big bellies for you Cecilia, or the anxiety of children for either of us. You must now suck my prick, till it is stiff enough again," he said, presenting it to her mouth.

"No, no, I never can do such a dirty trick, besides, it's doubly disgusting, you have not even washed since you outraged my bottom," she sobbed, as her eyes filled with tears, seeing no signs of compassion in his face.

"What's that to me, you've got to suck it, so go on, my dear, without all those wry faces, which only add to my fun, it's rare sport to make you submit to my fancies. I find I've been a fool ever since I was married, not to have asserted my right to do as I please with every bit of your person, cunt, arse, mouth, or bobbies; they can all afford me intense pleasure, without getting in the family way. Now go on, and I will fuck you with a fine large dildo. Mind you must swallow every drop of my spendings when it comes."

He forced his prick between her reluctant lips, all slimy and soiled as it was from the previous enculade, then producing an enormous dildo, nearly twelve inches long, and big in proportion, he put a little cold cream on it, and presented the head to her notch, trying to force it in.

"Ah! No! no! that's so awfully large!" she almost screamed, but the head was partly in, and despite her sobs: and moans of pains, he soon succeeded in passing at least ten inches of it into her distended vagina.

Her cunt was exposed towards me, so that I could see how gorged it was with that big india-rubber tool, and the sight of her slit so stretched to its utmost capacity caused quite a thrill of desire to shoot through my veins; it was almost impossible for me to prevent myself making some kind of demonstration. How I longed to be with them and join in the orgie of lust. Each shove of that tremendous affair now seemed to afford her the most intense delight. She sucked his prick in a kind of delirium, her highly wrought feelings banishing every sense of delicacy, shame, or disgust that might have previously deterred her from doing so. I frigged myself furiously, they screamed and spent, till at last both spectatrix and actors were thoroughly exhausted.

When I awoke next morning, and applied my eye to the peephole, it was just in time to see Her Ladyship awake. First she felt her cunt to see if it was all right, and not ruined by the giant dildo she had taken in the previous night. Her eyes sparkled

with desire, and she repeatedly blushed as I suppose the recollection flashed through her mind. Presently throwing the sheet entirely off her husband's body, she handled his limp affair for a few moments, then putting her face down, took the head of his prick in between her lovely lips, and sucked away with evident relish, till she had him in a glorious state of fitness, and was about to treat herself to a proper St. George, when Robert, who had only been feigning sleep to see what his randy wife would do, suddenly woke up, and insisted upon her applying it to her arse-hole instead of her cunt, wetting it with spittle.

Slowly but surely she achieved its insertion, although to judge by her face it was evidently a painful operation. But when once in how they enjoyed that glorious bottom-fuck. Even after he had spent she rode on till he met her again, and both seemed to come at the same time, kissing each other in a frenzy of erotic madness.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW PATENT FUCKING MACHINE.

Dear Mary, I promised to write directly when to school I returned.
But I think when this letter is finished 'twere better by far it were burned;
For a girl has just now returned to us, and bought while in town she has been
The last improvement in dildoes – the new patent Fucking Machine.
At night when we go to our bedrooms, we go in for a jolly good spree,
And first I perform upon Fanny and then she performs upon me.
It beats the old "flatcocks" a long way, you know the old game that I mean,
Oh! mustn't a man be galoptious if he beats the new Fucking Machine?
It beats fingers by far too – a long way, its shape is just like a tool,
The girl who owns it is good-natured, she has fucked, I believe, the whole school;
She has it herself much too often, and is getting most awfully lean,
And her pussey's quite tender with using the patent new Fucking Machine.
It gives a delightful sensation, your breath comes too quickly to speak,
Whilst Fanny was doing it for me I bit a piece out of her cheek;
And when you feel yourself spending and clasp it your legs in between,
Oh! I should die if it ever got broken, God preserve the new Fucking Machine!
A new girl arrived, dearest Mary, and slept during last night with me;
When I put the machine to her "cunny," she said, "None of that sort for me!"
She turned up her nose at our patent, and said we were "awfully green,"
To injure ourselves with such habits, and not have the real Fucking Machine.
That the men are all dying to have us, if only we'll give them the chance;
She was herself had in the carriage, coming home from the Lord Mayor's dance.
Now directly I get home next Xmas, I'll spoon my young cousin Jack Green,
And I swear he'll be only too ready, to lend me his Fucking Machine.

ANECDOTE OF KATE SANTLEY.

One night, at the Alhambra, amongst a shower of bouquets from the boxes, a carrot was thrown from the gallery. She coolly gathered an armful of trophies, and after bowing again and again to the boxes, looked up with a smile at the gods, as she said, "Excuse me taking your carrot, now I have the flowers," and tripped off the stage amidst a storm of applause.
